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MUSICAL EXPRESS

FOUR PAGE PULL-OUT

DAVID BOWIE

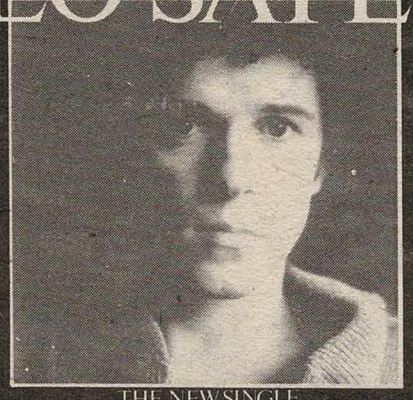
CONSUMER'S GUIDE
PART TWO

STRANGLERS

Is there life beyond leisurewear?

Hugh Cornwell/photograph by PENNIE SMITH

LEO SAYER



THE NEW SINGLE

'I Can't Stop Loving You' (Though I Try)

Chrysalis CHS 2240

STUDENTS

DON'T END UP LIKE NME EDITORIAL *(Change that to Ad Dept. — Ed)*

See Page 50

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FIVE YEARS AGO

Week ending September 4, 1973

Last Week	This Week		
1	1	YOUNG LOVE	Donny Osmond (MGM)
2	2	DANCING ON A SATURDAY NIGHT	Barry Blue (Bell)
7	3	YOU CAN DO MAGIC	Limmie & the Family Cookin' (Avco)
3	4	YESTERDAY ONCE MORE	Carpenters (A&M)
8	5	LIKE SISTER AND BROTHER	Drifters (Bell)
19	7	ANGEL FINGERS	Wizzard (Harvest)
6	7	SPANISH EYES	Al Martino (Capitol)
4	8	SMARTY PANTS	First Choice (Bell)
21	9	PICK UP THE PIECES	Hudson Ford (A & M)
11	10	SUMMER	Bobby Goldsborough (United Artists)

TEN YEARS AGO

Week ending September 4, 1968

Last Week	This Week		
2	1	I'VE GOTTA GET A MESSAGE TO YOU	Bee Gees (Polydor)
1	2	DO IT AGAIN	Beach Boys (Capitol)
–	3	HEY JUDE	Beatles (Apple)
3	4	THIS GUY'S IN LOVE WITH YOU	Herb Alpert (A & M)
1	6	HELP YOURSELF	Tom Jones (Decca)
8	7	HIGH IN THE SKY	Amen Corner (Deram)
11	8	HOLD ME TIGHT	Johnny Nash (Regal Zonophone)
5	9	MONY MONY	Tommy James & The Shondells (Major Minor)
13	10	ON THE ROAD AGAIN	Canned Heat (Liberty)

15 YEARS AGO

Week ending September 6, 1963

Last Week	This Week		
2	1	SHE LOVES YOU	Beatles (Parlophone)
1	2	BAD TO ME	Billy J Kramer (Parlophone)
3	3	I'M TELLING YOU NOW	Freddie & The Dreamers (Columbia)
4	4	IT'S ALL IN THE GAME	Cliff Richard (Columbia)
6	5	I'LL NEVER GET OVER YOU	Johnny Kidd (HMV)
7	6	YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE A BABY TO CRY	Carvelles (Decca)
10	7	I JUST WANT TO STAY HERE	Steve Lawrence & Eydie Gorme (CBS)
13	8	JUST LIKE EDDIE	Heinz (Decca)
5	8	SWEETS FOR MY SWEET	Searchers (Pye)
9	10	THE LEGION'S LAST PATROL	Ken Thorne (HMV)

CHARTS

SINGLES

Week ending September 9, 1978

This Week	Last Week			Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(1)	**THREE TIMES A LADY**	Commodores (Motown)	6	1
2	(2)	**DREADLOCK HOLIDAY**	10cc (Mercury)	4	2
3	(3)	**IT'S RAINING**	Darts (Magnet)	5	2
4	(4)	**RIVERS OF BABYLON/BROWN GIRL IN THE RING**	Boney M (Atlantic)	20	1
5	(6)	**OH WHAT A CIRCUS**	David Essex (Mercury)	3	5
6	(8)	**JILTED JOHN**	Jilted John (EMI Int)	5	6
7	(5)	**YOU'RE THE ONE THAT I WANT**	John Travolta/Olivia Newton-John (RSO)	16	1
8	(7)	**SUPER NATURE**	Cerrone (Atlantic)	6	6
9	(18)	**BRITISH HUSTLE**	Hi Tension (Island)	4	9
10	(26)	**PICTURE THIS**	Blondie (Chrysalis)	3	10
11	(9)	**FOREVER AUTUMN**	Justin Hayward (CBS)	9	4
12	(30)	**HONG KONG GARDEN**	Siouxsie & The Banshees (Polydor)	2	12
13	(22)	**TOP OF THE POPS**	Rezillos (Sire)	3	13
14	(19)	**IT'S ONLY MAKE BELIEVE**	Child (Ariola/Hansa)	4	11
15	(14)	**BABY STOP CRYING**	Bob Dylan (CBS)	6	12
16	(20)	**EVERLASTING LOVE**	Andy Gibb (RSO)	3	16
16	(—)	**KISS YOU ALL OVER**	Exile (Rak)	1	16
18	(11)	**WHO ARE YOU**	The Who (Polydor)	5	11
19	(12)	**BOOGIE OOGIE OOGIE**	Taste Of Honey (Capitol)	11	3
20	(10)	**SUBSTITUTE**	Cloute (Carrere)	11	2
21	(28)	**GALAXY OF LOVE**	Crown Heights Affair (Philips)	3	19
22	(16)	**THE KIDS ARE UNITED**	Sham 69 (Polydor)	6	5
23	(—)	**I THOUGHT IT WAS YOU**	Herbie Hancock (CBS)	1	23
24	(23)	**FORGET ABOUT YOU**	Motors (Virgin)	4	22
25	(15)	**WALK ON BY**	The Stranglers (U.A.)	4	15
26	(21)	**DAVID WATTS**	Jam (Polydor)	2	21
27	(17)	**5-7-0-5**	City Boy (Vertigo)	8	10
28	(—)	**AGAIN AND AGAIN**	Status Quo (Vertigo)	1	28
29	(27)	**GREASE**	Frankie Valli (RSO)	2	27
30	(25)	**YOU MAKE ME FEEL**	Sylvester (Fantasy)	3	17

BUBBLING UNDER . . .

WINKERS SONG — Ivor Biggun (Beggars Banquet); HOT SHOT — Karen Young (Atlantic); TWO OUT OF THREE AIN'T BAD — Meat Loaf (Epic); AIN'T NOTHING GONNA KEEP ME FROM YOU — Terry De Sario (RSO).

U.S. SINGLES

Week ending September 9, 1978

This Week	Last Week		
1	(2)	**GREASE**	Frankie Valli
2	(3)	**BOOGIE OOGIE OOGIE**	Taste Of Honey
3	(1)	**THREE TIMES A LADY**	Commodores
4	(5)	**HOPELESSLY DEVOTED TO YOU**	Olivia Newton John
5	(6)	**AN EVERLASTING LOVE**	Andy Gibb
6	(4)	**HOT BLOODED**	Foreigner
7	(11)	**KISS YOU ALL OVER**	Exile
8	(8)	**SHAME**	Evelyn "Champagne" King
9	(13)	**SUMMER NIGHTS**	John Travolta/Olivia Newton-John
10	(12)	**FOOL (IF YOU THINK IT'S OVER)**	Chris Rea
11	(15)	**GOT TO GET YOU INTO MY LIFE**	Earth, Wind and Fire
12	(14)	**DON'T LOOK BACK**	Boston
13	(7)	**MISS YOU**	Rolling Stones
14	(16)	**HOT CHILD IN THE CITY**	Nick Gilder
15	(9)	**LOVE WILL FIND A WAY**	Pablo Cruise
16	(19)	**REMINISCING**	Little River Band
17	(10)	**MAGNET AND STEEL**	Walter Egan
18	(22)	**YOU NEEDED ME**	Anne Murray
19	(21)	**CLOSE THE DOOR**	Teddy Pendergrass
20	(20)	**TWO TICKETS TO PARADISE**	Eddie Money
21	(23)	**YOU AND I**	Rick James
22	(24)	**WHENEVER I CALL YOU "FRIEND"**	Kenny Loggins
23	(26)	**HOLLYWOOD NIGHTS**	Bob Seger
24	(17)	**YOU**	Rita Coolidge
25	(27)	**LOVE IS IN THE AIR**	John Paul Young
26	(30)	**RIGHT DOWN THE LINE**	Gerry Rafferty
27	(28)	**JUST WHAT I NEEDED**	Cars
28	(—)	**BACK IN THE USA**	Linda Ronstadt
29	(18)	**MY ANGEL BABY**	Toby Beau
30	(29)	**LIFE'S BEEN GOOD**	Joe Walsh

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

ALBUMS

Week ending September 9, 1978

This Week	Last Week			Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(3)	**NIGHT FLIGHT TO VENUS**	Boney M (Atlantic/Hansa)	8	1
2	(5)	**GREASE**	Original Soundtrack (RSO)	9	2
3	(4)	**WAR OF THE WORLDS**	Various (World Records)	10	3
4	(1)	**SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER**	Various (RSO)	20	1
5	(6)	**20 GIANT HITS**	Nolan Sisters (WEA)	7	2
5	(12)	**CLASSIC ROCK**	London Symphony Orchestra (K-Tel)	5	5
7	(10)	**NATURAL HIGH**	Commodores (Motown)	8	7
8	(18)	**IMAGES**	Don Williams (K-Tel)	6	8
9	(2)	**STREET LEGAL**	Bob Dylan (CBS)	12	2
10	(13)	**STAR PARTY**	Various Artists (K-Tel)	4	10
11	(8)	**SOME GIRLS**	Rolling Stones (EMI)	13	3
12	(7)	**LIVE & DANGEROUS**	Thin Lizzy (Vertigo)	14	2
13	(14)	**OUT OF THE BLUE**	Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	38	3
14	(22)	**BAT OUT OF HELL**	Meat Loaf (Epic)	25	6
15	(15)	**WHO ARE YOU**	The Who	2	15
16	(11)	**OCTAVE**	Moody Blues (Threshold)	13	4
17	(9)	**20 GOLDEN GREATS**	Hollies (EMI)	9	2
18	(19)	**TONIC FOR THE TROOPS**	Boomtown Rats (Ensign)	10	7
19	(17)	**CAN'T STAND THE REZILLOS**	The Rezillos (Sire)	5	17
20	(26)	**ABBA THE ALBUM**	Abba (Epic)	33	1
21	(16)	**KICK INSIDE**	Kate Bush (EMI)	27	1
22	(—)	**LENA MARTELL COLLECTION**	Lena Martell (Ronco)	5	21
23	(21)	**NEW BOOTS & PANTIES**	Ian Dury (Stiff)	32	5
24	(—)	**WHO PAYS THE FERRYMAN**	Yannis Markopoulos (BBC)	1	24
25	(25)	**AND THEN THERE WERE THREE**	Genesis (Charisma)	23	2
26	(—)	**RUMOURS**	Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros)	77	1
27	(29)	**BLAM**	Brothers Johnson (United Artists)	4	26
28	(23)	**DOUBLE VISION**	Foreigner (Atlantic)	2	23
29	(24)	**HANDSWORTH REVOLUTION**	Steel Pulse (Island)	6	13
30	(—)	**REAL LIFE**	Magazine (Virgin)	5	22

BUBBLING UNDER . . .

TV SPECIAL — Elvis Presley (RCA); LEO SAYER — Leo Sayer (Chrysalis); FM — Soundtrack (MCA); DREAM WORLD — Crown Heights Affair (Philips).

U.S. ALBUMS

Week ending September 9, 1978

This Week	Last Week		
1	(1)	**GREASE**	Various Artists
2	(2)	**SOME GIRLS**	Rolling Stones
3	(3)	**DOUBLE VISION**	Foreigner
4	(4)	**SGT PEPPER'S LONELY HEARTS CLUB BAND**	Various Artists
5	(7)	**DON'T LOOK BACK**	Boston
6	(5)	**NATURAL HIGH**	Commodores
7	(6)	**WORLDS AWAY**	Pablo Cruise
8	(9)	**SHADOW DANCING**	Andy Gibb
9	(8)	**STRANGER IN TOWN**	Bob Seger & The Silver Bullet Band
10	(11)	**LIFE IS A SONG WORTH SINGING**	Teddy Pendergrass
11	(10)	**"BUT SERIOUSLY FOLKS . . ."**	Joe Walsh
12	(16)	**BLAM**	The Brothers Johnson
13	(15)	**A TASTE OF HONEY**	Taste of Honey
15	(12)	**THE STRANGER**	Billy Joel
29	(26)	**BAT OUT OF HELL**	Meat Loaf
30	(24)	**SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER**	Bee Gees and Various Artists
16	(19)	**NIGHTWATCH**	Kenny Loggins
17	(13)	**CITY TO CITY**	Gerry Rafferty
18	(17)	**TOGETHERNESS**	L.T.D.
19	(18)	**COME GET IT**	Rick James
20	(—)	**WHO ARE YOU**	The Who
21	(23)	**UNDER WRAPS**	Shaun Cassidy
22	(20)	**DARKNESS ON THE EDGE OF TOWN**	Bruce Springsteen
23	(21)	**PYRAMID**	Alan Parsons Project
24	(22)	**OCTAVE**	Moody Blues
25	(27)	**SMOOTH TALK**	Evelyn "Champagne" King
26	(29)	**THE CARS**	The Cars
27	(28)	**LOVE ME AGAIN**	Rita Coolidge
28	(25)	**EVEN NOW**	Barry Manilow
14	(14)	**STREET LEGAL**	Bob Dylan

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

NEWS DESK

Edited: TONY STEWART

The Stiff-Five Awayday Special

NEXT MONTH Stiff Records launch a major British tour featuring five of their acts, in the hope of repeating the success of their highly acclaimed "Bunch Of Stiffs" roadshow last year. It was that nation-wide tour which helped establish Elvis Costello, Ian Dury, and Nick Lowe as major talents.

Now, Wreckless Eric — who was also on the "Bunch" dates — Mickey Jupp, Jona Lewie, Lene Lovich and Rachel Sweet are to play over 27 concerts travelling to towns by a chartered British Rail train. And the Stiff-Five Special excursion under the "Be Stiff" banner will climax with a major London show at the Lyceum.

It is undoubtedly one of Stiff's most ambitious projects, and an album by each artiste will be released on the same day, probably in early October.

On stage they will all play a half hour set, joined by their own backing bands yet to be announced.

A lot of interest will focus on 16-year-old Akron schoolgirl, Rachel Sweet — widely acclaimed for her two tracks on the recent "Akron Compilation" album — and the enigmatic Lene Lovich.

Left to right: WRECKLESS ERIC, JONA LEWIE, RACHEL SWEET, LENE LOVICH and MICKEY JUPP

Lovich's single "I Think We're Alone Now" is only available through Stiff's London shop, and the label claimed, "We are not at liberty to divulge much information about Lene."

The other acts are already fairly well known. Jupp is regarded as the father figure of the Southend scene that nurtured the Feelgoods, Hot Rods and the Kursaal Flyers. And Lewie was a founder member of Brett Marvin And The Thunderbolts who, as Terry Dactyl And The Dinosaurs had the Top Ten hit "Seaside Shuffle" in 1972.

Stiff confidently predict, "It's time for the random finger of fate to select more victims for the cult hero machinery."

The Stiff-Five Special away-days to Bristol University (October 10), Liverpool University (11), Birmingham Aston University (13), Burnley Cat Whiskers (14), Manchester UMIST (16), Lancaster University (17), Carlisle Market Hall (18), Glasgow Strathclyde University (19), Dingwall Strathpeffer Spa Pavilion (20), Wick Assembly Hall (21), Aberdeen Ruffles (23), Dundee University (24), Edinburgh venue to be announced (25), Stirling University (26), Hull University (November 2), Huddersfield Poly (3), Leeds University (4), Sheffield Top Rank (5), Salford University (6), Hemel Hempstead Pavilion (7), Warwick University (9), Loughborough University (10), Nottingham University (11), Blackburn King George's Hall (12), Guildford Surrey University (15), Oxford Poly (16), and London Lyceum (19).

BOB GELDOF

Bob's troops in tonic gigs

THE BOOMTOWN RATS begin the first half of another major British tour next month with seven provincial concerts. Although they completed extensive UK dates only two months ago, they are adopting the now-fashionable policy of playing towns not usually visited by name bands.

Said Bob Geldof, "We feel these areas ought to have the chance to see more shows. And besides, we're very excited about playing in Halifax."

This Saturday The Rats play Knebworth 11, and on September 29 release a new single "Rat Trap", taken from their last album "Tonic For The Troops". It's backed with the previously unreleased "So Stange".

The band complete a Euro-tour and film a show for BBC-2 TV's *Rock On Campus* series, before returning to Britain to open "The Boomtown Rats Low Rent Tour" on October 19.

In November they play the States, and then undertake the second part of their UK dates in December.

Starting at Dundee Caird Hall on October 19, they appear at Aberdeen Capitol (20), Carlisle Market Hall (21), Halifax Civic Theatre (24), Wolverhampton Civic Hall (25), Ipswich Gaumont (26) and Southampton Gaumont (28).

MOTORS FAIL ROAD TEST

THE MOTORS, now with their second hit single are coming off the road for six months and losing at least one member.

Bram Tchaikovsky has already quit to work with his own group, Battleaxe. And drummer Richard Slaughter may not be with The Motors when they re-emerge with an expanded line-up next year.

This temporary retirement is so Andy McMaster and Nick Garvey can write some much-needed new material. Both their hit songs "Airport" and "Forget About You" were several years old. Said McMaster, "We've just got to have some time off before we go mad."

But he is not concerned that this move will jeopardise the commercial future of the group.

"I'm not really worried about breaking The Motors up for six months," he explained. "I'm more worried about my relationship with Nick. The time off will give us a chance to get to know each other again and write some new material."

It is hoped McMaster and Garvey as The Motors will release a new single in November, and prepare their third album for release in the New Year.

● Meanwhile Battleaxe issue their debut single" "Sarah Smiles" on September 15. The first run will be of 20,000 12 inch records, including two other tracks, "Turn On The Light" and "Bloodline". A major tour beginning on September 22 is now being arranged.

Van Der Graaf split

VAN DER GRAAF have disbanded for the fourth and probably final time in their ten year career. Ironically it has happened as Charisma claim the double live, "Vital" is VDG's best selling album to date.

But a statement by the band said, "Our decision is unanimous, unreserved and brotherly; they are no differences or antagonisms between us. But the band, the name, and this phase of the story all end here."

Meanwhile Peter Hammill relaunches his solo career as support on the Brand X tour later this month.

Steel Pulse on the road

STEEL PULSE, commercially the most successful of the British reggae bands, begin an extensive UK tour this month. And they are expected to announce a major London concert, probably at The Rainbow, shortly.

So far this seven-man Birmingham group have charted with two singles, "Ku Klux Klan" and "Prodigal Son", and their top 20 debut album, "Handsworth Revolution". Immediately after their British shows, they will record their second LP.

Steel Pulse open at Aylesbury Friars (29), followed by Nottingham University (October 4), Derby Assembly Room (5), Manchester Apollo (6), Leeds University (7), Edinburgh Odeon (11), Aberdeen Capitol (12), Newcastle Poly (13), Sheffield University (14), Bradford St. George's Hall (15), Canterbury Odeon (16), Portsmouth Locarno (17), Southampton University (18), Guildford Surrey University (19), Loughborough University (21), Stoke-On-Trent Victoria Hall (22), Hull University (23), Liverpool University (25), Birmingham Odeon (26), Lancaster University (27), Leicester University (28), Bristol Locarno (29), Oxford Poly (30), Exeter University (31), Cardiff Top Rank (November 1), Coventry Lanchester Poly (2), Uxbridge Brunel University (3), and Dunstable California Ballroom (4).

McLAUGHLIN AND DiMEOLA VISITS

RENOWNED guitarists John McLaughlin and Al DiMeola play their own major concerts in London next month.

Now back to electric music after a long spell with his acoustic Indian group, Shakti, McLaughlin performs at the Rainbow on October 3. His new band comprises El Shanka (violin), Stu Goldberg (keyboards), Wilbert Saunders (bass) and Anthony Allen-Smith (drums).

And DiMeola, who last played here three years ago with Return To Forever, appears at the Hammersmith Odeon (18). His group features Eddie Colon (percussion), Robbie Gonzales (drums), Tim Landers (bass), Wlodek Gulgowski (leyboards) and Philippe Saisse (keyboards and miramba).

Both shows are promoted by Harvey Goldsmith and tickets are now on sale through the usual outlets.

Kokomo one-off reunion

KOKOMO are to play a reunion concert at London's Chalk Farm Roundhouse on October 1 to pay off a large debt to the VAT man. Apparently the group still owe several thousand pounds in value added tax. Supported by Matumbi and the Sinceros, the band will feature vocalists Frankie Collins, Paddy McHugh and Dyan Birch with Tony O'Malley (keyboards), Neil Hubbard (guitar), Alan Spenner (bass), Glen Le Fleur (drums) and Mel Collins (sax). Tickets priced £2 are now on sale.

XTC GO 2!

THIS MONTH XTC begin their most extensive British tour lasting over six weeks and including two major London shows at the Chalk Farm Roundhouse.

The concerts will undoubtedly establish them as one of the country's most important groups. And they tie in with the release of a new single "Are You Receiving Me" on September 22, followed by their second album "Go 2" on October 6.

The album is the successor to their critically acclaimed debut, "White Music". It contains 13 new songs selected from a batch of 19 after, said their PR, "meaningful dialogue, frank exchanges of views and, occasionally, bloodshed".

The first part of their tour is in Scotland and Ireland, opening at Glasgow Queen Margaret Union on September 28, followed by Belfast Pound Club (29), Cork Arcadia Ballroom (30), three nights at Dublin McGonagles (October 1-3), Port Rush New Arcadia Ballroom (4) and Belfast Pound Club (5).

Then from October 20 they play Huddersfield Poly, Manchester University (21), Canterbury Odeon (23), Salisbury City Hall (24), Reading Top Rank (25), Portsmouth Locarno (26), Colchester Essex University (28), Hemel Hempstead Pavilion (29), Swansea Circles (30), Cardiff Top Rank (31), Liverpool Mountford Hall (November 1), Leeds Poly (2), Edinburgh University (3), Newcastle University (4), Redcar Coatham Bowl (5), Bristol Locarno (7), Sheffield University (8 or 9), Birmingham Town Hall (10), Aylesbury Friars (11), two shows at Chalk Farm Roundhouse (12) and Brighton Top Rank (15).

Concerts in Swansea, Liverpool and Edinburgh are still to be confirmed.

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TOUR OF UK
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FRI. 22nd SEPT. – PLYMOUTH TOP RANK SUITE
SAT. 23rd SEPT. – TORQUAY TOWN HALL
SUN. 24th SEPT. – TAUNTON ODEON
MON. 25th SEPT. – MALVERN WINTER GARDENS
TUE. 26th SEPT. – DERBY ASSEMBLY ROOMS
WED. 27th SEPT. – NORWICH ST ANDREWS HALL
THU. 28th SEPT. – CHELMSFORD ODEON
FRI. 29th SEPT. – CAMBRIDGE CORN EXCHANGE
SAT. 30th SEPT. – COVENTRY THEATRE
SUN. 1st OCT. – LEICESTER DE MONTFORT HALL
TUE. 3rd OCT. – MANCHESTER FREE TRADE HALL
THU. 5th OCT. – ABERDEEN CAPITOL THEATRE
FRI. 6th OCT. – DUNDEE CAIRD HALL
SAT. 7th OCT. – EDINBURGH ODEON
SUN. 8th OCT. – NEWCASTLE CITY HALL
MON. 9th OCT. – LIVERPOOL EMPIRE
TUE. 10th OCT. – SHEFFIELD CITY HALL
WED. 11th OCT. – BRADFORD ST GEORGES HALL
FRI. 13th OCT. – BRIGHTON TOP RANK SUITE
SAT. 14th OCT. – HASTINGS PIER PAVILION
SUN. 15th OCT. – HEMEL HEMPSTEAD PAVILION
MON. 16th OCT. – READING TOP RANK SUITE
WED. 18th OCT. – BOURNEMOUTH WINTER GARDENS
THU. 19th OCT. – PORTSMOUTH GUILDHALL
FRI. 20th OCT. – CANTERBURY ODEON
SAT. 21st OCT. – BIRMINGHAM ODEON
SUN. 22nd OCT. – BRISTOL COLSTON HALL
TUE. 24th OCT. – CARDIFF TOP RANK SUITE
WED. 25th OCT. – SWANSEA TOP RANK SUITE
THU. 26th OCT. – OXFORD NEW THEATRE
FRI. 27th OCT. – ILFORD ODEON
SAT. 28th OCT. – HAMMERSMITH ODEON LONDON
SUN. 29th OCT. HAMMERSMITH ODEON LONDON

Ticket Prices are £3.00, £2.50, £2.00, £1.50 everywhere except PLYMOUTH, TORQUAY, MALVERN, NORWICH, CAMBRIDGE, BRIGHTON, HASTINGS, HEMEL HEMPSTEAD, READING, CARDIFF, SWANSEA, where all tickets are priced at £2.00.

DEAD: THREE AT RAINBOW

THE GRATEFUL DEAD play their first British shows in four years when they appear at London's Rainbow for three nights on September 28-30.

Although it was originally thought they may play several shows in the provinces and at Wembley Arena, the Rainbow concerts are their only UK dates this year.

They follow three charity performances at the Great Pyramid site of Gizeh in Egypt on September 14-16.

Regarded by the Dead as a "highpoint" in their 14 year career, the shows in the Sphinx "sound and light" theatre are a co-operative venture between the band and the Egyptian Ministry of Culture.

For both series of concerts, the Dead will fly in their massive sound system and an entourage of 50.

Promoted by Harvey Goldsmith, the Rainbow gig starts at 7pm and tickets priced £5 and £4 are now available from the usual outlets.

Ash major tour

NEXT MONTH Wishbone Ash begin a major British tour which includes two nights at London's Hammersmith Odeon.

Playing a two hour set without a support group, these are their first UK concerts since last year. And they precede a world tour when they visit America and Japan.

Wishbone appear at Ipswich Gaumont (October 6), Birmingham Odeon (7), Lancaster University (8), Edinburgh Odeon (10), Newcastle City Hall (11), Manchester Belle Vue (12), Hanley Victoria Hall (13), Southampton Gaumont (15), Brighton Dome (16), Portsmouth Guildhall (17), Cardiff University (20), Sheffield City Hall (21), Hammersmith Odeon (24/25), Bristol Colston Hall (27), Leeds University (28), Bournemouth Winter Gardens (30), Leicester De Montfort Hall (31) Coventry Theatre (November 2) and Liverpool Empire (3).

Ash's ANDY POWELL

Tickets go on sale tomorrow (Friday), priced £3, £2.50, £2, and £1.50, except at Hammersmith where they cost from £2 to £3.50, and Hanley which has one price of £2.50.

ROXY MUSIC VENUES 'ARE BEING SET UP'

ROXY MUSIC tours in America and Europe are reportedly now being arranged for the autumn. But apparently the band are not taking them seriously.

It is understood that dates are now being pencilled in and support bands approached. If true, this suggests the recent exploratory rehearsals of four original members — including Bryan Ferry — have proved successful.

Simon Puxley, their publicist, said: "I can't confirm the report, nor can I deny it.

"The situation is that a tour is being set up — because if any tour is going to be done at all, it has to be booked well in advance.

"At the same time, I know from the band's point of view, they're not taking it very seriously."

Tops due back again

THE FOUR TOPS, who have now been together over 24 years, return for their annual British tour this month. At present recording in America, a new album will be released to coincide with the shows.

They play two nights at Stoke-On-Trent Jollees (29/30), a week at Watford Bailey's (October 1-7) and a fortnight at Purfleet Circus Tavern (8-21).

Then, supported by British disco-soul group Ofanchi, they play a series of concerts at Eastbourne Congress Theatre (22), Ipswich Gaumont (23), Middlesbrough Town Hall (25), Nottingham Commodore International (26), Chatham Central Hall (27), Dunstable California Ballroom (28), Croydon Fairfield Halls (29), Cambridge Kelsey Kerridge Hall (30), Poole Arts Centre (November 1), Birmingham Hippodrome (2), climaxing with a major London Concert at the Hammersmith Odeon (3).

LONDON'S REGGAE FESTIVAL

A NINE-HOUR reggae festival is to be staged at London's Alexandra Palace on September 23. Headlined by Matumbi, it begins at 3pm and runs until midnight with the Cimarons, Aswad, 15.16.17 and a special guest appearance by Dennis Brown. Tickets priced £4 are on sale at Tottenham's Third World Records, Daddy Kool's in Tottenham Court Road, Greensleeves in Shepherd's Bush, Romford's Vince's Records, Deb Music in Battersea and 21 Allison Road, Acton, London W3.

NEWS BRIEFS

● **Blondie** now play an extra "teatime" show at the London Hammersmith Odeon on September 16. Tickets are now on sale for this performance at 4 pm.

● **Peter Gabriel** is the special guest at The Stranglers' Battersea Park concert on September 16. The Edge, The Skids, Spizz Oil and Johnny Rubbish are the supporting cast.

● **The Skids,** who this Friday release their debut single "Sweet Suburbia" pressed on white vinyl, are support on The Stranglers' forthcoming UK tour. Meanwhile the Scots group appear at London Music Machine tonight, Nashville (8) and Covent Garden Rock Garden (9).

● **Alvin Lee's** new band Ten Years Later, who have just toured America and Europe, make their British debut at London's Hammersmith Odeon on Friday (8).

● **Radio Stars** have been joined by Trevor White, who plays both guitar and bass, for their current UK tour. And they have added an extra date at Cardiff U.W.I.S.T. on September 27. "The Radio Stars Holiday Album" is now released this Friday (8), after being delayed another week because of technical problems.

● An Anti-Nazi League and Rock Against Racism concert is to be held at Norwich University of East Anglia on Saturday, September 19. Starting at 8 pm it features **90° Inclusive, Misty, Menace** and **Patrik Fitzgerald.**

● **Barry Ford,** formerly with Merger, headlines his own London show at Acklam Hall this Friday. He is supported by The Members and B52's. Admission is £1.50.

● **Rockpile,** featuring Edmunds and Lowe, have added two more dates to their UK tour which follows Knebworth 11. They appear at Norwich University on October 7 and Bristol Locarno (8).

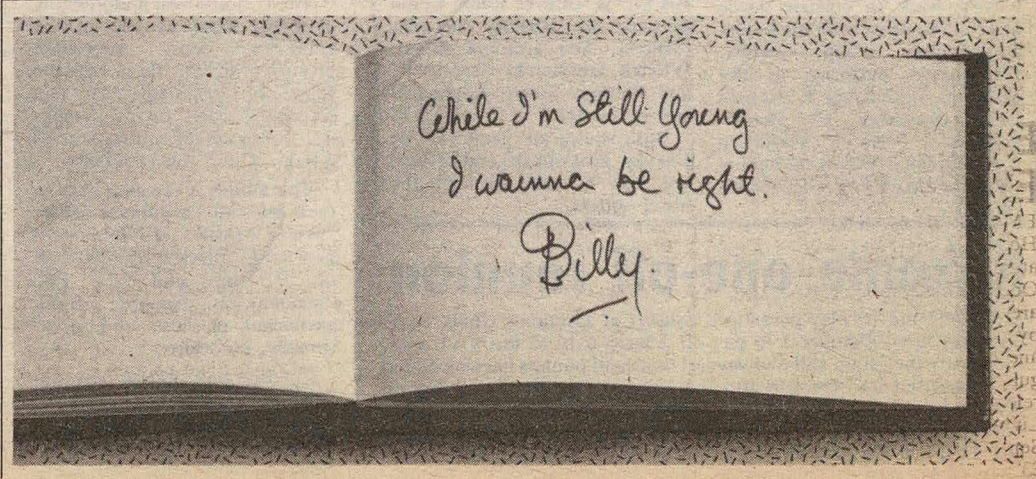
● Manchester band **The Fall** headline their own London show at the Marquee Club this Friday. They're supported by the Bristol group, Gardez Darkx. On Saturday they record a new single ready for October release, and also appear at London Music Machine supporting Chelsea on September 25, and Manchester The Factory (29).

● **Tanz Der Youth** have cancelled their planned appearance at Sheffield Limit tonight (Thursday). They have also added Reading Bones (27) to their current British tour.

● **The Dodgers,** who augmented The Motors at the Reading Festival, release their debut album "Love On The Rebound" on September 22. Also this month they headline two nights at London's Marquee Club (7 and 21), appear on Granada's TV programme *Get It Together* (26), and broadcast an *In Concert* (16).

● Belfast band **Rascal** headline their first British tour this month to promote their debut single "Ecstasy", issued on September 8. They appear at Plymouth Fiesta (15), Shoreham Casablanca (16), Trowbridge Europa (27), Helston Culdrose RNAS (28), Fishguard Frenchman's Motel (30), Brighton Sherry's (October 5-7), Coventry Robin Hood (12), Camberley Ragamuffins (14) and Horsham Rothay's (15).

● **Marshall Hain** release a single, "Coming Home" this Friday as the follow up to their recent hit, "Dancing In The City". Backed with "Different Point", both tracks are from their "Free Ride" LP. They are also rehearsing a touring group which comprises Kit Hain (vocals-guitar), Julian Marshall (keyboards), Graham Foster (guitar-keyboards), Gary Twigg (bass), Bob Jenkins (drums), and Martin Ditchman (percussion).



Striking Clash in concert pull-out

THE CLASH are on strike and will not play their proposed London concert at Harlesden's Roxy Theatre this Saturday.

Manager Bernard Rhodes said the group are pulling out in protest of the minimal airtime given to their records by British radio stations. And they want to draw their fans' attention to this.

Said Rhodes, "We never let our fans down. We're postponing this show, not cancelling it. We're now coming up with something great for the fans."

But Roxy manager, Bertie Davis, said the show was postponed until September 23 because he understood two Clashers were still in America, and would not return by the weekend.

"The band could be back tomorrow," Rhodes countered. "It's nothing to do with that." And he explained that they had gone on strike while working on their second album in New York's Record Plant.

It is hoped The Clash's industrial action will be over by September 23, when the 1500 tickets issued for Saturday would still be valid. There is also a possibility of another show being added.

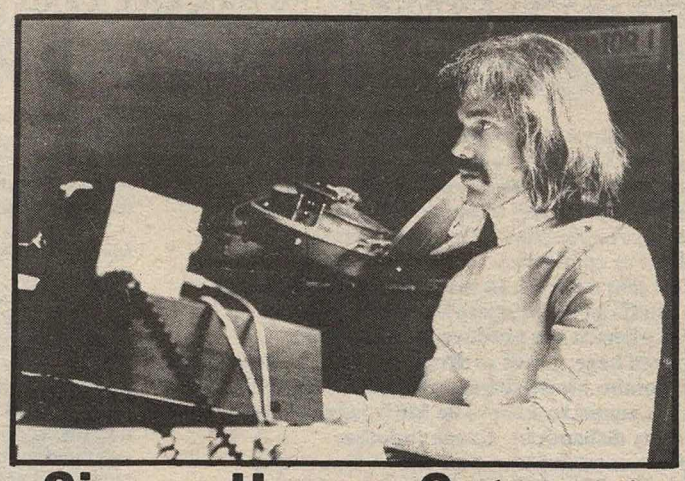
NEW-LOOK HAWKS ON 40-DATE TOUR

HAWKWIND re-emerge next month with the new name The Hawklords on a 40-date major British tour to promote a new album and stage show. But on the day this was announced, one of the four remaining long-standing members publicly disassociated himself from the group.

Simon House, who joined the band four years ago on violin and keyboards and who is now working with Bowie, was expected to play "selected concerts" with The 'Lords. Their publicist also claimed, "It is understood that after Bowie's present tour ends, House will rejoin The 'Lords line-up."

House denied this. He said he does not intend playing with them, and instead will concentrate on his own career. "The band I left at the beginning of the year is completely different from the band now," he explained. "I don't feel a part of it any more."

But planned concerts in Newcastle and Manchester are almost sold out, and the tour will go ahead. Old Hawkwind members Robert Calvert, Dave Brock and Simon King are joined by newcomers Harvey Bainbridge (bass), Martin Griffith (drums) and Steve Swindells (keyboards).



Simon House Opts out

Described by their manager Doug Smith as a "heavy street-punk show", they will use stage sets designed by Barney Bubbles with working models by Jonathan Smeeton, and feature six dancers.

The new album "Hawklords" is released on October 6, and this means the final Hawkwind set "PXR5" has been shelved until next year.

So far only half the tour dates have been announced. They are Oxford New Theatre (October 6), Manchester Apollo (7), Liverpool Empire (8), Edinburgh Usher Hall (9), Newcastle City Hall (10), Middlesbrough Town Hall (11), London Hammersmith Odeon (13), Milton Keynes Leisure Centre (14), Croydon Fairfield Halls (15), Portsmouth Guildhall (16), Birmingham Odeon (17), Bristol Colston Hall (20), St. Albans Civic (21), Ipswich Gaumont (22), Leicester De Montfort Hall (23), Sheffield City Hall (24), Bradford St. George's Hall (25), Stoke Victoria Hall (27), Paignton Festival Theatre (28) and Poole Wessex Hall (29).

Tickets priced £1.50, £2, £2.50 and £3 are now on sale.

SEX PISTOLS

Veiled threats of unsavoury litigation have failed to halt publication of the story of the decade.

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BLOCK LETTERS PLEASE

NME

FRANKIE MILLER

Frankie Miller's new band debuts

FRANKIE MILLER has formed a new group and they are arranging a major British tour for the end of the year. The band — featuring guitarists Ed Dean and Steve Simpson, with Tex Comer and Fran Burn on bass and drums — recently made their debut at London Dingwalls. On September 15, Miller releases a single "Darlin'", backed with a new studio version of "Drunken Nights In The City", which first appeared on his album "The Rock".

County in town!

WAYNE COUNTY, an American who earlier this year was refused entry into Britain, has now been allowed into the country. He intends to take up residency here and will continue with his sex-change operations. WC and his group, The Electric Chairs, begin a short UK tour at the end of the month at Northampton Cricket Club (October 7), followed by Manchester Russell (12), Liverpool Eric's (13),Swansea Circles (23), Leeds Roots (26) and Nottingham Sandpiper (27). A major London concert, probably at the Electric Ballroom in Camden Town, is now being arranged.

EMMYLOU IN EXTRA DATE

EMMYLOU HARRIS and the Hot Band now play a second day at the London Hammersmith Odeon on September 19. They are supported on both concerts by cult country artiste Guy Clark and his group, and ex-Hot Band guitarist Rodney Crowell, who releases his debut album "Ain't Living Long Like This" on September 15. Tickets priced £4, £3 and £2 are now on sale.

Rock venues in danger

LATEST ON MARQUEE, ROCHESTER, APOLLO

THERE IS NOW a danger that London's Marquee Club will stop presenting live rock on four nights a week if the Musicians Union continue to demand more money for support bands.

The MU is asking for a minimum rate of £9.50 for each group member a show, and last Thursday met the club management.

Managing Director, Jack Barrie afterwards said that if they had to pay these fees they would not be able to present gigs seven nights a week during the winter.

"Already it's a struggle to keep the doors open," said Barrie, who pays support groups £5 to £10 expenses at present. "The club is not just an automatic license to print money."

Without the tourist trade in winter, he explained, it would be more economical to have discos on four nights.

"That's what we're going to get if the MU isn't careful," he warned. "And they'll cut off the life lines of new groups to the music business."

There will be another meeting between the Marquee and MU this Friday, and Rock Organiser Mike Evans is confident they will negotiate an amicable agreement. The MU does not intend to pull out any bands at present.

The Rochester Castle in London's Stoke Newington has lost its music licence, and the pub manager is looking for another venue to present scheduled shows.

For the last month the Rochester has staged a series of benefit gigs to raise money to pay off a debt of £3,000. But their music licence expired last Thursday, and they now have to wait 28 days to re-apply for another.

And the Leeds Fan Club has terminated rock gigs, because they are not allowed to present live music under the terms of their drinks licence. Promoter John Keenan hopes to present planned shows at another venue.

Finally, the Stranglers have announced that they are to re-open the Glasgow Apollo on September 30. However at press-time, Gordon Curry (the financial director for the present owners, Green's) could not confirm this. He said that four companies had made a purchase bid for the venue but none had yet been accepted.

Brand X concerts

BRAND X begin a major British tour this month, supported by Peter Hammill playing solo sets. This Friday both acts release new albums. "Masques" by BX comprises seven trakcs written by various group members; and "The Future Now" is Hammill's seventh solo LP.

The tour opens at Bristol Hippodrome (22), followed by Newcastle City Hall (24), Edinburgh Odeon (25), Manchester Apollo (26), Brighton Dome (28), Birmingham Hippodrome (29), and climaxes with a concert at the London Rainbow on October 1. London tickets are priced £2.80, £2.20 and £1.75. Elsewhere they are £2.50, £2 and £1.50.

RECORD NEWS

● **Alberto Y Lost Trios Paranoias** release a special limited edition single this Friday in a blatant attempt to break into the charts. Packaged in gatefold sleeve, it comprises "Heads Down, No Nonsense, Mindless Boogie"/"Thank You"/"Fuck You"/"Dead Meat", and it sells at only 75p. The first two tracks will be included in the band's next album "Skite", set for October release.

● "To The Limit", **Joan Armatrading's** first album since "Show Some Emotion", is released on September 22. Produced by Glyn Johns, it comprises ten new songs played by Joan's new touring band of Henry Spinetti (drums), Dave Markee (bass), Phil Palmer (guitar), Red Young (keyboards) and Quitman Dennis (sax) who both appeared with her at the Blackbushe Picnic. Plans for a UK tour have now been postponed until next year.

● **Abba** release the single, "Summer Night City" this Friday (8), their first in eight months. Flip is a medley of "Pick A Bale Of Cotton/On The Top Of Old Smokey/Midnight Special", and will not be included on the album the group is now recording.

● **Yellow Dog** release what Virgin claim is "the world's first luminous single", called "Little Gods" on September 15. It is a limited edition of 15,000 packaged in a clear plastic bag.

● "Live At Last", the final album by **Steeleye Span** who played their farewell tour last March, is released on September 22. Recorded at Bournemouth Winter Gardens, it is mostly new material performed by Maddy Prior, Rick Kemp, Tim Hart, Nigel Pegrum, Martin Carthy and John Fitzpatrick.

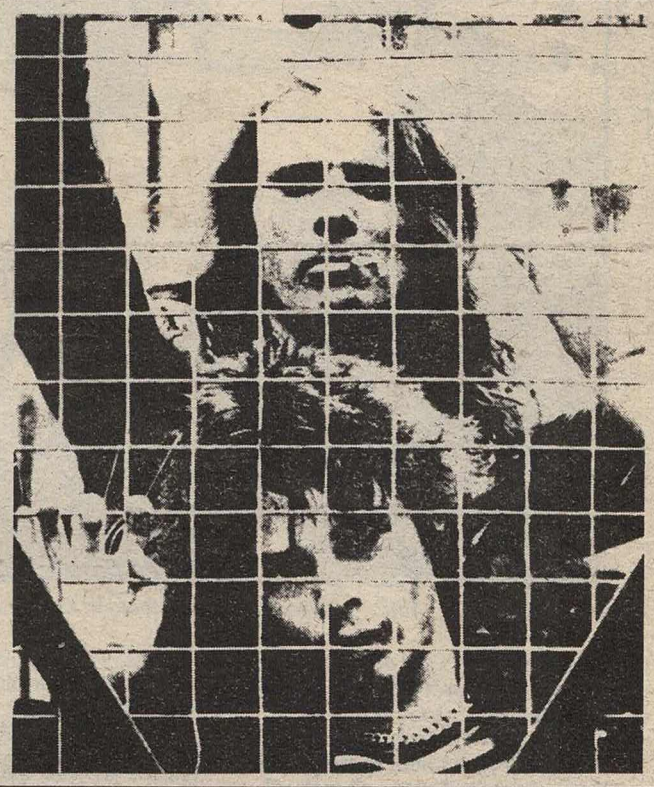
● **Bob Dylan's** "Live At The Budokan", a double album recorded in Tokyo, is to be released by CBS in November. It features highlights of seven concerts previewing his new band, new material and new arrangements which later earned him British critical acclaim at Earl's Court and Blackbushe. CBS in London are also considering releasing a triple compilation by Dylan called "Masterpieces". Featuring a number of now rare recordings, the set is on release in Japan and available in the UK on import.

● **Mud** release their first RCA album, "Mud — Rock On" on October 6, and are planning three weeks of gigs to promote the set.

● **The Troggs** release a new single, "Just A Little Too Much" on Raw Records on October 20. It is backed with, "The True Troggs Tapes", the "official" version of the infamous bootleg tape of one of their hilarious recording sessions.

● **Rory Gallagher** releases his third album for Chrysalis "Photo-Finish" on October 6. It is the recording debut of his new group, with ex-SAHB drummer Ted McKenna joining him and bassist, Gerry McAvoy. Gallagher plans to tour Britain at the end of the year.

● **Jethro Tull** release their first-ever live album "Bursting Out" on September 29. Recorded during their recent Euro-tour, the double set comprises 18 songs, including two new pieces, "Quatrain" and "Conundrum". Next month Tull begin a six week US tour with bassist Tony Williams depping for John Glascock, who is ill.



GOOD A LEVEL RESULTS?

See Page 50

Harvey Goldsmith Entertainments by arrangement with Albion Management present

the stranglers

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+THE SKIDS·JOHNNY RUBBISH

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THIS WEEK'S FEED

UNTIL LAST YEAR, Sheffield was undoubtedly the most musically inactive city in Britain. For a city with over half a million people, the paucity of small venues was little short of criminal, and the prospects for bands working outside the Working Men's Club circuit absolutely non-existent. "Drift south, young man, and drown" was the order of the day.

But just under the surface, waiting for that kick we all felt in 1977, was a hive of latent musical expression, spearheaded by the now-legendary Extras (since departed from the city), and featuring waves old, new, odd and unwholesome.

Since then, it's been fairy-tale stuff. Venues have been found, records have been made, and trends have been set, broken and cross-bred.

The single most important event since the rise of The Extras has probably been the emergence from lengthy isolation of the enigmatic Cabaret Voltaire. Since then a rash of experimental drummerless trios has sprung up, the strangest phenomenon in this strangest of times, and one which owes precious little to the dictates of fashion or commerce.

But that's not all. In the space of a single year, the Sheffield music scene has matured to the point where it can produce, besides those featured here, bands as diverse as Push (a Pop/ R & B combo whose singer, a *Coronation Street* bit player, seems to want to be Mick Jagger; they've recently disbanded), Graph (another experimental drummerless trio — Eno-esque pop), The Thompson Twins (snappy, XTC type four-piece), Molodoy (very strange *Clockwork Orange* skinhead band, musically akin to Wire and the Banshees) and recent Radar signings Radio Earth (jazz rock, I believe — I haven't seen them yet). And dozens more . . .

Next week's Akron? Ha! We shall see . . .

ANDY GILL

CABARET VOLTAIRE — shy buggars (L-R): Richard Kirk, Mal, Chris Watson. Pic: PHILIP BARNES.

IT WOULD BE all too easy to view Cabaret Voltaire as some kind of a response to the pressures of industrial society, and lard an account of them with grey images of urban decay and razor-wrist despair.

I mean, here's this city, Sheffield, famed only for cutlery and viewed by motorway flashers-by as the most probable place for God to fling a few fallen angels. And here's this "band", currently the most talked-about musical phenomenon emanating from the city, producing music which sparks to mind adjectives like "flat", "grey", "repetitive", "soulless", "monotonous", etc.

It all fits!

No it doesn't.

Cabaret Voltaire could have been spawned in any city, and quite probably in a non-urban area, too.

The geographical locus counts for little in the nexus of possibilities which brought about Cabaret Voltaire, and even then it's a less direct route than might be expected, traceable from Roxy Music (disproportionately big in Sheffield — the '70s equivalent of the Hollywood Dream Machine?) through spin-off interests in the arts in general — a snowballing infatuation with *Kulchur* which inevitably wound up the mainspring urge to *create* for themselves. And so . . .

"It started off when I bought a tape recorder," notes keyboard / synthesiser / electronics / tape operator Chris Watson matter-of-factly, "and then I saw an advert for 'Taylor Electronic Music Devices', and bought an oscillator and recorded some tapes. Then the week after that, we recorded an acappella version of David Bowie's 'Five Years'. That was about four years ago."

At that time, Cabaret Voltaire as such didn't exist. These early projects were more the part-time plaything of a wider circle of Acquaintances which was eventually whittled down to the present trio — Chris, Richard Kirk (guitar and synthesiser) and Mal (bass, most vocals and synthesiser). No drums.

"Initially, it was an interest in tape recorders and their musical, or creative, value . . ."

". . . . just a mutual interest in sound . . ."

THE NAME Cabaret Voltaire, of course, comes from the original Dadaist movement centred in Zurich during the First World War. So, do today's Cabaret Voltaire intend any specific Dada connotation, or do they just feel an affinity with the movement?

"Both," Chris reckons. "Four years ago, remember, Dada had nothing like the publicity it's received recently, and to us, it *was* Dada to call ourselves Cabaret Voltaire, 'cos we were ripping them off!"

"There was a need to go against the grain, to go against the established musical norm," offers Richard.

Mal elaborates:

"To us, what we were doing was a parallel to what Dada was doing. We know we weren't Dada; Dada died when it did and we've no ideas of setting ourselves up as another Dadaist movement.

"But there were parallels, elements of things which we saw reflected in what we were trying to do, a reaction to the established musical mode and the way it worked, and we saw ourselves as a bit of a contradiction to that. Perhaps it was very naive; perhaps it still *is* naive to call ourselves that . . ."

"We just wanted a name for a group," summarises Chris. "Elkie Brooks used to be in a group called Dada, and she's got her own *TV show* now!"

TO DATE, the Cabs have only made a handful of live appearances, and nearly all of them in Sheffield. So why the reticence, when dozens of meagrely talented bands flog their wares round the nation's clubs?

"At first, it was more experimentation. Going out on stage didn't seem the best way to work out what we wanted to do in the first place, so we worked in a 'studio' manner.

"Plus, we weren't interested in the standard 'going out on the road' syndrome. We wanted to present things in a different manner."

So what changed their minds?

"The fact that you can only reach a certain stage sat in a loft making tapes. Also, the atmosphere itself changed, which meant it was possible for us to play. We became more acceptable."

And from all accounts, *any* level of acceptance is better than that accorded them at their first gig, in May 1975.

Chris: "A guy I knew at the time was working for 'Science For People', and they were desperately looking for a group to liven up their Tuesday disco. So I told him we could play rock music . . ." (Muted laughter). ". . . . and he said, 'Oh, great, how much do you cost?', and I said, 'We'll play for nothing'. 'Oh, even better!', says he. So we got these big posters: ROCK AND ELECTRONIC MUSIC. The reaction was amazing. It ended in a fight. Richard got some equipment smashed, and Mal ended up in hospital with a chipped backbone.

"Another gig was in the University Music Department. At one time there was an avant-garde reaction there —students searching for the most obscure composers, things like that — and one guy happened to pick up on us. He knew this composer, Jean-Yves Bosseur, who used to be a student of Stockhausen and who lectures in Aesthetics at the Paris Conservatory, and we gradually got to know him, so he adapted three of his compositions for a performance we did at the university."

"Which was very funny," continues Mal, "because the established music department at the university completely abhorred it, and Bosseur thought it was the best interpretation he'd heard of that piece!"

Presumably, then, reactions have got better more recently?

"Well, a lot of people think that now it's supposed to be acceptable — supposed to clap instead of boo," muses Richard with mild cynicism.

"Better?" questions Chris. "To me, there was no greater buzz than being thrown off stage — inciting people to hate you that much, rather than just playing a set and everybody saying, 'Oh wow, really nice'. If you're standing back and documenting it, you can more or less calculate that our acceptance would happen."

THE MAJORITY of Cabaret Voltaire's pieces, including those on the forthcoming Rough Trade EP ("Talkover", "Do The Mussolini", "Here She Comes Now" and "The Set Up"), are formal structures based on a plodding rhythm figure of drum-machine and bass.

It could be said, however, that this gives a rather one-sided view of the group's music, as some pieces, such as "A Minute Is A Lifetime", are completely improvised. What are the conceptual premises which determine the use of "Free" or "ransom" elements within their music?

"That's going back to the early days," says Chris. "That point you made a long time ago, that groups like Can approached where they are now from a sort of classical aspect — Irmin Schmidt and people like that being involved with formal classical music — and we started from a *total* experimental side, and gradually got towards a point which combines the two.

"And so our 'training', if you like, is of a totally experimental basis. This is part of the structure of Cabaret Voltaire."

"It may seem pretentious," adds Mal, "but not to present it would be just as pretentious because it'd be ignoring our roots. We don't go out with the idea, Oh, let's do this *completely* haphazard, let's *'shock'*. It's just another side to us, and we don't want to completely ignore it."

Actually, I was thinking more in terms of free jazz improvisation, in which there are two generally discernable schools of thought: there's the Derek Bailey side, which holds that the most interesting and *true* improvisation is achieved with musicians you've never played with before, and the John Stevens side, which holds that the mutual knowledge gained from playing with the same group of musicians leads to more fulfilling improvisation. Which pole would Cabaret Voltaire incline towards?

"We'd side with the latter," says Mal, "although we don't say that is *the* definitive way free music should be played. It's just the way it refers to us. I suppose the other side is equally valid."

"We started off, I suppose," adds Chris, "at the other side. We weren't interested in playing *things*, so we experimented radically, but we slowly drifted across. People who can really *play* their instruments really know how to abuse them."

Richard interjects: "There's no way that can apply to us, because none of us can really play our instruments in a conventional sense . . ."

"No, but in the context of Cabaret Voltaire, I think we're pretty skilful."

USE OF the name "Cabaret Voltaire" implies at least a general interest in things artistic. So do they apply any aesthetic criteria to their work, or are things less rigidly formulated than that?

Mal: "I suppose, basically, that we're minimalist in that sense, but we set certain barriers that we don't extend beyond."

"A piece would probably be worked out based round a set of lyrics, or perhaps a certain sound, and built up from that," adds Richard.

"Over a certain period of time, the situation we've found ourselves in has evolved according to a very strict recording technique."

Chris: "Possibly the only criterion we impose on the stuff that we do is that we've got this 'mental notebook' of recording techniques which we can draw from and apply to various circumstances.

"I don't think any of us has any worries, artistically, because we don't have any intentions artistically — we've never set ourselves up to *state* ANYTHING." This refusal to commit themselves extends to politics, too. Their set includes both "Do The Mussolini" (an account of the defilement of Mussolini's corpse at the hands of Italian partisans) and "Baader-Meinhof", neither of which is morally or politically explicit, and both of which could be misread - a possibility which doesn't bother them overly.

"All the better if people want to do that," says Richard. "Let *them* create a fuss about it. That's *their* business."

"We don't set ourselves up," adds Mal. "We put forward the proposition, the raw material . . ."

". . . and people can draw their own conclusions."

"Right. We're not saying we're non-political, rather that we're not making a political statement. We don't ignore politics, but we don't set out with political intentions. We're not The Tom Robinson Band. You can never tell people what to think, anyway."

If not giving answers, then, do you want to generate at least an alternative structure?

"I think of us as being *part* of an alternative structure," ponders Chris. "I don't think we *create* one."

"We *are* limited, anyway, both musically and as artists in a broad sense — and we know our limitations. That's why we don't give any direct answers," ends Mal. "We might give a lot of inspiration, directions to other people who might carry on where we leave off, therefore what we've done is not completely at a loss. We're only part of a chain . . ."

AND the signs are that, locally at least, the chain is lengthening. Sheffield now boasts about half-a-dozen experimental drummerless trios, all of whom would probably acknowledge Cabaret Voltaire as a direct influence.

Catalyst Voltaire is beginning to seem a more apt name for the band.

And the Cabs themselves? Well, the last time I met them, they were contemplating putting a ten-second tape delay on their next concert, giving the audience a concurrent action replay of the whole performance.

Maybe they should charge double for the gig, too.

ANDY GILL

THE HUMAN LEAGUE were originally going to cop a bit of booji boy sartorial style for their London debut. The country's one and only live and gigging synthesizer band had planned to don motorcycle crash helmets for their support slot at The Rezillos' Music Machine bash.

Not that the Steel City four-piece have any truck whatsoever with any Devolution schtick. Just that they had heard tell of the Suicidal trashings lately meted out by certain sectors of the London audience to those groups who dared veer too far from the standard guitar-based rock and roll fare.

And hadn't their fellow Yorkshiremen Cabaret Voltaire nixed a gig at the same venue just the week before for much the same reason?

As it was, like England's new cricket team, The Human League decided to abandon their crash

SHEFFIELD, YORKS.

THE HUMAN LEAGUE — a four-piece trio (L-R): Martyn Ware, Adrian Wright, Phil Oakley, Ian Marsh. Pic: DENNIS MORRIS.

helmets to the dressing room before going out. Instead, synthesizer player Ian Marsh elected to thwart any potential drunken group-pelters with modern music's first Riot Shield . . .

Riot Shield?!!!

Well, a fibreglass contraption resembling a small greenhouse, housing the player and his instrument.

As Ian pungently remarked, when you're faced with the prospect of three years working the night shift to pay off the HP on £1,500 worth of wires and knobs, the last thing you want to see it the well-aimed pint glass of some ignoramus flying towards it.

Fortunately — surprisingly, considering what happened to Suicide on the same stage — their fears were unfounded. The Human League's technological tonic of not-so-esoteric electronic music drew a hail of bemused stares of interest rather than missiles (or even gob).

Eeee Baaa Guum. They almost got an encore!

STAGE LEFT mixing up the sounds in his greenhouse is Ian Marsh; Stage right behind another synthesiser, moustachioed Martyn Ware, and between the two, in his wedding suit and funny haircut, stands droll, unflinching vocalist Phil Oakey.

The fourth member Adrian Wright is offstage projecting a series of video slides onto the two small screens behind the three "playing" members.

March, Ware and Oakey, all aged 22, formed The Human League at the tail end of last year, playing their first gig in February. About all the trio then had in common — age and a total lack of musical training of any sort aside — was an interest in electronics.

They took the name Human League from a science fiction war game Ian was given as a birthday present.

So why electronic music rather than conventional rock?

"The electronic medium is barely touched," explains Martyn. "There's so much exploration that can be done — not in the sense of how many odd noises you can make, but in how you can used electronics tastefully. That's all you need to do, exercise a degree of taste.

"I suppose it all stems from an admiration of electronic music in the early '70s. Early Eno was an influence. What he's doing now, I'm not so keen on.

"The music itself is not that innovatory. If you were to score it, you'd see that. Most of our songs are deliberately made accessible. Providing you're not absolutely dim, electronics is fairly easy to understand. At first, a synthesizer can be quite daunting, but given a couple of months, you can master it."

"We are trying to make the music more accessible," continues Ian. "Most of the electronic bands get bogged down in their own technique. A synthesizer is as capable of evoking emotions as a guitar."

AFTER JUST a handful of home town gigs, Sheff-Rock stalwart Paul Bower (2.3 mastermind, *Gunrubber* — fanzine editor) put them in touch with Rezillos manager Bob Last. As a result, their first single "Being Boiled"/"Circus Of Death" — recorded on two four-track Sony tape recorders as they couldn't afford the studio time — appeared on Last's Fast Products label in June alongside singles by 2.3 and the very worthy Mekons.

A song about the slaying of silkworms in Buddhist Asia, "Being Boiled" sounded like Kraftwerk Munich disco filtered through a "Spiral Scratch" self-sufficient sensibility.

The record, incidentaly, was one of those smugly snubbed by Johnny Rotten in his *NME* singles page a couple of months back. Rotto, the bounder, dismissed The Human League as "trendy hippies" and has since been referred to as Freddie Mercury in hip Sheffield circles. Paul Bower meanwhile is taking the affair to ludicrous extremes and plans a series of "Sheffield's trendy hippies" badges.

After the release of the single, the line-up was augmented with the addition of Adrian Wright. Unlike the others, who all work as hospital porters and computer operators (natch) in Sheffield, Wright drives an ice cream van in Wakefield, returning to Sheffield on his weekly day off to fit the film visuals to The Human League's music.

Inspired by his collection of trash memorabilia — '50s paperbacks, Sunday colour supplements, film stalls, Brett Smiley singles . . . the effect of the slide show at a live gig is subliminal. As he says, "They register subconciously, rather than the immediate emotions invoked by the music."

But it's not just the unusual role of the fourth member that makes this band different league altogether to some of their more obvious contemporaries (Suicide and Throbbing Gristle for example).

Not only do the perform recognisable, well-structed songs, with insidious hooks, melody lines and even some neatly honed harmonies; underneath it all lies not the old Voidoid Losers On The Edge negativity, but a corporate eccentricity, and dry earthy Northern humour. What at first seems pretntious is more often than not tongue-in-cheek.

One song, their disco parody "Dance Like A Star", was dropped from the set when too many people began to take it seriously, although another song, "Blind Youth" remains.

Dig these lyrics for positivism . . .

"No future they say/But must it be that way/We've had it easy/We should be glad/High rise living ain't so bad . . .

"Dehumanisation is such a big word./It's been around since Richard The Third/Dehumanisation, it's easy to say/But if you're not a hermit/Well then the city's okay."

"Generally, we don't stick to conventions," deadpans Phil. "If something is good and we think it's useful, we use it. There's a song, 'No Time', which could be construed as pretentious garbage, then there's 'Circus Of Death' which is obviously not serious, and then there's 'Being Boiled' which could be taken either way.

"The diversity is the key to what we're doing."

A HIGH LIGHT of the Music Machine set was their cover of The Righteous Brothers' Philles classic "You've Lost That Lovin' Feelin' ".

Not the sort of song you'd expect from a synthesizer band.

"That's one of the reasons we do it," says Martyn. "But the main reason is simply that it's a great song, probably my favourite single from the '60s.

"We do it very different from the original. We've tried to reinterpret the original in a form that would be emotive on a synthesizer. Electronic music is regarded as unemotive, but that's a very emotional song."

Classifying bands according to geographical location is always a dubious affair, but, generalising, it seems to me that, while London Boys like Strummer, Weller, Pursey and Matlock are still producing the best rock and roll in the world, the balance of power in new, offbeat, original music has yet again swung north. So, wherefore Thuh Sheffield Scene?

"The Sheffield Scene at the moment is amazing," exasperates Phil. "There's an incredible number of bands. Sheffield is the most graffiti'd city I know . . . walk down the street and you'll see the name of a new band sprayed on the wall every day. And it's not just confined to electronic bands. There's just a lot of original talent."

"I don't know if its confined to Sheffield," adds Martyn. "It's certainly an underexposed scene. It sickens people that London gets so much coverage.

"The need for experimentation is more vital than the need to be a great musician. Things have become so stale since punk. People have been conditioned to expect only professional proficient groups. That shouldn't be the overshadowing factor."

I wouldn't know a sequencer if one bit me in the ass, but I do know that The Human League, electronically yours on Fast Product, are one of the most interesting bands to emerge in the last twelve months.

ADRIAN THRILLS

2.3 — all two of 'em . . .

Continues over page

SHEFF. UTD . . .

From previous page

SOME TIME AGO in Sheffield, there existed a fanzine with the evocative title of *The Gunrubber,* which had the distinction of being one of the few punk 'zines to have the guts to steer clear of sycophancy and actually *criticise* the wayward idols of the movement which spawned it.

Prime mover behind *The Gunrubber* was one Ronny Clocks, pseudonym of Paul Bower, who is now aiming for recognition as guitarist with 2.3 — a job to which he applies much the same rigorous anti-hypocritical criteria.

In his own words: "Attacking the way that a lot of the rap that had been given during punk was just cant, because people weren't living their lives by it — the gigs didn't go down in price, and the kids who were under 18 were still left outside, having bought their tickets and having to sell them."

This side of Bower's concerns was aired on "Where To Now?", the flip of "All Time Low", their first single on Edinburgh's fast label:

"Now the freak show's over/ we've had a good time/ But now we've reached the end/ Where to now?"

"A retrospective about a fashionable punk down in London, looking through a scrapbook," is how he describes it, and goes on to point out how, depending on the way they play it, the song can be read as a song of anger, frustration or compassion. Typically double-edged.

That the song should be about a *London* punk is hardly surprising. Before starting *The Gunrubber* in Sheffield, Bower lived in London during the early days of punk.

"I'd hoped to form a band there, but I'd sniffed around at various clubs, the Roxy and 100 Club, and I just found people so incredibly *snotty*: everyone wanted to form a band, but only with the right *face*.

"I wouldn't knock London *per se,* but I think that a lot of the shit from the rest of the country sifts down there, and a lot of people with a little bit of power really monopolise it, and feel they're doing you a favour — hence the fact that it's impossible to get gigs in London unless you're willing to pay to play, or grease up to the *right man.*

"That's why 2.3 haven't played in London. We simply can't afford it."

2.3 — THE NAME comes from the average number of kids per family — at present number just two:

Multi-instrumentalist PAUL BOWER plays the gas cooker and vase of flowers, HAYDN BOYES-WESTON studies the rhythm. Pic: PHILIP BARNES.

Bower and co-founder drummer Haydn Boyes-Weston (a handsome handle for anyone to hold).

Visually, they're an odd couple, Bower's short, wiry intensity contrasted and complemented by Haydn's tall calm. Bower does most of the talking, Haydn limiting himself (apart from a brief burst of pleasure on learning that I thought the single sounded not unlike Talking Heads) to the occasional interjection.

Although at one time a member of the notorious Musical Vomit, a satirical theatre-rock outfit which broke up in 1974 (and which Poly Styrene considers to be the *first* punk band of all), Bower's current musical activity started in June of last year.

"I'd got to the stage where I'd seen bands like The Slits and Subway Sect, and it was annoying me so much, seeing some of the bilge that was coming out at that time, on top of some of the great stuff. So I was knocking about, telling everyone I wanted to be in a group, and I saw this strange chap squatting down on the dancefloor at the Penthouse Club . . ."

"Paralytic!" laughs Haydn.

". . . miming the drum part to 'New Rose'. I strolled up to him and said, 'You look as though you can play drums — fancy being in my band?'. To which he replied, 'Yeah, good idea!' and fell over.

"Three weeks later, a girl said, 'Oh, Haydn's *really* upset with you!', and I said, 'Haydn? *Haydn?* Oh yeah, that tall kid . . . why?' It turned out he'd just gone and borrowed £300 for a drumkit, and he didn't even know my telephone number!"

Recruiting the services of bassist Paul Shaft, they knocked a half-hour set together in ten days, and set out to play every gig they could grab in the area, eliciting a generally sympathetic response because, as they point out, they were *the* Sheffield punk band.

2.3, howerver, are not your average three-chord don't-care merchants — their musical intentions lean more towards a fusion of jazz groove with the clean power of Talking Heads — and in Paul Bower they possess a songwriter of surprising sharpness and acuity.

BASICALLY LEFT-WING, as a result of experiences working in factories, steelworks and mental hospitals, 2.3 have done the ususal benefits for Gays Against Nazis, local strikers, etc, and are in favour of the Anti-Nazi League as a broad-based movement.

Bower is, however, thoroughly sick of the vanguardism and factionalism of left-wing parties, a frustration which brought about the home truths of "Left Wing Johnnies".

"I.S., I.M.G., W.R.P./ All you guys got PhDs/ You've never worked in a factory/ You're just another member of the bourgeoisie."

This and "Natty Front", an amusing calypso jibe at the NF, have brought Bower some stick from less humorous comrades.

"They say, 'Oh you *don't* make fun of the National Front', but they overlook that often — indeed, generally — satire is more powerful than the political ramblings of po-faced Marxists.

"You can't talk about the weather without them bringing in 'the state' and 'building a revolutionary party'. All life has to conform to their world-view, and a lot of them can't accept that there *are* things on earth which *can't* be brought into a Marxist or post-Marxist / Leninist ideology. Which I think is a load of bullshit. 'The heretic is always more reviled that the infidel,' as Orwell said . . ."

In the current period of inactivity forced by the departure of second bassist Terry (who left to form Charles Hawtrey And The Deaf-Aids), Bower has taken to performing solo whenever he can, a situation which allows his satiric side full rein. Witness "Modern Men":

"Modern Men with modern lives/ Sleeping with each others' wives/ All he talks is 'isms and schisms/ And he blames his temper on his biorhythms."

ASKED ABOUT THE provincialist attitude of *The Gunrubber* and some of 2.3's songs, Bower stresses that, "it's not provincial chauvinism. It's just that what good is *any* artistic scene that's concentrated in a tiny area of the country, with restrictive machinery set up around it?

"It's the same in art and literature — all the galleries and publishers are in London. Not only is it important for *us*, it's important for the *country*. All the bilge that comes out *purely* because the protagonists *know* somebody . . ."

To which one can only add a resounding "Amen".

ANDY GILL

Please wash your hands before leaving the page . . .

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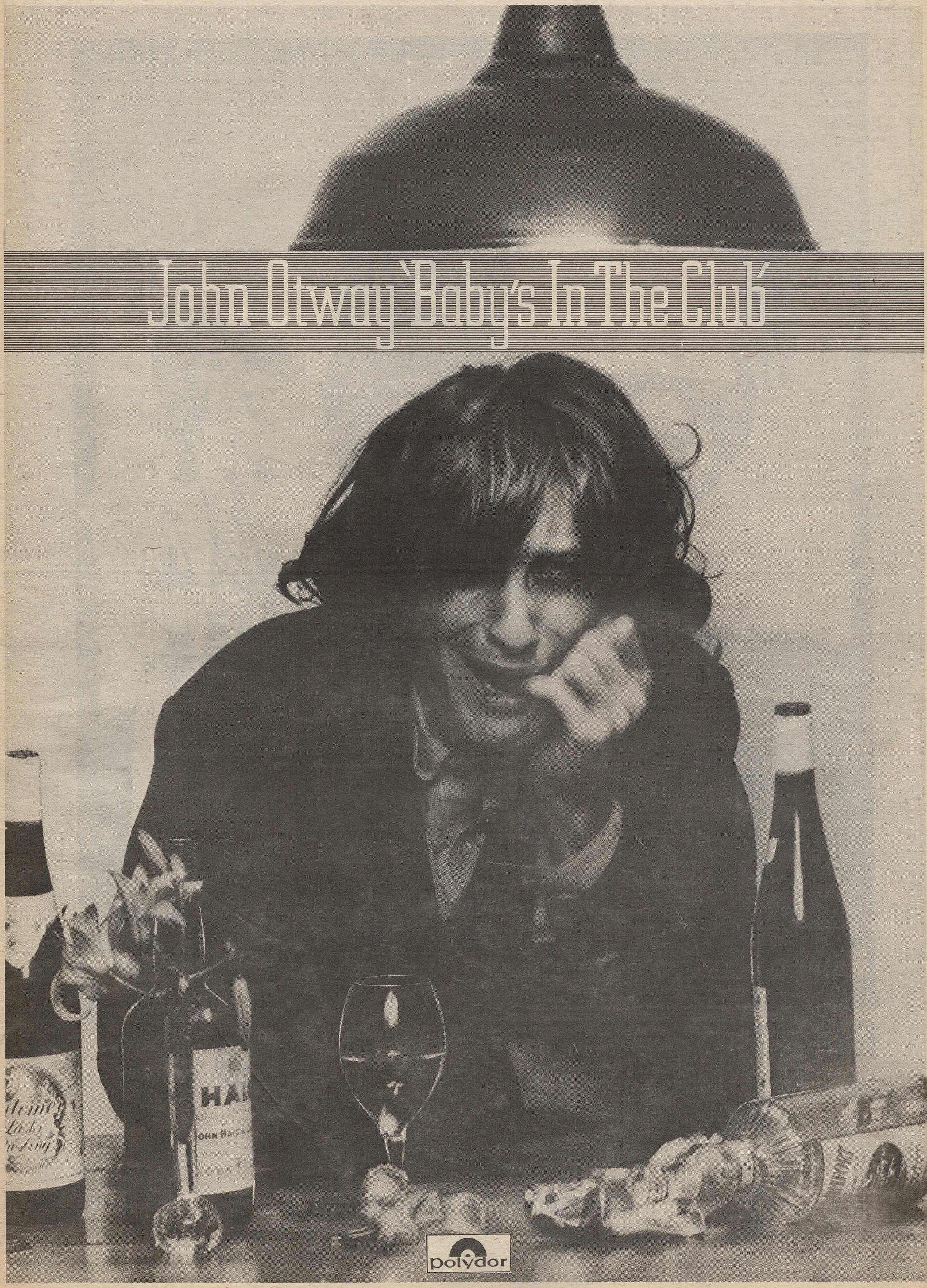

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I USED TO THINK RANDY NEWMAN WAS A LAZER UNTIL I READ ...

THRILLS

PANIC IN VERNONS YARD

THERE'S CONSIDERABLE embarrassment at Virgin Records over the first album by Wilko Johnson's Solid Senders.

One of the tracks, "First Thing In The Morning", turns up twice on some of the review copies. It appears once under its own name on side one, and again in place of Smokey Robinson's "Shop Around" on side two.

When this was drawn to the attention of Virgin Records, a spokeslady said: "Oh dear, that's awful. Are you sure? We'd better check."

Fifteen minutes later, Virgin Records phoned back with Simon Draper, aged 17, the A&R manager, on the line.

"You're the first person to notice this," he said. "We're trying to find out how many have gone into the shops."

Mr Draper went on to explain that the band had decided to change the running order of the album, and when it was pressed at the CBS factory, they stamped a version that had been rejected.

The strange thing, though, is that *Thrills* has learnt that Wilko, the band, and the producer *all* had copies a whole week earlier, and none of them noticed anything was wrong. Maybe they didn't play their new album through . . .

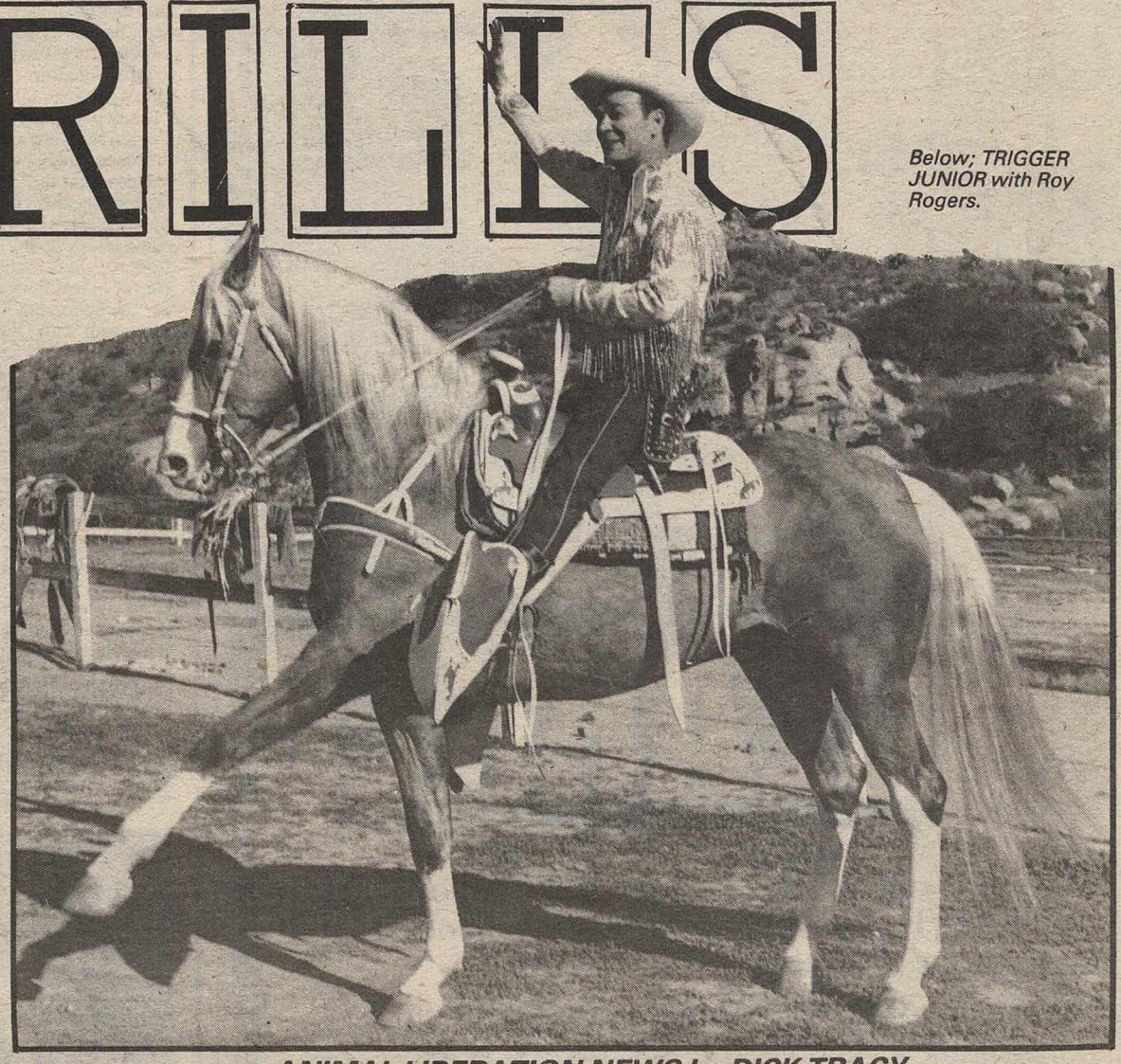
Meanwhile, in yet another phone call, Virgin said that none of the faulty albums would get into the shops after all, because they hadn't been released yet.

When it was suggested to Virgin that the *NME* had saved them a lot of money by pointing out the mistake at this earlier stage, the response was: "You've saved CBS a lot of money, not us."

Over to the generous spirits at CBS. We await your cheque.

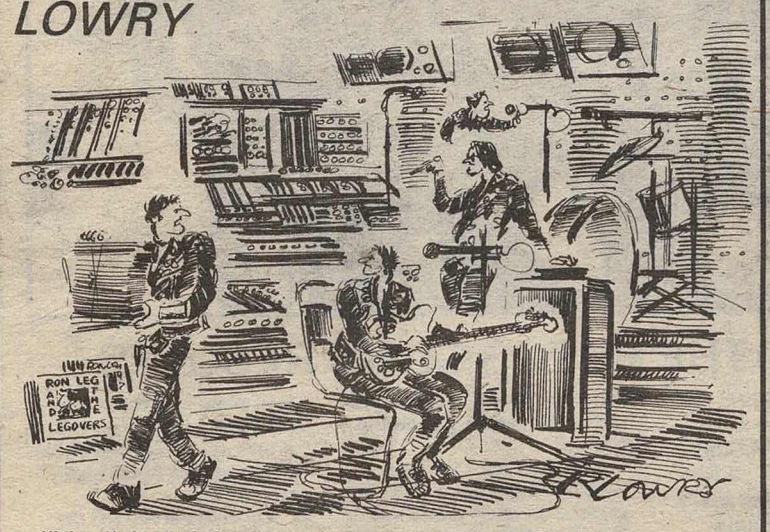
BOB EDMANDS

THRILLS



Below; TRIGGER JUNIOR with Roy Rogers.

LOWRY



"It's all that's left of my career as Last Year's Big Thing. Two thousand copies of my debut twelve inch single on turd brown plastic in a pornographic, dayglo picture sleeve, fifteen hundred promotional badges and a warehouse full of 'Ron is God' teeshirts rotting away in Walthamstow."

'Did you agree with him?' he asked, taking Sara's arm to rouse her; for her lips were moving; she was talking to herself. 'That fat man,' he explained, 'who flung his arm out.' She started.

'Oi, oi, oi!' she exclaimed, imitating his cockney accent.

Yes, thought Martin, as they walked on. Oi, oi, oi, oi, oi. It's always that. There wouldn't be much justice or liberty for the likes of him if the fat man had his way – or beauty either.

Ian Dury expounds the Blockhead Philosophy, and makes a valuable contribution to English literature — an extract from Virginia Woolf's novel "The Years". Spotted by well-read Chris Ferrary of London E4.

ANIMAL LIBERATION NEWS by DICK TRACY

POLICE IN HUNT PROTECTION RACKET?

WITH THE hunting season about to get into full swing, the Hunt Saboteurs Association are concerned about increasing police interest in their activities.

It appears that information about hunt saboteurs is now on the Police National Computer.

This first came to light when police did a routine check on a car in a Lancashire service station. By feeding back the car's license plate number to the PNC, they obtained the information that the owner was an "anti-bloodsports animal liberation supporter". The PNC also came up with a cross reference to a file in the Criminal Records Office, despite the fact that the owner did not have a criminal record.

As a result of these enquiries, three people were charged with exhuming the grave of the legendary huntsman John Peel and were subsequently sentenced to nine months imprisonment. The three are out now, and still protest their innocence. The point to remember is they would never have even been suspected of the crime if it wasn't for the information carried by the PNC.

The Hunt Saboteurs believe the police got their information when HSA membership files were 'detained' by the police some 18 months ago.

Now they are faced with the possibility of being stopped on the way to a hunt, having their records checked, and being turned back or, at the very least, closely watched. This basic invasion of privacy makes one wonder what other kinds of information about people's activities is carried by the PNC and the half-a-dozen other similar police computer networks scattered around the country.

Supporters of hunt sabotage can contact the Association at PO Box 19, Tonbridge, Kent.

● HORSEMEAT

THE INCREASING demand for horsemeat for human consumption in Europe is endangering the future of American rodeo.

According to Lewis Elliott of the International Rodeo Association, the Italians in particular have been buying up large numbers of wild horses from U.S. ranges, forcing the price per animal up from $300 to as much as $1,000.

Owners of horse breeding farms out west now prefer to sell direct to foreign buyers, who are pricing the rodeo merchants out of the market.

Elliott warns: "Just don't buy any dishes with chopped meat, particularly in Italy and France."

No doubt Trigger would roll over in his grave — if he hadn't been stuffed for the Roy Rogers Museum.

● FACTORY FARMING

THE ANIMAL Liberation Front are just one of a number of groups who in recent months have been actively protesting against all kinds of factory farming.

The ALF invaded a battery hen unit run by nuns at Daventry, Northamptonshire recently and have conducted a large number of other unpublicised raids on factory farms in other parts of the country. In some cases a large number of chickens and turkeys were liberated.

Another group, calling themselves Chicken Lib, took their cause to the European Court, claiming that battery hens were packed so tightly that they attack each other and lose their feathers, go blind and lose the use of their legs. The producers' response to this was "hens have no need for feathers because they are kept in warm temperatures."

Some 90% of Britain's 55 million chickens are kept in some 12,000 battery units around the country; sixty of these hold more than 120,000 chickens each.

The kind of abuse these birds suffer was spotlighted in a case at Lincoln Magistrates Court a few months back when two students from the National Society Against Factory Farming infiltrated the premises of the Swift Poultry Company.

What they discovered led to the owners facing 45 charges of cruelty. NSAFF gave evidence of "blatant torture", which included stubbing cigarette's out in a hen's eye, attempted strangulation, and slitting chicken's throats while they were still fully conscious. After a three-day trial, two workers were found guilty — one on 12 charges for which he was fined £40.

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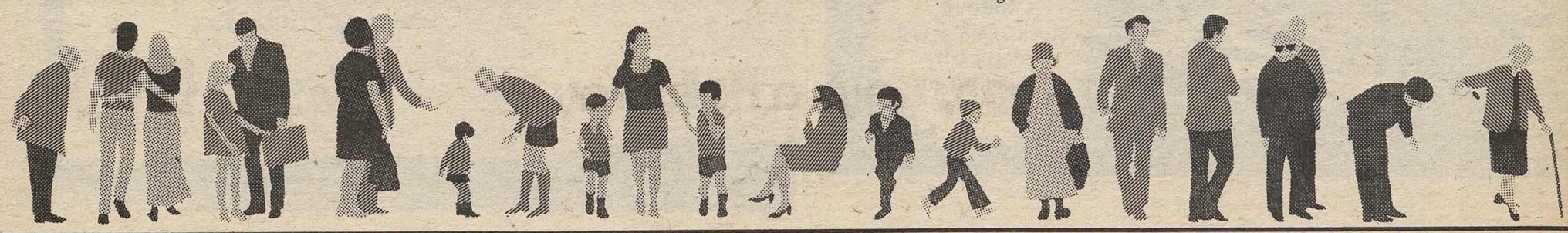

William Shakespeare, Geoff Chaucer, Harry Secombe, and now...

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ANIMAL LIB NEWS

From previous page

The owners of the company were acquitted on 39 charges, and convicted on six, receiving a total fine of just £80.

Of course, all kinds of animals are suffering under intensive farming. Studies at Munich University have shown that the stale air in intensive breeding units can turn pigs into cannibals. Prince Charles, after he visited an experimental pig-breeding establishment in Warwickshire, said as he left: "I shall become a vegetarian. I'm glad I'm not a pig."

Readers may be interested to know that the factory farming business is dominated by some five or six giant companies, among them Lonhro, whose activities Edward Heath once described as "the unacceptable face of capitalism", and the Imperial Group (formerly Imperial Tobacco) who own Buxted Chickens among other firms.

NME hopes to investigate this issue in more depth in the near future. Meantime opponents of factory farming should contact: Compassion In World Farming, Lyndum House, Petersfield, Hants. They publish a bi-monthly magazine, *Ag.* Membership is £2.00 a year; £1.00 for students. Free literature available on request.

● DISAPPEARING SPECIES

A NEW REPORT from the Washington-based Worldwatch Institute claims that unless serious and urgent steps are taken, a "biological massacre" will occur over the next few decades.

The report, entitled *Disappearing Species; The Social Challenge,* says that half the known extinctions of animals in the last 1,900 years have occured this century. They quote the conclusions of Dr. Norman Myers, who believes that one million species may be destroyed before the end of the century.

He says that probably at least one species is disappearing every day in tropical forests alone, and in a few years this may increase to one species lost *every hour.*

The effect of this massacre, the report claims, is that "evolution will continue, but in a grossly distorted manner. The fabric of life will not just suffer a minor rip; sections of it will be torn to shreds."

● SEAL SLAUGHTER

THE annual murder of grey seals, euphemistically termed a 'cull', is nearing preparation off Orkney and the Western Isles.

According to an estimate in Monday's *Daily Mirror,* 4,000 grey seal pups and 900 grey seal cows will be slaughtered with the blessing of Bruce Millan, Secretary of State for Scotland. British and Norwegian sealers carry out the mass murder using high powered rifles and clubs.

The justification for this carnage? The Government-backed Sea Mammal Research Unit claim that grey seals in Scottish waters have multiplied from a figure of 35,000 in the 1960s to 60,000 today and pose a threat to the British fishing industry. A spokesman for the Scottish Office says: "They live largely on fish suitable for human consumption are in direct competition with man as consumers of valuable food supplies."

Opposing this, Andy Alsop, leader of the anti-cull campaign and pilot of a local island air service, retaliates: "Man is well adapted to eating a great variety of food, but the seal is limited to a marine diet."

Conservationists of animal life will also be interested to know that the world population of grey seals has dwindled to 80,000. Sixty thousand of those seals are in Scottish water. For how much longer?

If you're interested in doing something to help, contact Greenpeace at 47 Whitehall, London SW1A 2BZ. Tel: 01-839 2093.

● THE BEAST

COMING SOON: a monthly newsletter called *The Beast.* Aimed at linking up the diverse and varied groups working for animal liberation, it will provide hard, factual information on the movement's activities.

Copy date for Issue 1 is October 1. Money to publish will partly be raised by the sale of ANIMAL LIBERATION badges. Individual and whoelsale orders to Better Badges (see their ad in FOR SALE section for details) 20p each plus 10p p&p.

SPOT THE BOZOS COMP RESULTS

BOZOS!! Takes one to know one — or so you would think. But we're sad to say, it just ain't so. Shape up out there and start swotting up on your rock'n'roll history revision. Some of the answers we received for our "Name The Bozo" mini-comp of two weeks back — you wouldn't believe 'em!

OK, from the threads the guys were wearing in the pic above, we can appreciate why some of you thought it could be those legendary enfant terribles, Rev. Black & The Rocking Vicars — but The Zombies!! The Boomtown Rats!! Herman's bleedin' Hermits!! Bowie!! And why all the entries insisting it was Bill Nelson?

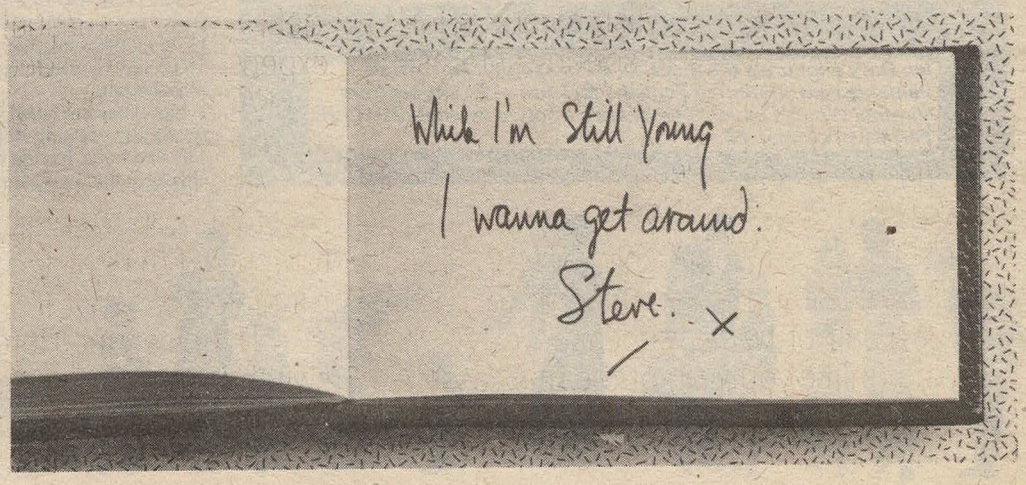
However, not all of you were off-target. Some of you guessed correctly that it was Pye-Piccadilly recording artistes THE SORROWS who, in the summer of '65, ensured their place in the Hall Of Fame with their third single "Take A Heart" — and a great beat record it was too.

The Sorrows, who were formed in Coventry at the beginning of '64, featured vocalist Don Maughn (he's the tall one) who later changed his name to Don Fardon and (in '68 and '70) enjoyed considerable chart action with "Indian Reservation". As to the rest of The Sorrows . . . Philip 'Pip' Witcher played lead guitar and Wex Prince handled rhythm. Bass and drums were played by Philip Packham and Bruce Finley respectively.

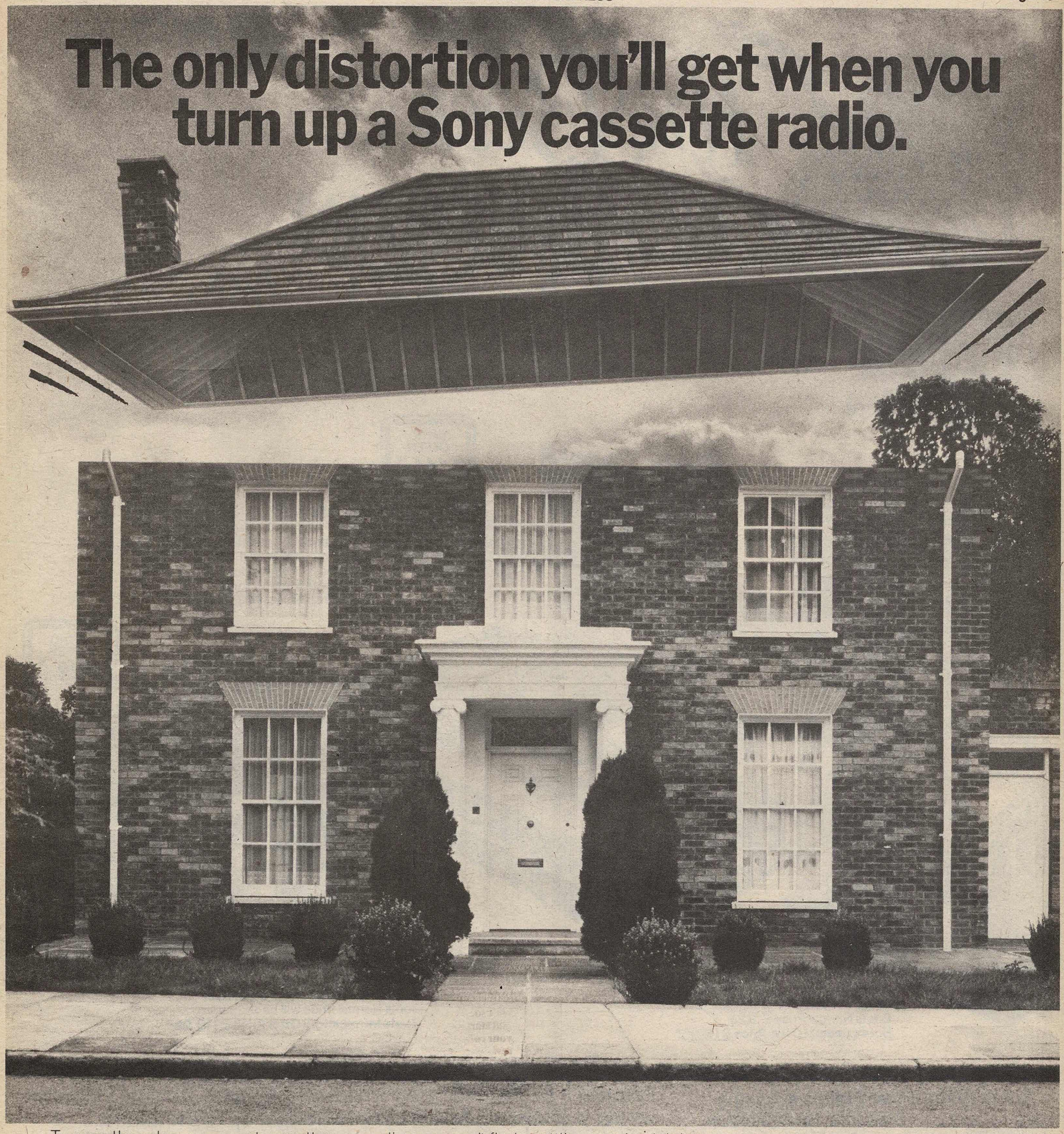
Up until Fardon left the group in '67 (at which point they sank into obscurity and disbanded), The Sorrows cut seven singles and a solitary album.

So who guessed correctly? Well, for starters, Russell J. Fry of Barnet — who appears to be the world's foremost authority on these Coventry cuties. Record tokens also go to Roger Casey of Bristol and a lady from London S.W.7 who signs herself Evie and lays claim to being the World's Undiscovered Beauty.

THRILLS



The only distortion you'll get when you turn up a Sony cassette radio.



Turn up the volume on most cassette radios and you'll learn all about sound distortion.

Twist the volume knob on either of the Sony cassette radios pictured here and it's a different kettle of fish entirely.

For beneath their stylish exteriors, lurk two impressively powerful sound systems.

So that should you want Beethoven's Fifth to separate your roof from your house, the sound will stay as sweet and pure as if you were playing it sweet and low.

On the stereo CF570L for instance, you get two watts per channel punching the sound through a pair of two way speaker units.

And unlike your run-of-the-mill cassette radios, you won't find a rattling speaker joining in with the music.

These two chaps are built tough. Indeed, robust would not be too strong a word.

Not that they're unsophisticated.

The CF570L features an air-damped eject system you usually find on more expensive cassette decks.

And apart from VHF, MW and LW it also has SW.

The mono CF370L has three Light Emitting Diode indicators to help you tune, record and check the batteries aren't running out.

There's an interference suppressor switch for clear radio recording*, pause button, an internal electret condenser microphone and a host of other features.

In fact, the only thing you don't get is the thing we know you won't miss: distortion.

SEE THE CF570L AND CF370L PLUS THE FULL RANGE OF CASSETTE RADIOS AT YOUR LOCAL SONY DEALER OR THE SONY SHOWROOM, 134 REGENT STREET, LONDON W1R 6DJ. SONY.

*a licence might be required.

The Best of Autumn at Boots

Philips AH970 Stereo Music Centre
Comprises 2-speed record deck. Compact Cassette system and radio with LW/MW/VHF stereo reception.
Boots Normal Price will be £159.95.
Boots Introductory Offer Price £144.95*.

Philips AL380 Radio
Lightweight mains/battery operated radio with rotary controls and telescopic aerial. LW/MW/VHF reception.
Boots Normal Price £19.95.
Boots Special Offer Price £18.95*.

Philips SRR774
Stereo Radio Recorder
Powerful 2 x 3w RMS output. From radio or cassette. LW/MW/SW/VHF stereo reception. Spatial stereo control, plus every facility for the enthusiast.
Boots Normal Price will be £129.95.
Boots Introductory Offer Price £119.95*

Some of the other Philips bargains

	Normal Price	Special Offer Price
Philips AL072 Portable Radio	£7.90	£7.15*
Philips AH990 Music Centre will be	£129.95	(Intro Offer) £119.95*
Philips N2210 Hipster Cassette Recorder	£23.95	£21.95*
Philips Tapes give good results in all recording equipment.		
Standard Ferro		
C60	79p	74p*
C90	99p	89p*
C120	£1.30	£1.15*
Super Ferro		
C60	99p	89p*
C90	£1.30	£1.10*

Access and Barclaycard welcome.
*At these special offer prices until 23rd September.
From Boots Audio Departments subject to stock availability.

When it comes to audio equipment Philips and Boots are very much on the same wave length this Autumn. Because Philips are simply years ahead. And our prices are right up to the minute.

You'll find everything from tapes to headphones. From music centres to portable radios.

So come to Boots. And listen to Philips.

Boots

Make the most of your Boots.

IRELANDS
TOP 20
6. SUBSTITUTE – Clout.
2. DANCING IN THE CITY – Marshall Hain (Harvest).
1. YOU'RE THE ONE THAT I WANT – Olivia Newton John – John Travolta (RSO).
5. LIKE CLOCKWORK – Boomtown Rats (Ensign).
15. FOREVER AUTUMN – Justin Hayward (CBS).
3. LITTLE BIT OF SOAP – Showaddywaddy (EMI).
– NORTHERN LIGHTS – Renaissance.
7. RUN FOR HOME – Lindisfarne (Mercury).
9. KANSAS CITY SUNRISE – Roy Taylor (Release).
– FROM EAST TO WEST – Voyage.
16. ECSTASY – Rascals (EMI).
10. MISS YOU – Rolling Stones (EMI).
4. MAN WITH A CHILD IN HIS EYES – Kate Bush (EMI).
8. AIRPORT – Motors (CBS).
– 5705 – City Boy.
19. BIT TOM WILL MAKE ME A STAR – Famous Shamus (RUBY).
13. MAN WITH THE ACCORDION – GLoria (RELEASE).
11. BOOGIE OOGIE OOGIE – Taste of Honey (CAPITOL).
18. WILD WEST HERO – ELO (JET).
– JOGGING SONG – Brendan Grace (CBS).
HEAR THE
STARLIGHT TOP 20

An Irish joke spotted in his local rag by reader Robert Geldof of The Boomtown Rats.

THE MISSING LINK IN THE TEEN TRASH EQUATION

SUSPENDER-CLAD schoolgirls, packets of Smarties, cans of Fanta, and bri-nylon beach wear — all this (and more!) is the soft-sell approach of Advertising.

Herewith an inverted marketing technique:- play pop, but don't admit to it, and *Jackie* readers will glue your photo to their bedroom walls. Play totally over-the-top pop, apparently mashed to a rusk-like consistency for the milk teeth of adolescents, and everyone will get to hear about it.

Well, that's the theory. But 18 months, two singles and an album later, still nobody knows what to make of Advertising. Reactions have been reserved, the band's been admired, mildly faulted, but never with a hint of either love *or* loathing. Something is missing . . .

The band was first conceived when Simon Boswell and Tot Taylor met up in a record company, after each had had his material turned down for being 'unfashionable' in the face of the punk boom.

They decided to join forces, pool their songs, put out an ad for a "cool drummer and hip bassist" — and swiftly hired the rhythm section of Dennis Smith (hip), and Paul Bultitude (cool).

They started playing live, with a shimmering backdrop of silver foil, wearing grossly coloured togs in a super-tacky disco atmosphere, to over-emphasise a set of numbers that used and abused the advertising theme of 'a product in a package'.

"We were making a comment on commercialism," explains Simon. "That it's an evil thing to do to people, to convince them that they would be superior if they buy something, but at the same time there's a fascination about it. You see a commercial on TV — you hate it, and you like it. That's what we're all about.

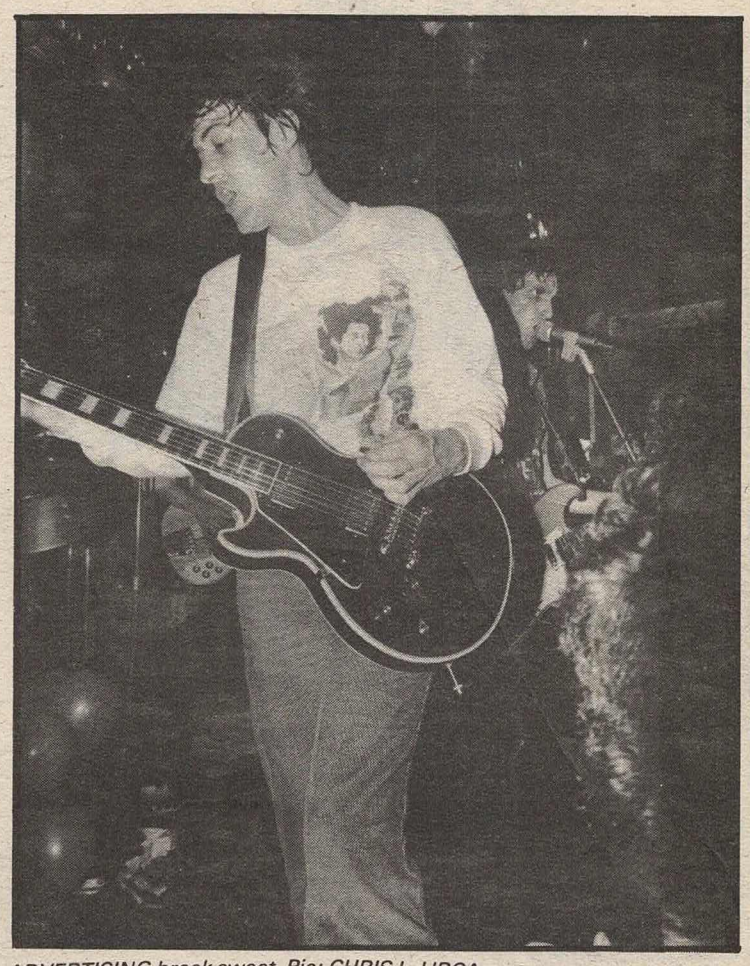
"We're offering a comment, but we can't avoid being a part of it all."

Obviously contrived, but then who the hell isn't to some extent?

"Exactly, but it's apparently more straightforward and honest to dress up in bondage trousers and paramilitary gear and go on stage, than it is to do any other kind of show at the moment. But that's just fashion."

The stage act had made its point, perhaps too strongly. The band started concentrating more on the musical arrangements, and put out the album "Advertising Jingles".

Their fresh-faced frolics on the cover would never suggest that it contained a collection of highly sophisticated songs. Stacked with pop melodies, and positively *bristling* with hooks, they cover a mass of different rhythms and moods, stringing it all together with polished guitar and keyboard playing.



ADVERTISING break sweat. Pic: CHRIS L. URCA.

Something that usually only hits you the second time round, is Tot and Simon's use of wordplay. On one level, the lyrics appear as facile as the band's disposable image would suggest, and on another, there's a sizeable tonnage of puns and ironic parallels. (I might add that I'm one of the enlightened few who know that the lines of "Pleasure Seekers" contain, in masterly guise, the names of two major brands of frozen peas, and at least one notorious chocolate bar.)

On stage, they play up the whole teen romance routine, but without actually bordering on the gum-chewing simperings of The Rubinoos. They give the impression that life's been one long movie queue, in which they've been stood up by an endless succession of ruthless 14-year-old girls. Tot harps on about his love affair with Petula Clark, while Simon appears suitably bashful in "Shy" and "The Lonely Guys". They've even been known to giggle.

What's the story? I mean, are they seriously romantic?

Continues over page

Lindisfarne
Their new single
JUKE BOX GYPSY
Single 6007 187
FREE
official Lindisfarne vinyl stick-on
Full details on single sleeve
First 15,000 in special colour bag.
Offer ends
Sept. 30th.
mercury
phonogram

Another shot, another image . . . *Pic: GARY MERRIN*

◗ *From previous page*

Tot: "Oh yeah — certainly. A lot of journalists seem to mix up the word 'romantic' with the word 'wimpy'. If people want heavy metal guitar, they'll think we're wimpy: If they don't, they'll probably think we're romantic."

Simon: "For a band that's been referred to as 'meaningless pop', it's amazing that so many people find it difficult to listen to the music. You'd think it would be easily dismissed.

There's a calculated tension between the gaudiness of the image and the actual complexity of the music that we're playing, which I think people find disconcerting, but it's intentional."

"When most people think about Pop Music," continues Tot, "they either think about The Beatles '63-'65, and all that psychedelia stuff, or they probably think about The Love Affair. But we're coming from a completely different thing. It's best to call it 'New Pop'.

"The point is that power pop groups are revivalist groups. We're one of the only three actual *pop* groups in England — us, The Starjets and The Yachts."

Their main reason for signing with EMI Records was to have a greater chance of getting on radio and TV. As Tot explains, "The point about writing popular music is to get across to as many people in the world as you possibly can. We wanted passionately to get on *Top Of The Pops*, and we still do."

"It's not the easiest stuff to effect on stage," adds Paul, "because we don't compromise too much with the arrangements. A lot of our numbers would come across much better if they were simplified, and played as hard-rock songs, but then the number would get destroyed."

Tot reckons their image is very accommodating. "We can go and play bossa novas in a night club, or we can play Frank Sinatra songs, or even jazz-rock if we want. Not many bands can do that — they usually find they're stuck in their own style."

They're not alone as a band reflecting aspects of 'the modern world', but they write about its trashiness, not its blandness.

"We're not moaning about life on the dole," says Paul, "and we're not bland people — we've got ideas. In fact, we don't think things are boring at all."

And if you thought trash was boring, Advertising have recycled it, remodelled it, resprayed it, and refreshed the parts that other bands couldn't reach.

Every home should have some.

MARK ELLEN

THRILLS

LASER SHOW FOR LAZY WHO

IF THE U.S. premiere of the new Who album is any indication, the 1980s may see the total triumph of lasers over life. Unlike the light shows that powered the psychedelic bands of the '60s, lasers seem poised to replace travelling bands as the main staple of rock concertdom.

When it became unavoidably clear that The Who had no intention of hauling their ageing bodies over to tour in support of the new "Who Are You" album, their U.S. record label (MCA) investigated alternatives, and came up with the idea of playing the record to kids in theatres, with the added attraction of a laser show to hold adolescent attention. Roadies take note — your end approaches!

The free listening, held simultaneously in six cities, took place on a Sunday evening in August. Tickets for the New York edition were distributed via three local radio stations, and by show time the Palladium was full, if not jam-packed, with young Who fans who appeared excited about the event. Of course, most of them were quite stoned, but that's hardly news.

Promptly at eight, a voice thanked the audience for attending, and led the crowd in some self-congratulatory cheering. After thanking the laser company for its "unique, one-time-only" creation, the LP came blaring out of the PA at concert volume, as a few tentative laser blips began darting around the cinema screen stretched across the stage. The tedious circles and stars that followed were interrupted only by a ten-minute intermission during the first track after some laser fuses blew out. Although the audience cheered and applauded each selection, somehow it seemed like the sort of entertainment that could only appeal to acid heads.

Filing out after the 45-minute *son et lumiere* had finished, most seemed satisfied with the affair.

But then Ted Nugent is a major star here. Could there be a connection? Could this signal a new age? Perhaps real concerts have become obsolete — future bands can stay home and buy soccer clubs while kids gather in cinemas to listen to albums and watch flashing lights.

That's progress.

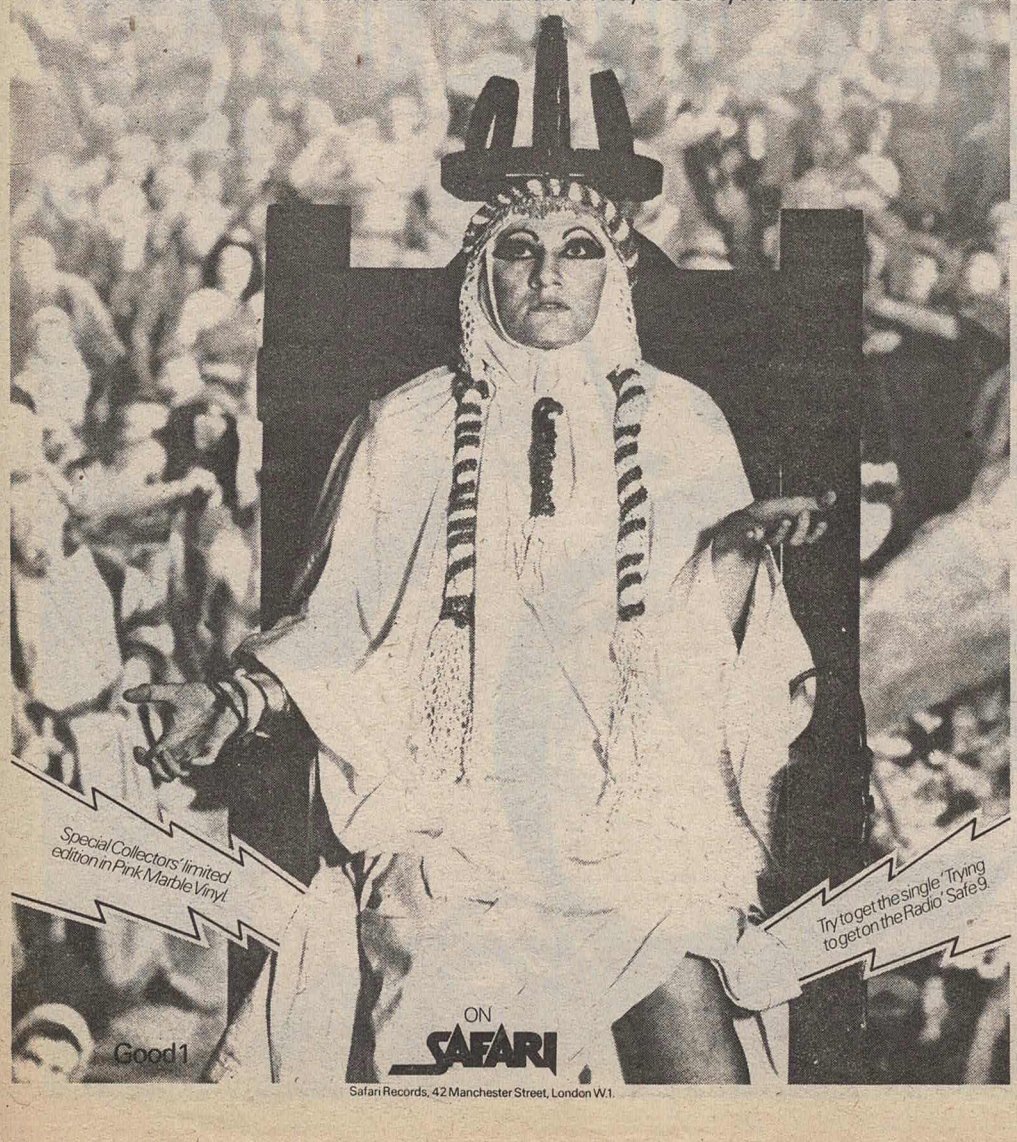
IRA ROBBINS

THRILLS

'Storm The Gates Of Heaven' is everybody's last request.

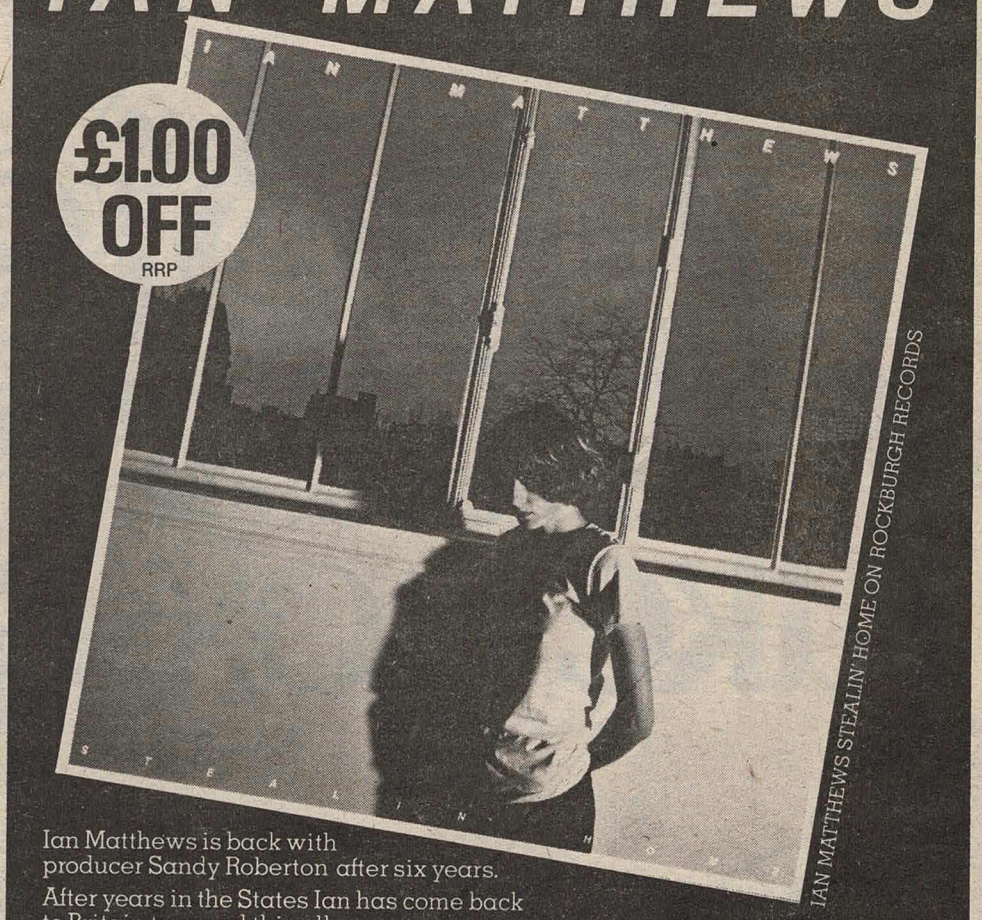
"Just listen to it, it's fun, it's angry, it's committed, it's witty, it's tacky, it's awful and finally, somehow, it's brilliant"... NME

'Storm the Gates of Heaven'. A well executed album from Wayne County and the Electric Chairs.


Special Collectors' limited edition in Pink Marble Vinyl.
Try to get the single 'Trying to get on the Radio' Safe 9.
ON SAFARI
Good1

Safari Records, 42 Manchester Street, London W.1.

IAN MATTHEWS



Ian Matthews is back with producer Sandy Roberton after six years.

After years in the States Ian has come back to Britain to record this album featuring Bryn Howarth, Pete Wingfield and Steeleye Span's Rick Kemp.

It's been worth the waiting.

Virgin Records and Tapes

BLACKMAIL CORNER

Enjoying the party at the newly extended South Kensington premises are (l to r) Kay Landells, Jackie Parsons, Richard Brown, Penny Taylor, Sophie Essilsie-Conduah and Mark Perry.

HIYA MARK! Remember us? Yep, it's the South Kensington Branch party of Williams & Glyns Bank Ltd. — first published in the W&G house journal in June 1976, shortly before young Mark began pouring his wages into Sniffin' Glue and went off to get his hair cut. As Jimmy Pursey might say: "Tellers the truth!"

THRILLS

BEHIND NME LINES

"DANNY BAKER wants to put on a blonde wig and do what I do and see how good he is. I could write Danny Baker's column but he couldn't do what I do!"

The speaker — Debbie Harry. The location — Paul Morley's Blondie feature in last week's *NME*.

"You can quote me on that," Debbie added. "Tell him he can take me on. He can come onstage and sing a Damned song and I'll write his damned column for him!"

Well, she asked for it. How could we resist a challenge like that?

Straightaway, we called Blondie's PR to take up the gauntlet on behalf of our resident member of the Millwall Meat & Onion Mafia.

With one condition. . .

Debbie did say Danny couldn't do what she does. Well, we want *her* to do what Danny does — which, she may not realise, is to take care of the *NME* switchboard and reception desk.

So this is the deal. Debbie spends a day fending off Irate of Ipswich on the phone, and Danny'll get up there at Hammersmith Odeon (in his blonde wig, of course) and belt out "Neat Neat Neat" — if Chris and his boys can learn the chords in time, that is.

At press time, we still hadn't heard from La Harry. But we'll keep you posted. Commented her PR person: "She just may be crazy enough to do it, you know!"

With the chance of spending a whole day in the *NME* offices, she'd be crazy not to!

NO EXCUSES for anyone missing out on Messrs Carr & Murray's encyclopedic three-part panoply on Changemaster Bowie — if you're quick off the mark, you can still get last week's collector's item issue at less than a fiver from certain canny retail outlets.

But if you did miss out — or even if you didn't — don't fret, fact fans, because the dubious duo are probably about to expand their definitive Bowie Guide into a double definitive Bowie book! Watch your autumn schedules. . .

THRILLS

The Lone Groover — *BENYON*

WHEN Y'ASKED ME T'OPEN FOR TH' WHO I THOUGHT I'D BE ONSTAGE NOT A FEW LASER BEAMS TWITCHIN' WHILE Y'PLAYED M'SINGLE...
C'EST UNO RIP OFF! PLAYIN' AN' ALBUM IN A CONCERT HALL WITH NO ONE ONSTAGE.....
REEP ORF! REEP ORF! LIZTEN TO DE KIDZ.....
?
ENCORE! ENCORE!
EEK! EEK!
MORE! MORE!
ENCORE
THEY ARE NOT MEN
OH RILLY!
WE'VE EVEN HAD T'HIRE GUARDZ AN A FAST CAR T'GET ZEE PROJECTORZ TO ZEE AIRPORT WITHOUT BEINK MOBBED—

KNEBWORTH PARK

Nr STEVENAGE, HERTS

FREDERICK BANNISTER presents

THIS SAT. SEPT. 9th

ZAPPA THE TUBES PETER GABRIEL

BOOMTOWN RATS

ROCKPILE FEATURING NICK LOWE & DAVE EDMUNDS

WILKO JOHNSON'S SOLID SENDERS

Tickets £5.50 in advance, £6.00 on day. 11 a.m.—11 p.m. Tickets available from all branches of HARLEQUIN RECORDS, VIRGIN RECORDS and usual box offices. Plus the following additional box offices: GLASGOW, The Ticket Office, Candleriggs; STOKE-ON-TRENT, Mike Lloyd Music; LONDON, Premier Box Office; plus all branches of OUR PRICE RECORDS or by post: KNEBWORTH CONCERT, 28 Strutton Ground, London, SW1 (sae please).

TICKETS AVAILABLE ON THE DAY £6.00

Parallel Lines go round in circles.

Blondie's latest album is out now.

Called 'Parallel Lines', it's their third, and their finest album to date.

12 pulsating tracks, including their current smash single 'Picture This.'

Don't miss 'Parallel Lines.' Circulate your record shop. Now.

BLONDIE: PARALLEL LINES CDL 1192
also available on cassette

Chrysalis Records & Tapes

TOUR DATES & VENUES

Sat.	9 Sept.	Hammersmith	Odeon
Sun.	10 Sept.	Portsmouth	Guildhall
Tues.	12 Sept.	Newcastle	City Hall
Wed.	13 Sept.	Edinburgh	Odeon
Thur.	14 Sept.	Manchester	Free Trade Hall
Fri.	15 Sept.	Birmingham	Odeon
Sat.	16 Sept.	Hammersmith	Odeon

ALL SHOWS SOLD OUT EXCEPT THE EXTRA 4 pm SHOW WHICH HAS BEEN ADDED DUE TO PUBLIC DEMAND HAMMERSMITH ODEON SATURDAY SEPTEMBER 16th.

SUPPORT ACT: THE BOYFRIENDS

GRATEFUL DEAD — THE SPHINX TRIPS OUT

THE GRATEFUL Dead's three-day stint in Egypt (14/15/16 September) will be followed by performances at London's Rainbow Theatre (28/29/30 September).

Rumours to this effect had been rife for several weeks now, and accordingly I phoned Arista for confirmation of the dates last week — but no one could oblige. Imagine my surprise then to be called by Arista on the same day, and whisked off to Brown's Hotel for an impromptu press conference with the Dead's co-manager, Englishman Alan Trist.

I was less surprised to find myself the only journalist in attendance.

While there is a long and fascinating history behind the Egyptian visit, which ties in quite naturally with the Dead mythology and the spirit of adventure which informed the '60s "Trips Festivals", the salient features of this news centre around setting, organisation and finances.

The three nights will be held at Gizeh's Sound and Light Theatre, an idyllically situated stone apron backed by a line of pyramids, a Sphinx and open desert (eat yer heart out Todd Rundgren). The Sphinx Theatre holds 2,000 people, though there is nothing to stop any excess number watching from the side.

Tickets are on sale in Cairo, but as no other comparable rock concert has ever been held in Egypt the reaction to a four-hour stint of Dead psychedelics will be intriguing.

All ticket proceeds will be split between Mrs Sadat's Faith and Hope Society for the disabled, and the Department of Antiquities, which is responsible for the upkeep and restoration of the Nubian temples and historic monuments.

Pic: ED PERLSTEIN

Messrs. GARCIA and WEIR bring a little of that good ol' peace'n'love vibration to the strife-torn Thrills section.

In the best sense then this is a charitable and culturally significant gesture by Middle Eastern and Western parties. Moreover, the Dead are financing the costs themselves despite a preliminary budgeting of $500,000. Equipment will be flown out from London — which is why it was feasible to play England on return. There is no European tour, as has been erroneously reported elsewhere.

The Egyptian authorities are relying heavily on the Dead's experience with crowd control, but the project has been blessed with the advice and assistance of high level officials. At least one of those officials will be accompanying Mr Sadat to the Middle East talks at Camp David.

At present The Grateful Dead are finishing off their follow-up to "Terrapin Station". Working title is "Shakedown Street" and possible inclusions are "Good Lovin' " and "Fire On The Mountain". The album is being produced by none other than Lowell George.

MAX BELL

THRILLS

... Meanwhile, back in San Francisco ...

THE CLASH MEET COUNTRY JOE (ALMOST)

"YOU LOOK disgusting," declared the customs matron at San Franscisco International Airport, warily eyeing the skinny, unshaven, scroungy-looking young man pushing a couple of hot pink guitar amps.

"It was a rough trip," he answered with a disarming smile.

The matron gave him one final look of intense disapproval, glanced icily at his equally unsavoury-looking companion, and passed them both into the Land of Opportunity. Joe Strummer and Mick Jones had arrived. Producer Sandy Pearlman had somehow managed to have them shipped over to America to finish the recording they had started at Island Studios in London many months before.

The disappointment of being in the States without Paul Simonon and Nicky Headon, The Clash's rhythm section, was somewhat assuaged when someone flipped on the radio and found KSAN playing "Complete Control". It was only a few minutes after they had arrived and it was the first time either of them had ever heard the song over the radio — although certainly not the last time, the San Francisco Bay area being the strongest Clash radio scene in the world.

First night in town both the Clash City Rockers went along to check out a gig with Peter Tosh, a gig at which all the Yanks were expecting a touring Mick Jagger to make an appearance. Tosh was nearly as dull as his audience, and although things livened up a bit when a number of people mistook Jones for you-know-who, the show was a big disappointment. A short walk over to local punk headquarters the Mabuhay Gardens, to catch a lead-booted Crime, didn't do anything to perk up any expectations for the extended San Francisco residence.

Although Mick and/or Joe managed to catch shows by Carlene Carter, Emmylou Harris, The Readymades, The Dils, The Sleepers, Ray Charles, Chubby Checker, Mike Bloomfield, The Weirdos and The Zeros during their three-week stay, basically what they did was work —all the time. They were booked into the Automatt Studios seven days a week for 12 hours a day and mostly refused to do any interviews.

The day before they were due to leave San Francisco for the mixing sessions in New York — Mick via Hollywood and Disneyland and Joe via New Orleans in a 1956 Chevvy pick-up truck (where he picked up Bob Andrews to do some piano tracks on the new LP) — the two Clashers were on their way to see a sleazy new film, *Piranha*. Their driver stopped to pick up a hitch-hiking hippie, who told them about a Chet Helms/Family Dog party at the long-closed old Fillmore Auditorium and invited them to the party, telling them there would be "electric cool aid", laughing gas and some of the original hippie bands.

"Do you think Country Joe and the Fish'll be there?" asked Jones, wide-eyed and unblinking.

"You never can tell," answered the hippie, cryptically.

"Well, we ain't missin' this!" said Jones.

And, sure enough, who should be climbing onto the stage when the Clashmen entered but good ole C.J. and the Fish themselves. (At least one original Fish — Barry Melton — was along.) Staring incredulously at the dancing hippies — complete with

Continues over page

Motörhead

SINGLE

LOUIE LOUIE

C/W TEAR YA DOWN

BRONZE BRO 60

Available now Special Bag.

CLASH IN USA

From previous page

de-mothballed '60s paraphernalia, babies and dogs in red bandanas — Mick looked a bit shaken. "We're stuck in a fuckin' time warp! Now *this* is what we expected San Francisco to be like."

Someone introduced Joe to the legendary hippie/clown Wavy Gravy and tried — unsuccessfully — to drag him backstage to meet Country Joe. As it was, several hep hippies recognized the Clash members and one even exhorted Strummer to come back to America soon and lead a revolution . . .

If you're reading this to find out about the album — I'm sorry. I can't say anything — on pain of death — about it except that it does exist (I heard most of it) and Pearlman's slick American techniques have definitely *not* succeeded in altering our boys' basic sense of British integrity. I heard no bad cuts, no so-so cuts, not even any merely very good cuts; all cuts are great to magnificent.

JACK BASHER

THRILLS

One of the Friends of Eddie Coyle — ROBERT C. of The Showbiz Kids.

I'M LIVING ON A GEORDIE ROCK . . .

BEFORE RICH Kids and The Real Kids, there were The Showbiz Kids — not that you'd have heard of them unless you happen to live in the North East.

For The Showbiz Kids, named after Steely Dan's indictment of music biz liggers, "Show Biz Kids", are at the bottom of the rock pile. Without a record contract and with not one iota of big city punk credibility.

On their last visit to the grim metropolis, you'd have found The Showbiz Kids supporting at the Pegasus pub in Stoke Newington, and kipping in the back of their van. How much lower can you get?

Yet The Showbiz Kids (Robert Coyle, vocals and lyrics; Pat McMahon, guitar and music; Bob Kent, drums; and Phil Hyslop, bass), with their post-punk interpretations of heavy metal and rock-a-pop, deserve better than that.

It didn't matter to Robert Coyle — like the others, in his early 20s, and sharp as a new Wilkinson sword in a white double-breasted jacket that he picked up from Camden Market for a mere £2.50 — that the Kids only had an audience of about a dozen. He still put on a riveting performance.

Pulling faces that Jack Nicholson in *Cuckoo's Nest* would be hard pressed to follow, and strutting right into the centre of the auditorium, Coyle onstage is the proverbial menacing figure. And the Kids, with a maverick in axeman McMahon and a thoroughly reliable rhythm section, can support him perfectly.

Recently turned professional and managed by leading North East promoter Geoff Docherty, whose fingers were burnt where he had an altercation with CBS as manager of Beckett, The Showbiz Kids have played 250 gigs in the last 18 months.

They're based in the North East's second city, Sunderland, and have built up a strong grass roots following after initially doing the rounds of working men's clubs. At Newcastle's notorious Mayfair Ballroom they can pack in 2,000 and more.

Originally their set included such chestnuts as "Brown Suger", "Stairway To Heaven" and "Won't Get Fooled Again". Gradually they've worked in their own material, although they still retain a blitzing version of John Lennon's ode to heroin withdrawal "Cold Turkey".

Lennon is Bob Coyle's mainman. After leaving school, Coyle was thrown out of Sunderland Tech for, he says, not doing his homework. Until recently he's worked as a porter at a local mental hospital.

It was a cushy job and one which gave him inspiration onstage. He says: "I've picked up a lot of tips from the patients. Facial expressions. Body movements. Mentally ill people — and I don't want to appear sick — are really fascinating."

One of the songs in the Kids' set is called "Cracking Up", a song about suicide. Others stay nearer to the rock and roll mainstream.

"We're a rock band with a new wave posture," Bob emphasises. "We're not a heavy metal band, and we're not a punk band."

Their one sortie into the studio, at Newcastle's Impulse, was disastrous. That was in late '76, and the band sank £250 — "a fortune" — into five tracks that they're too ashamed to play to anyone.

The live act, though — *that's* nothing to be ashamed of. One of the older members of their audience once came up to them at the end of a gig, and told them they were the best Geordie band he'd seen since The Animals.

Oh, and they have no time for Newcastle Brown ale.

STEVE CLARKE

THRILLS

JOHN PEEL is filling in time — by supervising holes in roads.

He really has his work cut out as official Trench Inspector to the town of Ashford in Kent.

Reveille reveals all. Sent by Stuart Hegarty of Manchester.

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October	3	Huddersfield Polytechnic	
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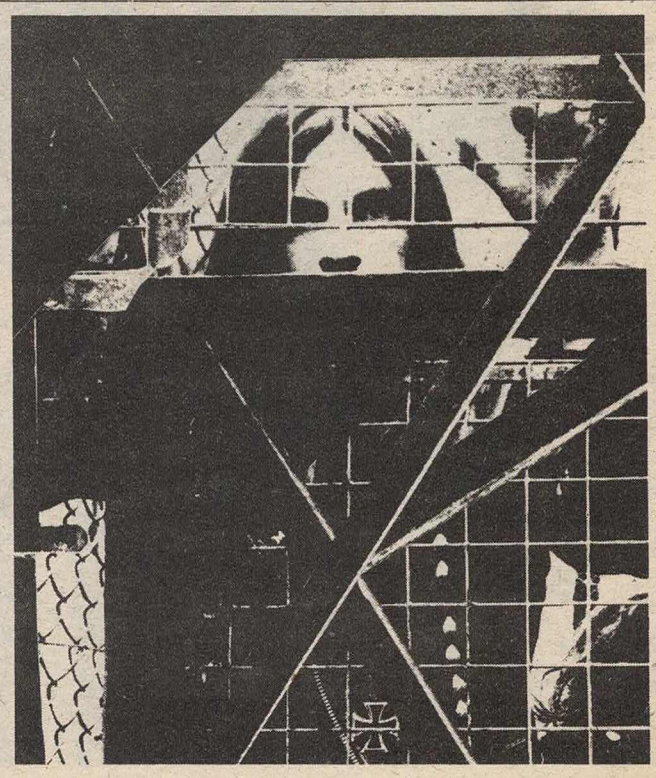

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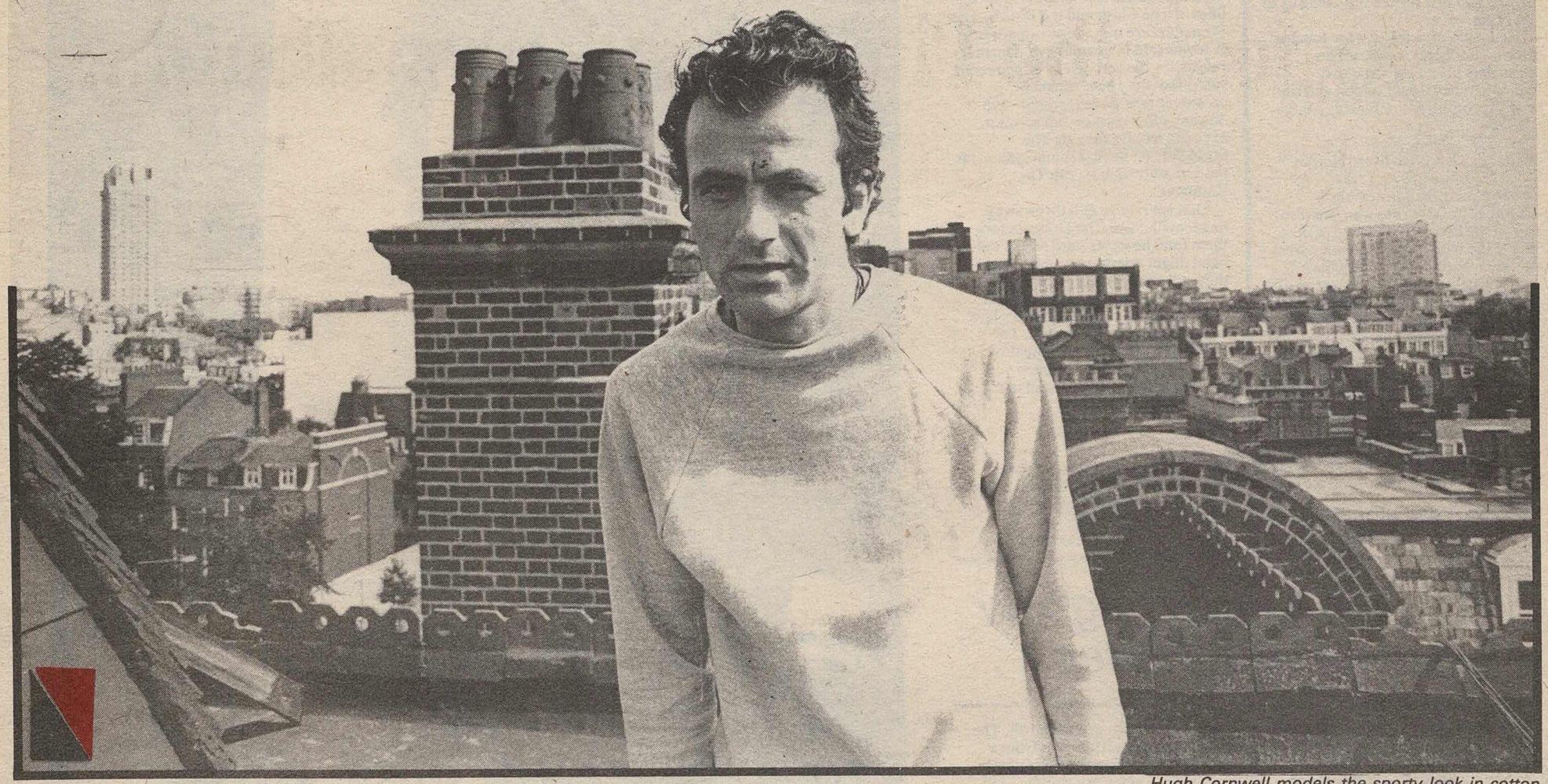


Hugh Cornwell models the sporty look in cotton.

So why are they banned from Top Of The Pops?

"BUT WHY," asks the New York groupie journalist, "do The Stranglers make such inflammatory remarks about Americans? I really don't understand it," she concludes, glancing over at her even grosser companion in search of approval for this 'radical' line of questioning.

"Well," replies guitarist Hugh Cornwell, "You *have* all got smaller brains."

Seated to Cornwell's left and right respectively, keyboardsman Dave Greenfield and drummer Jet Black — bassist Jean Jacques Burnel, having caught an early flight back to London is absent from this interview at A&M Records' 32nd floor address on Madison Avenue — nod sagely and remain silent.

"Whaddya mean smaller brains???" snarls this female Einstein." D'ja mean *lacking in intelligence????"*

"Quite," nods Cornwell, his head action being echoed by the others. "Just a bit lacking in the old cerebellum, that's all. You may rule the Western hemisphere but you're pretty incompetent in any ruling of the cerebral hemispheres.

"Actually," he continues, "I think that's why you're so fanatical about taking over all the other hemispheres. . . because you're *all so lacking upstairs.*

"But don't worry," the guitarist concludes. "We'll help you all out."

"Ummm. . . You're obviously trying to get a message across," continues the petite young thing, a little more hesitantly this time, "but you're succeeding in alienating a large percentage of your potential audience, namely women."

"You're *so-o-o* misinformed."

"Well, we only have what we read to go by. . ."

"Then you certainly *are* lacking in a few facilities upstairs," snaps Cornwell. "You should learn to think for yourselves."

"Okay, then: tell us about women."

"I *love* women!"

"How?"

The questioner's friend omits a prurient snigger that sounds not unlike the release of a wet fart.

Cornwell remains silent.

The questioner piles on the pressure: "Just as sexual objects?"

"Well," considers Cornwell, "if they don't get treated as sexual objects they're liable to start getting frustrated and release a lot of hate.

"Anyway, if women *aren't* treated as sexual objects they get offended and start to think that there must be something wrong with themselves."

ALTHOUGH JEAN Jacques Burnel would prefer that The Stranglers remain "a well-respected little band" in America, Hugh Cornwell believes it is inevitable that the four-piece will "do it" in the States.

After a short tour of the Eastern seaboard back in the spring the band — at the request of A&M, their U.S. record company — returned last month to play three prestige gigs, in Los Angeles, in San Francisco, and in New York.

The LA gig in West Hollywood at the Starwood, the closest that the City of the Angels has to a Marquee-type club and an infinitely vibier venue than the supper-club-like Roxy up on the Strip (which both Ian Drury and the Feelgoods have played to their costs) was apparently by far the most successful show of the three. The Southern Californian punk elite took the band to their hearts and back to their homes. The Stranglers, though, felt a little jaded when they realised that the LA new wave sub-culture only exists because the kids have so much money that they can afford to construct that sub-culture around their parents' Spanish-style hearth-sides.

After Jean Jacques had learned the error of his ways by being picked up by the cops somewhere off Hollywood Boulevard for being "into walking" — maybe he should have jogged instead, they wouldn't have touched him then — the bassist caught the first plane out and arrived in New York a day earlier than the rest of the band.

SOME FOUR weeks later, the horns of impatient rush hour commuters drift up from the intersection of the Brompton and Cromwell Roads just down the street from Harrods in Knightsbridge as Hugh Cornwell sits on a mattress smoking a spliff and catching the rays up on the roof above the flat in which he crashes.

"All the albums that are big sellers in America," he muses, considering the Hip Easy Listening state of the U.S. charts, "have probably got these sound waves on them. There's a signal which is created by sending this phase thing round all the mikes in the studio whilst something is being recorded. . . You know, there are certain sound waves that elicit certain reactions in human beings: you can make someone come, you can make someone feel sick, you can make someone laugh. Just by sound waves. And there's one particular sound wave that makes people feel comfortable, which it's reckoned has been put on all those big-selling albums so that when you hear it for the first time you feel all comfortable and it makes you want to go out and buy it.

"Mind you," he free-associates," the Mafia's been around longer than any other party in America. Everyone denies the existence and the power of the Mafia but I don't see why people don't just recognise it. It's part of the wallpaper now.

"Like it's all coming out in this Kennedy thing now. Have your heard of *The Gemstone Papers?* It's a book that's in draft at the moment and there've been various extracts published in mags like *Hustler.* I read one outlining how Aristotle Onassis was running America because he was the head of the Mafia for thirty years, which all started in 1930 when he did this big capitalist deal with this government and gained control then.

"And the reason Kennedy was shot was because he welched on a deal that was going through. So he had to be rubbed out because he acted dishonourably.

"As is pretty common knowledge now, the CIA were involved in all that and it's reckoned, in fact, that that's why Larry Flint *(Hustler* publisher) was shot — because he'd put up a million dollars for anyone who could name Kennedy's assassins. He was preparing a report to be published in *Hustler.*

"Actually, it's quite possible the Mafia's got nothing to do with greed whatsoever. They've just got this enormous organisation operating and if it starts to break down they'll all be out of a job. So the only thing to do," he laughs, "is to keep going."

Although it's said that not only are they "keeping going" but that there's actually a Mafia Great Leap Forward at the moment.

"Well, good luck to 'em," Cornwell grins. "You know, Italy's on its last legs both financially and politically but no-one's worried because they've got this fucking huge land over in the West."

JEAN JACQUES Burnell fishes in his cup for the tea-bag and dumps it in the waste-bin in the room next to the toilets down at TW studios on the Fulham Palace Road, London SW6.

They've got a 16-track in at TW and it's said that they're even considering moving a 32-track board in in the near future.

Mind you, physically it's still the demo studio it was when Burnel, along with the pair who'd just accepted him into their band as bassist — Cornwell and Jet Black — came down at the beginning of 1975 to cut some demos that did, in fact, get the band a deal with some unorthodox, very specialised ethnic operation from which The Stranglers ultimately had to extricate themselves before they could sign with the then fledgling Albion Agency.

No, those were very early days back then. Shortly after — May '75, to be precise — the ad was put in the *Melody Maker* and Dave Greenfield brought his keyboards along to make it a foursome.

The difference now, though, says Burnel — the memory of the near-disco solo track. "Eurohomme", that he's just played me in both our heads — is that he can persuade other people to pay for his studio time.

Both Generation X and Buzzcocks have worked down at TW with Martin Rushent, the producer with whom The Stranglers have scored three half-million-selling albums, making them by far the largest selling outfit to have emerged from the new wave.

"They all knock us," sneers Burnel, "but they all want to use our producer.

"Mind you," he continues, "I would like you to mention that the engineer, Alan Winstanley, who works down here is as vital a part of those records."

THERE ARE probably sufficient credibility-enhancing, near-mythological archetypes and icons in The Stranglers' early history. The Fuck/Ford T-shirt for one. Worn by Cornwell the night the Strangs supported Climax Blues Band at the Rainbow, they had the curtain dropped on them because of it. That T-shirt earned them healthy record sales boost when one GLC official remarked that "EMI have taken a stand against The Sex Pistols and now the GLC will support them by taking a stand against The Stranglers."

The apparent campaign against The Stranglers by the GLC has continued until recent days when a complete *volte-face* would have permitted the band to top the bill at a Hyde Park free concert had Virgin Records not had sole rights to the only available date. "I think they sincerely and honestly did believe in their confused way that if we played the Alexandra Palace dates we'd wanted to play, then about 250 kids would have got killed. There might have been something more sinister to it than that, but I don't really think so," comments Jet Black — though Cornwell, in whom one occasionally senses a Dave Spart mentality, mutters that permitting the band to

Continues over

The Stranglers Interviews by CHRIS SALEWICZ
PENNIE SMITH took the pictures

from previous page

play Hyde Park would've been just as much a "political gesture" as banning the group.)

And The Finchley Boys. Cornwell: "Finchley is apparently the borough with the second largest population in London. These guys, who were then very hardcore punks — safety pins through their cheeks, the whole bit — apparently found they could identify with us and just started following us to every gig."

He is very impressed, very touched even — he claims — when The Stranglers play a gig some two hundred miles from London and find a whole contingent of Finchley Boys present.

And Dagenham Dave — as featured on the "No More Heroes" cut, "Dagenham Dave": the phenomenally hedonistic black Dagenham car worker who was also one of the best self-educated people any of the band had ever come across — "He turned me on to Rabelais," says Burnel — and who, as one of The Stranglers' most devoted and zealous fans, first took on virtually all the Finchley Boys singlehanded down the 100 Club and then became a firm ally and mentor to them.

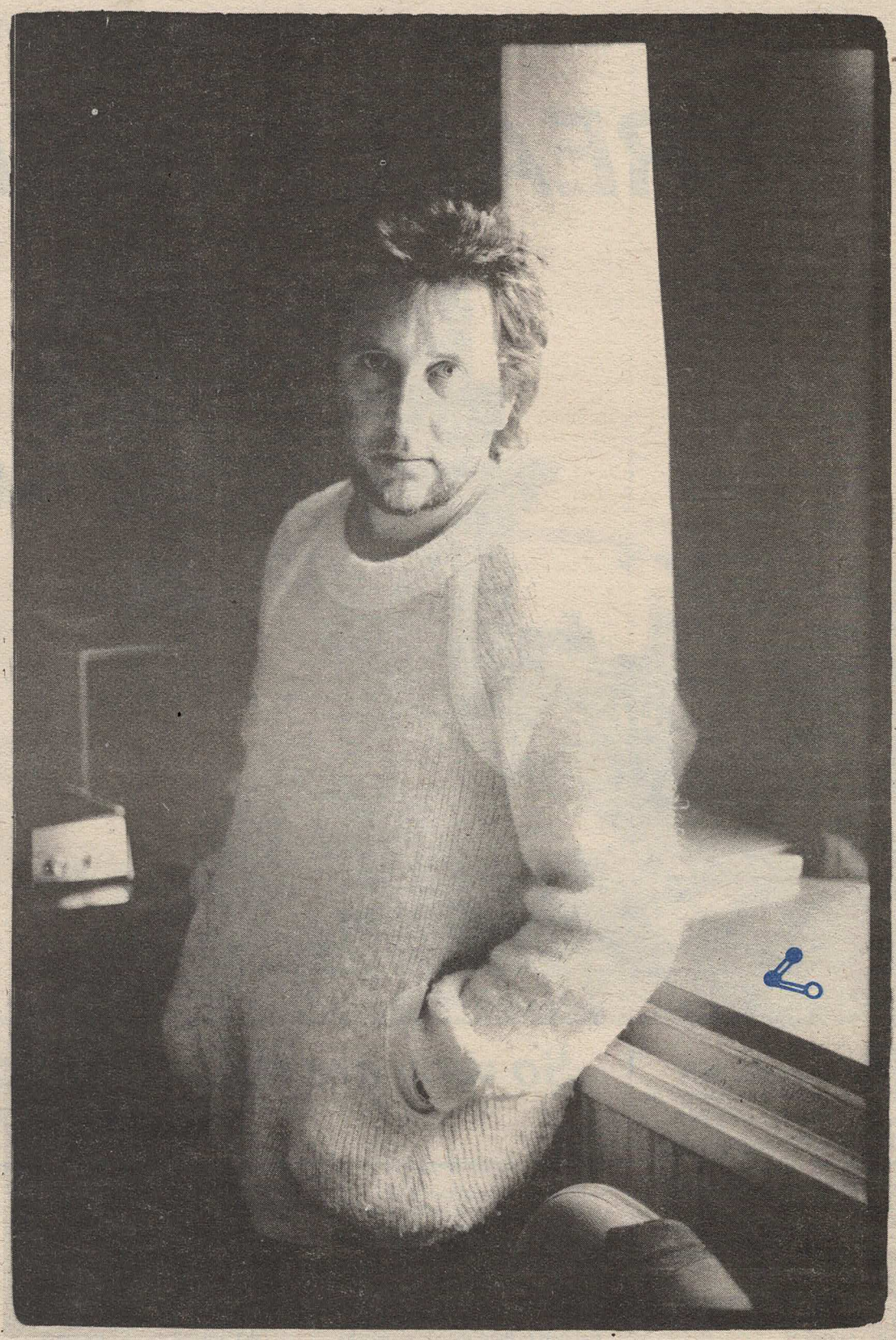
And then one night he was found dead in the Thames by Tower Bridge where, like some conceit out of one of Maupassant's river stories, his body had remained stuck in the mud where Dave had leapt in several weeks earlier.

Anyway, all the stuff of which rock'n'roll legends of almost

So in terms of human sympathy The Stranglers are onto a winner from the start — and fear not for Dave Greenfield: he probably scores the really sensitive girls who want to mother someone who resembles a Ken Russell vision of a 19th Century Welsh pastor.

Such an amorphous bunch are they image-wise, that for the average record-buying punter, faced with such hardline radical chic as sported by the likes of The Clash and the Pistols, The Stranglers are quite reassuringly *safe*. It seems safe to assume that a further reason for the Stranglers' large record sals is that they have become crossover new wave material. The 30-year-old would-be-hip account exec can handle shoving The Stranglers on the car sound system far more readily than he can The Ramones.

That isn't just a glib throwaway, incidentally: like The Doors before them (and however hard any of the band might attempt to refute this, they still sound like The Doors to me), The Stranglers turn out great car-driving music. Maybe that's how come they did so well in LA, The Doors' city itself, where a healthy dose of music to make carbon monoxide to is a vital part of one's day-to-day existence.



Jet Black wearing the latest in this autumn's warm fluffy look.

This man likes to grow his own vegetables. . .

LIKE MANY rock tsar's who specialise in grim facades, The Stranglers are really closet ordinary human beings.

Cornwell and Burnel are both graduate entrants to rock'n'roll. The 28-year-old guitarist comes from a middle-class background in Tufnel Park where, when not chasing "O" and "A" levels at the William Ellis School by Parliament Hill Fields, he was part of the '60s' North London band scene that was spearheaded by the success of The Kinks.

Initially having got into rock'n'roll through hearing Eddie Cochran, Cornwell played for much of the early '60s in a band with Richard Thompson on guitar and one-time *Melody Maker* journalist and now Faulty Products publicist Nick Jones on drums. The material they played was all non-original — "stuff like 'Smokestack Lightnin'" — and they made it as far as gigging at the 100 Club even back then.

To get his GCEs, though, the guitarist packed in playing and only resumed when he disappeared to Sweden and got into busking in the year off that he had before going up to Bristol in 1968 to read bio-physics for three years.

University, he feels, was "a good opportunity to try out lots of ideas. Mind you, I was expecting something more like Herman Hesse writes about and what I got was more like school-but-you're-a-bit-older.

"Greatest thing I discovered at university was marijuana."

Cornwell is so rigorously anti-image that paradoxically, he frequently appears most image-conscious. Like in New York (What do you think to New York, Hugh? "Hate it!") in the 90 degree heat, when he's decked out not only in the black cloth slip-ons, the ice-blue socks, the tight black pants, and the Trotsky logoed T-shirt, but also in the ubiquitous tied-belted mac . . .

Along with the mac and his constantly furrowed brow, Cornwell's stance recalls a character out of some early John Osborne production. Indeed, there is something quite '50s about both him and Burnell.

The others in the band are also always complaining that Hugh Cornwell farts a lot.

After university Cornwell returned to Sweden to do research and reinvolved himself in playing rock'n'roll in a band called Johnny Sox, whose personnel consisted of native Swedes and American draft-dodgers.

In 1974, realising that work didn't really exist in Sweden for bands wanting to get up onstage and play three and four-minute original rock'n'roll songs, Johnny Sox moved on over to England where, after the odd abortive date at venues like the Hope And Anchor, things soon began to fall apart . . . Until one day Jet Black strode into Hugh's Kentish Town squat.

ONE OF the reasons not too many New York journalists turned up to interview The Stranglers, it was claimed by one of the intrepid few who *did* risk an interview situation with the group ("Listen, I'm sorry to be taking up so much of your time but I'm gonna sell this interview to at least five or six papers"), was because Robert Christgau, the much vaunted "Dean Of Rock Critics" *(Hmmm . . .)* had, in that classically incestuous New York manner, utilised his influence to warn other writers off.

Sitting on the couch that doubles as a bed in his Knightsbridge flat, Cornwell listens to a tape of Captain Beefheart — on tour the Captain provides much of his offstage listening material — and offers his impressions of that cultural absurdity.

"He did that because he was so outraged at our lyrics, apparently," he laughs. "And when we heard about that we sent him a telegram saying, 'If you're not careful we're going to come round and slip your wife some real British beef.' *(Hilarious — Ed.)*

"And he totally freaked out. It all seems very self-righteous."

As with any reasonable human being who is opposed to hard-line feminism solely because he has *always* assumed that women were naturally equal to men (Cornwell notes that women who really get it rough — Glaswegian char ladies who have to get up at four o'clock every morning, for example — have a bad time because of the nature of capitalism rather than a few guys' screwed up head states), Hugh is amused by the furore which The Stranglers' lyrics have created among humourless people.

"When we played in Lancing in America there was a demonstration outside the gig of about forty women's libbers with banners saying 'Boycott The Stranglers — Boycott this club', because of the costumes that the waitresses wear — because they were showing their thighs, you know. Really good for the eyes. But they didn't like that at all so they picketed outside the place.

"So we tried to kidnap one and kinda manhandled her into the coach whilst being fought off by these women hitting us with their placards and banners. There was a big fracas and she got away unfortunately . . . but I be she was really excited and turned on by it." *(Since when does roughing up women indicate a sense of humour? — Humourless Ed.)*

Of course, as the very term "rock'n'roll" is itself a relatively sexist (sic) euphemism for doing rude things, maybe rock should be banned altogether, rather in the same way that these same uptight ladies bitch that Rastas are sexist yet fail to note that they also turn out some of the most tender love songs ever written.

"Yeay, they're totally paranoid, all those people," Cornwell shrugs. "It's like *boogie . . .* "He half-sings: "'Yessire, I can boogie all night long'. I wonder how many people who bought that record know what boogie actually meant?

"By their saying that *we're* retrogressive they're saying that rock'n'roll is retrogressive, basically.

"Which maybe it is. Some guy in America has just completed a study saying that listening to rock music leads to a reversal of brain development because of a diminution of one's psychic power, because the accent is put more to the last beat than the first one whilst the heart is the other way around. He claimed that it had led to brains shrivelling up and claims that it's very detrimental to The Human Condition."

Well, perhaps one could counter that by saying that the reversal of the beat is a perfect Yin/Yang discipline . . .

Also, of course, like so many new wave outfits, The Stranglers picked up an early rep as a hardline political outfit . . .

"Communist indoctrination sorta thing. . . nah," Cornwell shakes his head and takes a sip of tea. "I read Marx's Communist Manifesto the other day and I was really disappointed by it. All the time he kept going on about 'When we overthrow the system and replace it with our own thing'. And it didn't take into consideration at all the people they were going to throw out. Okay, they were going to put the workers in, but what about the people who were there in the beginning through no fault of their own? They were just going to take them outside and shoot them. It was a very narrow view."

Cornwell, though, is a great admirer of Trotsky — "a very great man" — and on a recent holiday trip to Mexico visited his home and the room where he got an ice-pick through his brain.. "He just seemed to be almost an ideal public figure, that's all. He did so much. Whenever any of the revolutionary party had a heavy job to do they'd get Trotsky to do it. And whatever it was he made it

ALL THESE, though, are no more than mere trappings.

The Stranglers' great commercial success is the inevitable result of the band's having early on apprenticed itself to that great English tradition of the jouneyman grassroots rock band which is generally loathed by the press yet works itself nearly to death all over the country until it acquires an adoration from The Kids that runs far deeper than any mean and moody press posing may ever offer.

Thoroughly in keeping with the not necessarily laudable British Calvinist work ethic, such bands also appeal to the much touted, and perhaps more laudable, British sense of fair play that always gives the underdog the benefit of the doubt. The Stranglers, you should be quite certain, are well aware that they are *not* the most fashionable band in town.

Those fascinated by cosmic buffoonery will comprehend fully when they hear that Cornwell and Jet Black are both subjects of the remarkably industrious, though often somewhat uninspired, astrological sign Virgo, whilst Burnel belongs to Virgo's opposite sign, Pisces. It is only the Arian Dave Greenfield who appears, as he also does in publicity pictures, somewhat out of place.

Zeppelin-esque proportions are made is there for the Stranglers.

The hotel and dressing-room carnage tales had yet another notch carved out by Burnel two weeks back at the *Top Of The Pops* studio. "I heard noises in my brain. And they said that I should go to this other dressing-room that belongs to someone else. And enter.

"So I did. Yet this door seemed to be in the way and then it wasn't and then I saw light. The door was not opened conventionally.

"It belonged to a band called Child."

The Stranglers are now banned from *Top Of The Pops.*

There are even the statutory journalist-bashing tales, though the bassist maintains that these have become a trifle overstated: "I just hit one journalist because he's an enemy of the revolution and an idiot." *(What revolution?) —Ed.)*

Burnel is also — and one may feel his sentiments to be quite reasonably justified — most concerned about the generally low levels of consciousness amongst many journalists: "It's a bit ironic when you're getting all these heavy put-downs by people who can't even write particularly well."

work."

In between incessant phone calls the soft-spoken Cornwell loads up a tape of Leila And The Snakes, a Tubes spin-off outfit for whom he's just finished producing an album's worth of songs in San Francisco. It offers far more than virtually all the American bands I've heard of late.

"You know," he muses, "However people may miss the point of our lyrics and music, we *do* try and make people think again. About everything. We try and nurture their sense of inquiry and questioning." He waxes almost selfconscious for a second. "Uhh . . . If you get what I mean.

"I think that that's the only virtuous way you can use a public platform. Because otherwise you're just using the power to condition.

"I mean, God was a fascist really, because he used his platform to tell people not to do things. So he's a fascist because he allows no other . . . But maybe if there are certain things that everyone deep within them felt was the right way then you could use the power for that. About the only thing I can think of is 'Thou shalt not kill'. Everything else seems to have two sides to it, but there you've just got a dead man and a live man. But that's the only way of using that programming power that you can't really knock."

Of course, rock'n'roll is a very primal music and perhaps people should be encouraged to return to primacy to release those parts of their unconscious which modern society doesn't really permit forcing them to wither away unused.

"And that," nods Cornwell, "is probably the concept of anarchy which was the most intended by the whole new wave.

"You know, everyone looks up 'anarchy' in the dictionary and gets one meaning. But there are applied meanings.

"The very fact that people question things is a sign that they have anarchic brains."

Which, of course, comes down to linking up with those basic truths common to all humanity that come slurping out of the old unconscious.

"Yeah, intuitive truths . . . It's odd, really. A lot of people feel that if they have to question their beliefs then it must imply a weakness in those beliefs. But if you question it and then you come out logically and still have that belief then it must be stronger.

"We do try to go down to fundamentals with our music.

"You know," he free-associates again," one of the things that really struck me about America this trip was that there are hardly any girls out on the streets just walking around. But here they're all over the place. England is much more progressive than most places, in a way.

"It leads the world in many ways. Like the family is a bow and the kid is an arrow and they let them get out and do what they want.

"There's very great repression in the States for the youth, for the kids. The only places they can go and see bands are huge 10,000-seater auditoriums. They can't go into clubs where there's any booze.

"The freedom of youth in this country is great. Very strong.

"Yeah. England's best. And all the Americans know it, too."

"School Meals were great. . . semolina & jam!"

One of three sons of a teacher, Jet Black spent much of his childhood in Ilford, Essex, actively hating school.

Leaving at as early an age as possible, he was apprenticed and became a joiner and shopfitter.

During the evening, though, he was playing drums in jazz bands up in Soho.

Time and a couple of marriages passed, and Jet found himself living down in Guildford, first running just an off-licence then expanding within the building in which the liquor shop was based until he was running a home brew kit export firm from the top floor and an ice-cream factory in the basement.

Five years of this went by . . . until one day he woke up and realised that, successfully and financially comfortable entrepeneur that he was, the one thing that was missing from his life was job satisfaction.

Jet's entrepreneurial abilities, however, were vital to the early Stranglers' existence.

Having met Hugh Cornwell and his Swedish guitarist from Johnny Sox in 1974 via an ad in *Melody Maker* for a "rock'n'roll drummer" that had Jet assuming all the way to the audition that he was about to encounter some rock'n'roll revival band, he quickly established a close empathy with Cornwell and, despite the other's initial misgivings, persuaded him that living free in Guildford in a flat above the off-licence with its own rehearsal space was a potentially fruitful scene.

A few weeks after Cornwell had moved down to Guildford, a friend dropped round with a guy whom he'd seen hitching and to whom he'd given a lift. It was Jean Jacques Burnel on his way home from karate. Learning that Burnel was, in fact, a highly proficient classical guitarist, the pair — who by this time had separated from the Swede — turned JJ into a bassist and the Stranglers became a trio.

Shortly afterwards, Black having placed his assorted businesses in the hands of a manager, the trio moved some ten miles outside of Guildford to a place called Chiddingfold, where the drummer had discovered a house at a reasonable rent where the three could live and rehearse together.

Despite only securing gigs by ringing up clubs, finding out what kind of bands they put in and then claiming The Stranglers were that kind of outfit, Jet Black was sufficiently confident to sell off the businesses and invest the profit in underwriting the next few months of the group's existence. Amongst the items left over from the sale was an ice-cream van. For many long months that was The Stranglers' sole means of travelling to gigs.

In the early summer of 1975 Dave Greenfield answered a further *Melody Maker* ad and ended up as The Stranglers' keyboards player.

A native of Brighton, Greenfield — a guitarist until he was 18 — had quit school just before his "O" levels to go pro and had spent much of his 20's working the musicians' graveyard circuit of the German U.S. bases. Shortly before becoming a Strangler his finances had reached a state where a three-week residency at Tiffany's in Swansea had not seemed out of order.

The rest you know.

Jet never even considered that, approaching forty as he then was, maybe he was too old to rock'n'roll. Notwithstanding the occasional nervous twitch around the eyes that would appear to be a symptom of the strain that the rock'n'roll lifestyle imposes upon the system, he claims to have no less stamina or endurance than the younger members of the band.

Not surprisingly — considering that he once ran an off-licence — Jet likes the odd tipple.

He is also fascinated by cosmology and astro-physics. The Syrius mystery, in particular, holds a great deal of interest for him, as do such occult elements as ESP and telepathy.

His ladyfriend has just had a damaged spine cured by a psychic healer.

Jet's ambition is to grow his own vegetables.

SLUMPED IN the back seat of the car driving us back through the New York night from the InterMedia Club, where The Stranglers have just played, to the Gramercy Park Hotel, Jean Jacques Burnel's eyes are beginning to get heavy. He's just been spiked with his first ever quaalude and the night's going to prove an interesting experience for him.

For the meantime, though, speech isn't yet quite a problem, "Hard party lines are a load of bullshit," he curses, waving a bottle of beer under my nose. "The National Front doesn't really exist. They got about 0.2 per cent of the vote at the last by-elections.

"They're being used by the SWP in the same way that extremists always create myths to hate. Like Hitler made the Jews an object of hatred, for example." *(Funny — I could have sworn that was what the NF were doing with the 'immigrant' population — Ed.)*

Although certainly not as desperate a figure, Jean Jacques Burnel rivals that other well known bass player, Sid Vicious, in the ignoble savage stakes. Because he is also highly intelligent, Burnel is thoroughly aware of the dark shadows lurking within the nether regions of his unconscious.

His study of karate, he freely admits, began as an attempt to discipline his inner being and prevent himself so readily going over the top.

There are those who have pointed out the closeness in spirit between '50s bohemians, particularly of the English art school variety, and the true street essence of punk.

Certainly the *blouson noir* Burnel could fit easily into such a cast.

The credentials are fairly impeccable: the Outsider spirit fostered by foreign parents — French restaurant workers from Caen who, after working in this country for other people for 25 years, finally managed to buy a small restaurant in Guildford some five years back; kicked out of school in the sixth form for running a magazine called the *Gubernator* (Latin for "Helmsman"), being a member of the anarchic British League of Youth and ruining the school lawn with weed killer; karate freak and biker with his own chopped-down 1942 side-valve Harley-Davidson; no home to call his own — "I lived with Wilko for nine months. There were two stabbings and one rape. The place was broken into and the stereo was nicked. Now I don't live anywhere. Which is okay really . . . Except that sometimes you have to sleep with people you don't really want to go to bed with."

Handsome, swarthy Jean-Jaques in the butch, street chic that's de rigeur among the international set.

"DID YOU HAVE school dinners?" Burnel asks. "I thought they were great. I think they're great at most schools but there is definitely an inverted snobbery about school meals.

"We used to have about eight kids at a table with one kid serving. And when it was things like semolina with jam none of the others liked it and would all go *'UURRGGGHHH!'* Because of things like that they used to put school meals down all the time.

"But I'd eat anything. I thought semolina with jam was great.

"The veg was always alright, too."

After getting kicked out of school, Burnel finished his "A" Levels and went up to Huddersfield Polytechnic where, whilst living in Bradford and scoring in Leeds, he got a degree in English and Economics.

Despite his hatred for 'hard party lines', he does feel that "there is going to be a new party soon. Maybe quite a few new parties.

"I also definitely think there's a growing Europeanism. Euroman cometh."

In saying this, Burnel does not consider yet another vast, tedious corporate power in the mould of the USA and the USSR, but rather he envisages on the one hand a Federal European Parliament and on the other a situation where the individual and minority groups such as Basques, Welsh, Scots and Bretons will find it far easier to establish their identity.

"It's a very fundamental aspect of Europeanism. Imagine: in the United States Of Europe there's no reason why Westminster should dictate to Scotland. When you hear these ass-holes complaining that they'll lose their individuality it's always English people . . . People who've subjugated the Welsh for nine hundred years. There's no reason whatsoever why the English — whoever *they* are — should lose their identity at all.

"Also I think that the giant corporate powers are going to start declining if for no other reason than that they're dysfunctional.

"Also the whole monolith that *we* know at the moment as socialism is going to inevitably destroy itself because that's just a giant corporation also.

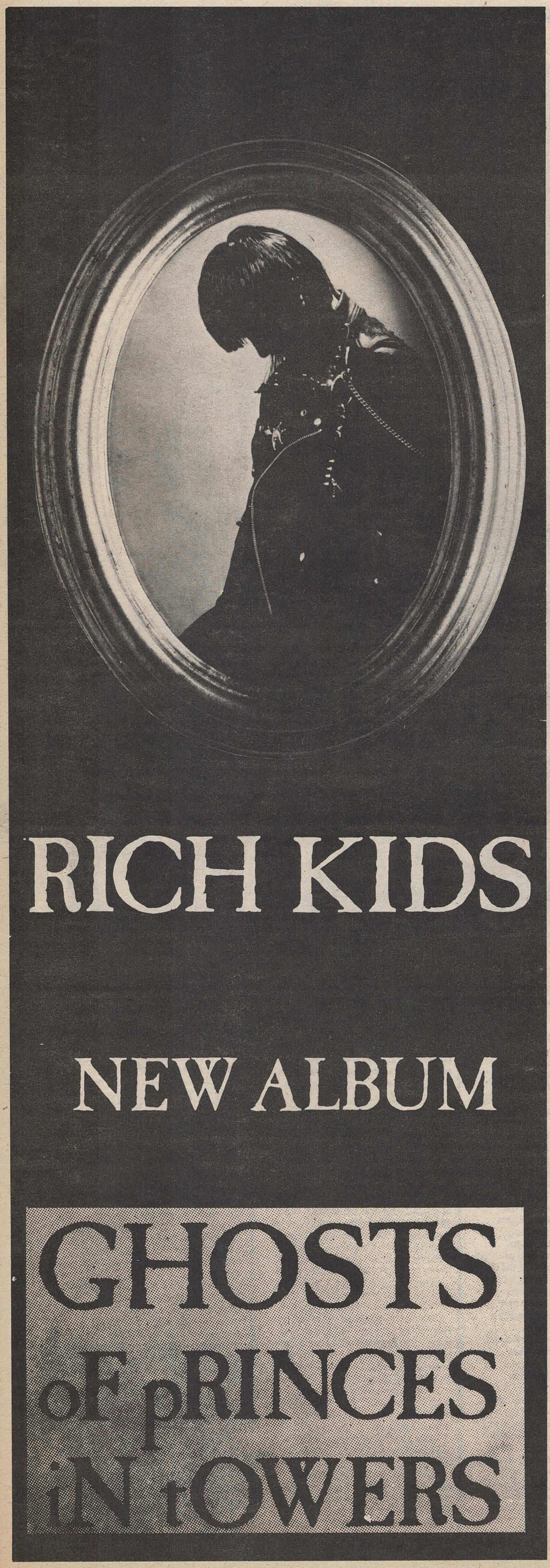
"Then we can have real socialism."

His economics background, Burnel feels, has been quite useful in studying the strokes that assorted governments pull. Like the way, for example, in which in this country the government seems to have decided that it is a fact of life that there will always be high unemployment.

"It *has* been accepted. Keynes accepted that it is necessary for an economy to have one per cent unemployment. So it's part of their strategy to have unemployed people. The only trouble is we've got too many people for the economic plan so we'll never have unemployment under a million. Going by present economic planning.

"Mind you, the one thing Keynes

Continued page 57



JOINT SINGLES OF THE WEEK:

DR FEELGOOD: "Down At The Doctors" (UA). The greatest death bed revival since Lazarus. At one stage, it looked like the last rites, or a permanent gig in the geriatric ward. But these days, you'd never guess these patients had undergone major spare-part surgery. This new prescription provides the sort of adrenalin rush that the original Feelgoods only achieved with their live album.

Lee Brilleaux confirms his reputation as the definitive voice of British R'n'B. And while Dr. Mayo may lack the unhinged scalpel style of his predecessor, he's more than a cut above average. The song's by leading Southend ear and throat man Mickey Jupp, and produced by an expensive American specialist Richard Gottehrer. Should create more queues than a National Health wating room. No longer can it be said that the Feelgoods are their own worst enemas.

THE BISHOPS: "I Want Candy" (Chiswick). At one time, the Bishops looked like no more than musical curates. Just another clerical error. But this single may well pull the big congregation these saintly fellows deserve. Essentially it's no more than a Bo Diddley testament given the New English treatment, but done with the verve of hell-fire preachers. Should get them dancing in the aisles, fainting in the fonts, and nipping through nimble knees-ups in the knaves. If this doesn't get into the charts, then there's definitely no justice. Rich men mounted on camels will be passing through the eyes of needles into the Kingdom of Heaven.

ABBA: "Summer Night City" (Epic). It is just wishful thinking, or could this be the one to put the ice-cap on Polar Records? In a finely calculated attempt to reassert their world dominance Abba go disco with a title that vaguely suggests a rehash of Stigwood's greatest hit. The song's by no means as memorable as earlier stuff, although the packaging's no less adept. Could be that even Abba fans are getting bored by now.

BUZZCOCKS: "Ever Fallen In Love" (UA). Nice Ramones backing track, but where's the singer and where's the joke? Maybe that sibilant hiss vaguely detectable above the guitars is meant to be a vocal. Hard to tell. This band are said to have made something of a name for themselves. On this evidence, they seem to be all buzz and not much of anything else.

IAN GOMM: "Hold On" (Albion). Another pub rocker trying to get into the snug, Mr. Gomm could well be poised for success. This is a smoothly realised piece of pop schmaltz — the sort of cut that Nick Lowe is said to dash off in a few careless seconds. Old Brinzley Schwarz fans (and there is no other kind) will love it. The style actually recalls Gerry Rafferty's "Baker Street" and that may help. This guy's far from being a gommer.

RAY CAMPI AND THE ROCKABILLY REBELS: "Teenage Boogie" (Radar). Rockabilly devotees here at *NME* Plaza allege that this is cuter than Dale Evans on a prancing palomino. Well, they may be right. Ray Campi has undeniable ability to incant the phrase "teenage boogie" in a meaningful manner, and no doubt his Rebels stick faithfully to the hallowed redneck style. But there seems to me to be something perverse about the whole approach. The main problem is that the bass and drums simply aren't loud enough. No doubt that's faithful to the 50s' tradition, but then I thought those old guys simply had problems with their studios. When the technology's available, there seems no point in deliberate feebleness.

MINK DE VILLE: "Soul Twist" (Capitol). Mink sounds like a moth-eaten fur on this hopefully atypical offering. Where is the sleek street-wise dude of yesteryear? Nowhere within earshot. This must be how Cliff Bennett and The Rebel Rousers sounded on an off day.

FLAMIN' GROOVIES: "Move It" (Sire). Yeah, move it elsewhere. The Cliff Richard original had more power and panache than the Floundering Grotties are ever likely to possess.

BIG STAR: "Kizza Me" (Aura). Difficult to understand their cult reputation. Alex Chilton has a distinctive voice, but the band play banal old-fashioned American hard-rock. And the tune doesn't amount to much, either. Not in the same class as old Box Tops hits like "The Letter". Return to sender.

DIRK AND STIG; "Ging Gang Goolie" (EMI). Dirk and Stig of The Rutles, alias Eric Idle and Ricki Fataar, cleverly refurbished this old boy scout camp song. The joke is that it's not very camp at all. The nonsensical works are sung totally seriously, and there's a grandiose backing. Basically, it's what's known as a dib-dib-dib dob-dob-dob dub. More fun than a girl guide with a tight woggle. Or is that less fun? Probably.

RUDI: "Big Time" (Good Vibrations). The Clash played

SINGLES

Reviewed this week by BOB EDMANDS

at 78 r.p.m. Only faster than that. Rudi have this to say: *"Big time, you ain't no friend of mine"*. They should have added the word "yet". This band almost remind you of what it was that was so appealing about the punks when all that started. What was it again?

SKIDS: "Sweet Suburbia" (Virgin). The band's name refers to what they've got under them. Boring, earnest, wide-eyed apprentice punks. Same old song. Same old white vinyl. Strictly suburban. Sorry, Al.

THE DOLE: "New Wave Love" (Ultimate). This should ensure these guys don't stay on the dole for too long. Imagine a Stranglers backing track with cute teen-dream vocals instead of that butch droning, and you'll get the gist. (In fact, you can get the gist off the nicest people these days.) Jilted John wrote the definitive new wave love song, but everybody can't be definitive all the time. And that's definitely true in this case. Otherwise, though, it's okay.

THE POLICE: "Can't Stand Losing You" (A and M). Great name for an outrageous new wave band. Lousy name for a feeble white reggae act. Last observed proceeding in the direction of the waste bin. Not worth apprehending.

RAYDIO: "Honey, I'm Rich" (Arista). Another engaging single from the engaging Ray Parker, reminiscent of nothing so much as the sort of songs that The Four Tops used to do around the time of "Sugar Pie, Honey Bunch". Before the war, that was.

CHOCOLATE MILK: "Girl Callin' " (RCA). Sophisticated disco music written, arranged, and produced by Allen Toussaint, a name that guarantees quality if not always commercial success. Still, this ought to be a big record. Toussaint could do for these guys what Quincy Jones has done for the Brothers Johnson, by giving their relatively simple music an appealing depth and integrity. On the other hand, the disco kids might find it too clever by half.

JUNIOR WALKER: "Walk In The Night" (Motown). Junior may get more Senior with the passing years, but his luxurious saxophone style will go on for ever. It's disturbing to think that this indestructible instrumental was first issued way back in 1971. Seems like it was only seven years ago.

THE THREE DEGREES: "Giving Up, Giving In" (Ariola). Giorgio Moroder finally gets a genuine, bona-fide, established American act to work with. It will come as no surprise to you to learn that the Three Degrees end up sounding like all Giorgio's other acts — disco music that's long-winded but lively. At least it's less twee than "Dirty Old Man".

ROSE ROYCE: "Love Don't Live Here Anymore" (Whitfield). Too much soft soap from the Car Wash band. Wet song, too. Definitely tiresome.

CARLY SIMON: "Tranquillo" (Elektra). Comatoso, more likely. An antiquated Carly Simon song tarted up with a disco backing.

Like Queen Anne furniture sprayed with dayglo paint.

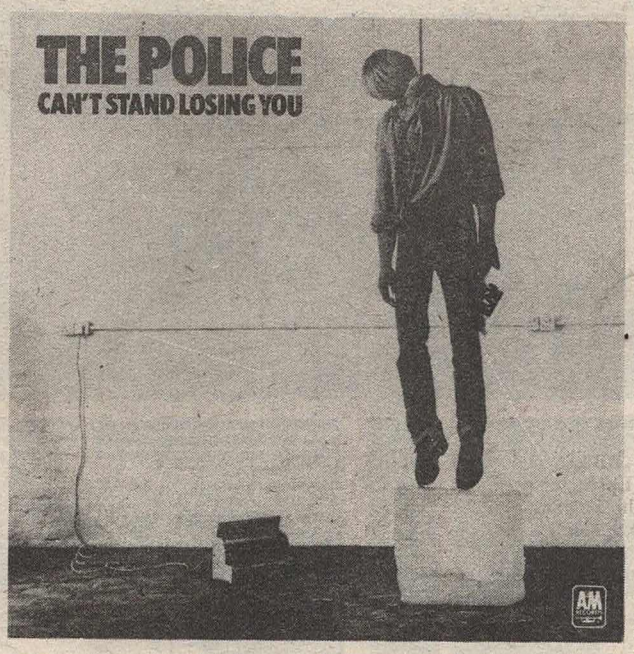
VOYAGE: "Point Zero" (GTO). Voyage offer more Afro disco, performed with surprising vigour for a lot of French chappies. The effect is a little like wandering around in the sun for too long without your solar toupee, or even with your solour toupee. Voyage may be on a one way trip, but at least they move. A little.

ALTHEA AND DONNA: "Going To Negril" (Virgin Front Line). Beautifully crisp band. Engaging, oddball lyrics. Dull song. Downtown low ranking. Ah well, maybe next year.

DON WILLIAMS: "Not A Chance" (ABC). Dead right, Don. The story goes that Eric Clapton liked Don Williams because he made Clappie sound fast and exciting. This song is a real country tear-jerker. Strictly country for tear-jerks.

CHERYL LADD: "Think It Over" (Capitol). Not a lot to think about. She doesn't sing as nicely as Kojak used to.

BETTE MIDLER: "Say Goodbye to Hollywood" (Atlantic). Goodbye.

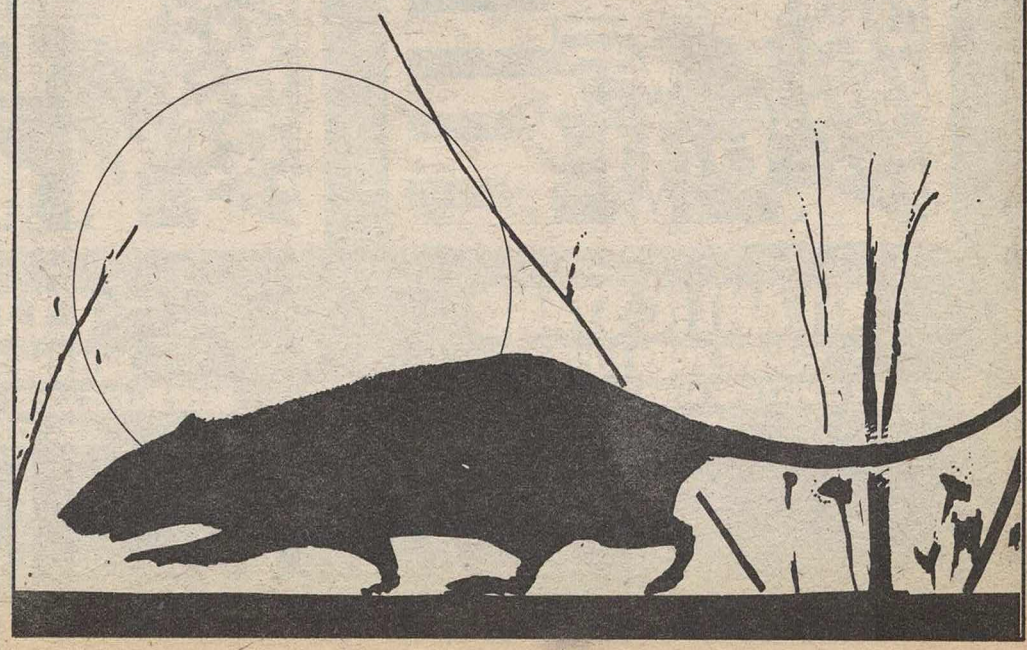


the stranglers

September Tour

11 **LANCASTER** University
12 **DUNFERMLINE** Kinema
13 **ABERDEEN** Ruffles
16 **BATTERSEA PARK**
17 **CARDIFF** Top Rank
18 **PETERBOROUGH** Wirrina Stadium
19 **LINCOLN** Drill Hall
20 **SHEFFIELD** Top Rank
21 **GREAT YARMOUTH** Tiffany's
24 **PORTSMOUTH** Locarno
25 **EXETER** Routes
26 **BOURNEMOUTH** Village Bowl
27 **BATH** Pavillion
28 **MANCHESTER** Apollo
29 **BRIDLINGTON SPA** Pavillion
30 **GLASGOW** Apollo

UNITED ARTISTS RECORDS ®



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A&M RECORDS

THE NME CONSUMER'S GUIDE TO

DAVID BOWIE

PART TWO: TVC15

Thomas Jerome Newton pulls on a cigarette and a trigger in Nicholas Roeg's film "The Man Who Fell To Earth".

PIN-UPS
Side One: Rosalyn (Duncan-Farley) / Here Comes The Night (Berns) / I Wish You Would (Arnold) / See Emily Play (Barrett) / Everything's Alright (Crouch-Konrad-Stavely-James-Karlson) / I Can't Explain (Townshend).
Side Two: Friday On My Mind (Young-Vanda) / Sorrow (Feldman-Goldstein-Gottehrer) / Don't Bring Me Down (Dee) / Shapes Of Things (Samwell-Smith - Relf-McCarty) / Anyway Anyhow Anywhere (Townshend-Daltry) / Where Have All The Good Times Gone (Davies).
Production: David Bowie, Ken Scott.
RCA RS 1003. Released: October 1973.

WHEN, ON July 3 1973, David Bowie announced from the stage of the Hammersmith Odeon, "Not only is this the last show of the tour, but it's the last show we'll ever do," he presumably meant that it was the last show that he and his alter-ego would perform together. As it was David was back in public performance almost a year to the day later, but that's another story.

If the public was having difficulty deciding who was who, they weren't the only ones — Ziggy had albatrossed his creator into virtual submission and it must have been with a sense of positive relief that Bowie trucked off to France to indulge *himself* (for a change) in the creation of a nostalgic portfolio of fave raves.

Originally, he'd not invited The Spiders' rhythm section along for the jaunt, having extended invitations to Jack Bruce and Aynsley "Silver Rivet" Dunbar to pluck and pound, respectively. Dunbar had made himself available, but Bruce had declined, so Trevor Bolder got to pack his suitcase after all while Woodmansey (converted by Garson into an active Scientologist) languised amongst the E-meters in East Grinstead.

As it transpired, "Pin Ups" marked the end of an era and of the productive collaboration between Bowie and his faithful companion Mick Ronson.

Bowie's brief handscrawled liner note not only acknowledged the bands upon whose material he drew but the legendary clubs which spawned them, many of which he himself and worked with The King Bees, Manish Boys, Buzz and Lower Third.

For purposes of historical reference, we're including the labels and catalogue numbers of the original recordings. Assuming you can still find them all (they'll cost ya!) they make a great cassette.

"Pin Ups" opens in a shower of teenage sweat with The Pretty Things' "Rosalyn" (Fontana TF 469). It's even got maraccas as well as power-drive performances by Dunbar, Ronson and the man in the middle. Everyone actually sounds inspired. A scything downward guitar slide from Ronno catapults you straight into Them's "Here Comes The Night" (Decca F12094). Bowie introduces himself with a fantastic gurgling scream, but the track slumps almost immediately. The tension originally created by Van Morrison is dissipated by Bowie's decision to croon the song instead of snarling it, and the gaspipe sax doesn't lift it either.

The Yardbirds' "I Wish You Would" (Columbia DB 7283) fares considerably better. Bowie underpins the basic groove with a menacing low-frequency synthesiser boom and his harp interacts convincingly with Ronson's guitar and the flying elbow of a fiddler on loan from French band Zoo and — surprisingly — uncredited.

The acid-ravaged phantom of Syd Barrett breathes a chilly wind over Pink Floyd's "See Emily Play" (Columbia DB 8214). The best features of this neurotic performance are Bowie's symmetrical synth blocks and inspired use of extravagant varispeed vocal overdubs on the chorus.

The first of two nods in the general direction of Liverpool comes with the inclusion of The Mojo's "Everything's Alright" (Decca F 11853). Dunbar was an ex-member of The Mojos (though he didn't play on the original recording), so it's safe to assume that he already knew where the breaks were! If anything, this version is even more Merseyfied than the original, with playful backing vocals and a Beatly "ooooo" at the end.

Maybe DB was attempting to prove a somewhat obscure point about the '70s by slowing The Who's "I Can't Explain" (Brunswick 05926) from amphetamine rush to mandrax drone, but aesthetically it's a non-happener.

On side two, we find a hectic and charming performance of The Easybeats colonial classic "Friday On My Mind" (United Artists UP 1157). This is followed by that impossibly dreary reading of The Merseys' "Sorrow" (Fontana TF 732, unless you wanna check out the *first* version by The McCoys — featuring Rick Derringer — on Immediate IM 021).

Raunch rules again with a tough, sneering version of The Pretty Things' "Don't Bring Me Down" (Fontana TF 503) which we, dumbos that we are, would have short-listed for the single. Ronson positively dazzles, and the song could well do with reviving once again. Bishops and Rezillos, are you listening?

Once again, Ronson is in his element recreating Jeff Beck's epic guitar solo from The Yardbirds' "Shapes Of Things" (Columbia DB 7848). Unfortunately, Bowie once again finds himself in an ongoing crooning situation. Pity.

Still, he more than compensates for the deficiencies of "I Can't Explain" by getting well to grips with The 'Oo's second single "Anyway Anyhow Anywhere" (Brunswick 05935). Dunbar is in particularly towering form in a welter of phased cymbals and bruised snare drums and Bowie matches him with a vocal of berserk power.

The Man must obviously have felt the special significence of The Kinks' "Where Have All The Good Times Gone" (Pye 7N 15981) since he took the trouble to reprint the lyrics on the credits insert. Ronson's power chords have a methodical crushing force that does Dave Davies much honour, and Bowie's vocals — simultaneously sardonic and pleading — should have made Raymond Douglas Davies regret having originally buried the song on the B-side of "Till The End Of The Day".

"Pin Ups" was issued at a time when the market was swamped with a positive spate of retro-albums: Bryan Ferry's "These Foolish Things" and John Lennon's "Rock'n'Roll" are the two which spring most readily to mind, and Bowie's project received less favourable reviews than either, though arguably the highlights of "Pin-ups" are on a par with the more inspired moments of the Lennon excursion.

Trivia: the backing track for a version of Lou Reed's Velvet Underground classic "White Light White Heat" was recorded during these sessions, but dropped when Bowie decided to limit himself to UK club-rock. This track later showed up on Mick Ronson's "Play Don't Worry" album, with Ronson's vocal and mix. Bryan Ferry's composition "Ladytron" was shortlisted (the sheet music was lying around in the studio), but never recorded.

(A) Rebel Rebel(*) Bowie
(B) Queen Bitch (**) (Bowie)
Production: (*) David Bowie (for Mainman. Arrangement: David Bowie. (**) Ken Scott assisted by the actor (for Gem). RCA LPBO 5009. Released: February 15 1974.

TEENAGE TRASH of the first water, "Rebel Rebel" was an instant glitterkids' anthem and — more pointedly — a counterpart of "All The Young Dudes" for girls and for every female rocker who'd ever *known* she was born to be wild. At Rodney Bingenheimer's English Disco in Los Angeles, "Rebel Rebel" was the ace tune for strutting your stuff while gazing at your reflection in the mirrored walls.

Nearer to home, it was construed as a gay or even trans-sexual tease, but then many people were still scanning Bowie's work for the faintest traces of perversion. Still, as long as everyone's happy . . .

After Ziggy broke up the band (how the hell did *that* get in here?), Bowie drafted in session bassist Herbie Flowers alongside drummer Aynsley Dunbar and pianist Mike Garson, the only survivors from the "Pin Ups" band. Much to the astonishment of the general public, he declined to hire a replacement for Mick Ronson, preferring to take over the lead guitar duties himself. The result was a rocking dirty noise that owed as much to Keith Richard as it did to the departed Ronno.

The song was built around a highly ingenious riff that most professional lead guitarists would never have thought of. For a man who has always projected himself in live performance as first and foremost a vocalist (and who used to be fond of claiming "I am not a musician"), Bowie is a formidable multi-instrumentalist in the studio, more than compensating for his lack of technique ("I could not claim to be a technocrat on any instrument") and from this stage in his career onwards, he would place an ever-increasing amount of emphasis on this aspect of his abilities.

Lyrically, "Rebel Rebel" celebrated the antics of wayward teenages and reiterated "Hot tramp! I love you so." For every critic who whined that with this single Bowie was descending to the level of his imitators, there were a thousand satisfied customers.

For the TV promo clips, DB added an eye patch and a beat-up cheapo Kent guitar to his basic Ziggy threads to provide an intriguingly piratical effect. The song has subsequently become an integral part of Rick Derringer's stage act (historically speaking, Bowie and The McCoys are now quits after "Sorrow" was borrowed for "Pin Ups") and it has also — God help us — been recorded by The Bay City Rollers.

"Queen Bitch" — an appropriately sleazy B-side — comes to you direct from "Hunky Dory".

(A) Rock And Roll Suicide (*) (Bowie)
(B) Quicksand (**) (Bowie)
Production: (*) David Bowie, Ken Scott (for Mainman). (**) Ken Scott assisted by the actor (for Mainman). RCA LPBO 5021. Released: April 11, 1974.

ZIGGY'S FUNERAL march wheeled out again (just in case anybody had forgotten it) with yet another "Hunky Dory" B-side.

DIAMOND DOGS.
Side One: Future Legend/Bewitched (Rogers)/Diamond Dogs/Sweet Thing/Candidate/Sweet Thing — reprise/Rebel Rebel.
Side Two: Rock 'n' Roll With Me (Bowie-Peace)/We Are The Dead/1984/Big Brother/Chant Of The Ever Circling Skeletal Family.
Production: Bowie (for Mainman).
Arrangement: Bowie. RCA APLI 0576.

IF THERE is one common theme that has preoccupied Bowie's work in the '70s, it is the problem of survival — both individual and collective — in a rapidly declining civilisation and the disintegration of a culture.

This theme has never been stated as nakedly as in "Diamond Dogs". Originally, Bowie's intention was to produce an album — with potential stage and screen spin-offs — based on George Orwell's dystopic novel *1984*. Unfortunately, the Orwell estate was not prepared to cooperate, and so the end result was "Diamond Dogs", a work which drew not only on the Orwellian vision (principally on side two), but also on Harlan Ellison's award-winning novella *A Boy And His Dog* (subsequently filmed) and various private nightmares and perceptions.

Working with a skeleton crew of Aynsley Dunbar and/or Tony Newman (drums), the ever-dependable Herbie Flowers (bass) and pianist Mike Garson, Bowie played saxophone, synth, mellotron and all the guitars (with the exception of the ack-ack guitar part supplied by sessioneer Alan Parker on "1984". In addition, Bowie (for some reason, he'd given his first name a holiday on this album) did all his own production and arranging, though Tony Visconti was reunited with his former colleague to assist in the mixing (along with the late Keith Harwood, who engineered). Visconti also contributed the string arrangement to "1984".

"Diamond Dogs" was at least as much of a concept album as "The Rise And Fall Of Ziggy Stardust" had been, but it followed the pattern of the first rather than the second side: a presentation of different aspects of a situation rather than a neat linear story-line of the "Tommy" variety. As song after song unfolds, we learn more and more about the brutal, chaotic world that exists after the Great Disaster (possibly the one hinted at in "Five Years": who knows?) and the efforts of the survivors to build some kind of endurable life amidst the ruins.

In fact, there are already today as many as 50,000 homeless teenagers (and younger) in New York City alone, not to mention an estimated 250,000 stray dogs. As far as *they're* concerned, the Great Disaster has probably already happened.

Some of these kids have children of their own now (either abandoned infants adopted into the Wild Life or else conceived in these circumstances) and this community and its equivalents in other metropoli are steadily increasing in numbers. Any day now — the year of the diamond dogs!

A wolf howls from rooftop, a strand of twisted night-club music ("Bewitched, Bothered And Bewildered") uncurls and Bowie's eerily phased voice delivers the prologue ("Future Legend") before a rock crowd (borrowed from The Faces' "Overture And Beginners" live album) explodes, Bowie screams, *"This ain't rock and roll . . . this is genocide!"* and we're into the title track, which roars

Continues over

By CHARLES SHAAR MURRAY & ROY CARR

PINUPS DIAMOND DOGS YOUNG AMERICANS DAVID LIVE DEVLIVE STAT-

BOWIE AS Thin White Duke main pic/by PENNIE SMITH.
As Cracked Actor '74 near right/pic by BOB GRUEN.
As New Age Hero '78 far right/pic by DAVID WARNER ELLIS.

From previous page

along against an uneasily shifting beat and a brassy grating raunch. We meet sharp-toothed scavengers dressed up in the ragged finery of a collapsed culture and out for fun at any price, since they've already paid for it with their own futures.

"Sweet Thing" is the hunt for love any place it can be found, and with anyone. *"I know that you're older than me, it makes me feel important and free/does that make you smile?"* The mood is simultaneously detached and intensely romantic, but with that grinding dissonant edge.

In a deep cavernous voice reminiscent of Crazy Arthur Brown, Bowie intones *"My suit is amazing, it even smells like a street/there's a bar down at the end where I can meet you and your friends"* before it accelerates into "Candidate" (for which Bowie had been considering drafting in Edgar Broughton to supply the grating, grinding raw-nerve guitar) and returns to the reprise of "Sweet Thing". The side ends with "Rebel Rebel", a brief moment of innocent fun and pleasure amidst the horror.

Donovan, of all people, chose to cover "Rock And Roll With Me", the music for which was composed by Bowie's chum and backup singer Geoff McCormick under his "Warren Peace" pseudonym (who said silly names came in with punk?) Again, the possibility of salvation through love even under the most horrific conditions still remains, and Bowie plays a limpid, elegiac solo that evokes memories of Ronson.

"We Are The Dead" is one of the songs retained from the original Orwell project and concerns itself with the doomed love affair of Winston Smith and Julia. The menacing circular chord sequence brilliantly mirrors the hopelessness of their situation.

"1984" begins with an expert pastiche of Isaac Hayes' "Theme From *Shaft*" as Bowie speaks across time to warn the present-day society of the consequences of its obvious shortcomings. Like the inhabitants of the world which he is depicting, Bowie will use anything he can get his hands on, and here he previews a little of his Plastic Soul period. Of course, the jagged alarmist guitar sound that Hayes developed from the records of Jimi Hendrix is exactly what is required, as is the ambiance of Miles Davis's "Sketches Of Spain" for the intro to "Big Brother", where Bowie conjures the distant cry of a lonely trumpet from his synth to introduce the final capitulation of Winston Smith.

The album concludes with "The Chant Of The Ever Circling Skeletal Family": a chilling little tribal dance for the lobotomised masses.

The first side of "Diamond Dogs" depicts the complete breakdown of society (what the right-wing press means when it misuses the word "anarchy") while the second deals with the exact opposite: the final triumph of totalitarianism and tyranny.

Half-a-dozen of one and six of the other: both signposts point just one way — NO FUTURE.

Remember '76 and the Punk Festival at the 100 Club? To even the most casual observer, it seemed as if — right there and then — Bowie's vision had come to life.

Any day now — the Year Of The Diamond Dogs!

(A) Diamond Dogs (*) (Bowie)
(B) Holy Holy (**) (Bowie)
Production: (*) David Bowie (for Mainman). (**) David Bowie, Ken Scott (for Mainman). RCA APB0 0293. Released: June 14 1974.

AS A single, the title track from "Diamond Dogs" was something of a non-event. Too long, too bleak in vision, too tough to dance to . . . you know the drill. The B-side, a Spiders revibe of a long-deleted Mercury single (see part one), wasn't enough of an inducement to coax the faithful into buying sufficient copies to chart it convincingly.

(A) Knock On Wood (Floyd-Cropper)
(B) Panic In Detroit (Bowie)
Production: Tony Visconti (for Mainman). RCA 2456. Released: September 13 1974.

BACK IN '67, provincial British bands literally couldn't get work unless they played both "In The Midnight Hour" and "Knock On Wood." Obviously, old habits die hard even though we're pretty sure that DB wouldn't have starved even if he had omitted "Knock On Wood" from his repertoire on the US "Diamond Dogs" tour. Personally, we wish he had, since it sounds stilted and breathless with a decidedly undynamic groove from the band.

Unlike the A-side, the version of "Panic In Detroit" found on the flip was not included on the forthcoming "David Live" double album. We won't cry if you won't.

DAVID LIVE
Side One: 1984/Rebel Rebel/Moonage Daydream/Sweet Thing.
Side Two: Changes/Suffragette City/Aladdin Sane/All The Young Dudes/Cracked Actor.
Side Three: When You Rock 'N' Roll With Me (Bowie-Peace)/Watch That Man/Knock On Wood (Floyd-Cropper)/Diamond Dogs.
Side Four: Big Brother/Width Of A Circle/Jean Genie/Rock 'N' Roll Suicide.
Production: Tony Visconti, RCA APL2-0771. Released: October 1974.

DURING THE "Ziggy Stardust" phase, RCA had recorded several American concerts (including Carnegie Hall on September 28, 1972 and Santa Monica Civic Auditorium on October 10 of the same year) with a view to releasing a live Stardust souvenir. The farewell gig at Hammersmith Odeon was taped and covers designed and proofed, but though Bowie did actually get as far as taking the tapes into a studio to begin mixing, the project was eventually scrapped.

As the bootlegs demonstrate, both the Hammersmith and Santa Monica shows would have required studio surgery and a few judicious overdubs to render them fully presentable as official releases.

Bowie had by no means remained inactive in the year between kissing off Ziggy and performing the gigs which eventually made up this album. He had compiled "Pin Ups", written and recorded "Diamond Dogs". He had also starred in *The 1980 Floor Show*, a showcase edition of *Midnight Special* for NBC-TV in the States. Taped over a three-day period in front of an invited audience (mostly fan club members and press), Bowie previewed some of the "Diamond Dogs" material (including the still unreleased "You Didn't Hear It From Me", which formed part of a "1984" medley), ran through some of his golden oldies, duetted "I Got You Babe" with Marianne Faithfull, who was all togged out in a backless nun's habit for the occasion, and gave his last-ever performance with Mick Ronson ("I took me guitar out of its case, put on me make-up, played, took off me make-up, put the guitar back in the case and went home," was Ronno's answer when asked what he thought of it). The guest artists were The Troggs and flamenco-rockers Carmen, plus Amanda Lear as MC.

For his return to live performance, Bowie assembled the largest and most ambitious band of his career thus far. Led by Michael Kamen (electric piano, synth, oboe), the ensemble comprised Mike Garson (grand piano and mellotron), Herbie Flowers (bass), Tony Newman (drums), David Sanborn (alto saxophone, flute), Richard Grando (baritone saxophone, flute), Earl Slick (guitar), Pablo Rosario (percussion) plus back-up Gui Andriano and Warren Peace.

Bowie's own retrospective comments on this aural documentary are illuminating if not encouraging: " 'David Live' was the final death of Ziggy. God, that album! I've never played it. The tension it must contain must be like a vampire's teeth coming down on you. And that photo on the cover. My God, it looks like I've just stepped out of the grave. That's actually how I felt. That record should have been called 'David Bowie Is Alive And Well And Living Only In Theory'."

The *Cracked Actor* TV documentary filmed on the "Diamond Dogs" tour (renamed, incidentally, the "Philly Dogs" tour for the second leg) bears out these comments. Bowie appears nervous, paranoid, totally alienated; and the gigantic complex of stage props (ranging from massive phalli and skulls to an entire miniature city) seem more like the furnishings of some ghastly mousetrap than anything else.

Both show and album seem strained and joyless, fuelled on expensive artifical energy. Even more so than on "Aladdin Sane", Bowie gives the impression of being in less than total control of his own destiny. In truth, "David Live" has little aesthetic reason to exist as anything other than a bootleg, though commercially speaking it was a very sound move — especially since it was recorded at the very beginning of his tour so that it could be rush-released while he was still on the road.

Happily the impression of escalating artistic and physical decline created by "David Live" was to be conclusively disproved by what was to follow.

(A) Young Americans (*) (Bowie)
(B) Suffragette City (Bowie)
Production: Tony Visconti.
Arrangement: (*) David Bowie. RCA 2523. Released: February 21, 1975.

THREE YEARS earlier, Bowie had mused, "My life does not revolve around my music. My music is my mode of transport," adding: "My Zip code to life is constantly being changed."

In 1975, he could be reached c/o Philadelphia and New York City.

Whatever, Bowie swapped his moonboots for soul slippers and reactivated the interest in Black American music which got him playing in the first place.

If you adhere to the cyclical theory of pop, then Philadelphia — particularly Kenny Gamble and Leon Huff's Sigma Sound studio — was once again the commercial hotbed of soul.

This was a period when other honkies like Hall & Oates and The Bee Gees were getting interested in the disco beat and production style. Bowie was therefore not exactly exploring unchartered terrain, but he was alone in that he was using the style for his own ends and strictly on his own terms, whereas the others were indulging in a bit of creative trendhopping.

Seems that during Bowie's sojourn at the Tower Theatre in Philadelphia, he dropped by Sigma Sound where Michael Kamen was conducting a demo date with Ava Cherry (the leading light of the Astronettes, a vocal act that DB had patronised but never actually gotten around to doing anything practical or positive with). Bowie quickly became enamoured of the studio; whether it was the ambience, the atmosphere, the sound or the receptionist is a mystery. Anyway, he decided there and then to cut his own next album at Sigma.

It was in the course of these sessions that Bowie was to link up with the man who would take over where Mick Ronson left off as his musical director and right-hand man: rhythm guitarist Carlos Alomar (formerly musical director for The Main Ingredient and an ex-James Brown sideman) who is still in the ranks today.

"Young Americans" — the title track of Bowie's next album — exists in two versions. The British single, which clocks in at 5' 01", is identical to the version later released on the album, while the US edition peaks at 3.11 and boasts a far punchier and more solid mix. For jukebox, radio, party and disco purposes, it's far superior to the more familiar cut.

As expected, the single arrived with a whole new set of visuals: a double-breasted burn-freezer jacket, baggy strides, loosely knotted tie and a painfully dishevelled D.A. (Ex-Glitter Band lead singer John Rossall achieved some sort of new world record by ripping off Bowie's new look no more than three weeks after The Man had adopted it himself!). Worn with the requisite telephone acoustic guitar that he'd been photographed with throughout the Ziggy phase, the look was once again simultaneously nostalgic and forward-looking.

Against the prominent touchstones of David Sanborn's shrieking alto sax and the Luther Vandross-led back-up chorale, David breathlessly croons his analysis of The Great American Post-Watergate Dilemma.

The groove is urgent and compulsive and Bowie cops the Springsteenism he'd admired Our Bruce since '73 of borrowing a familiar rock catch-phrase, directing the back-up singers to chirp "I heard the news today, oh boy" at a crucial moment. However, the kill line comes right at the end, when the music stops and Bowie sobs, "Ain't there one damn song that can make me break down and cry?" After the disappointments, the come back.

The B-side was the "David Live" version of "Suffragette City."

YOUNG AMERICANS
Side One: Young Americans(*)/Win(**)/Fascination (Bowie-Vandross) (*)/Right(.**
Side Two: Somebody Up There Likes Me(**)/Across The Universe(***) (Lennon-McCartney)/Can You Hear Me (***)/Fame(***)
(Bowie-Lennon-Alomar).
Production and mix: (*) Tony Visconti. (**) Tony Visconti, Harry Maslin. (***) David Bowie, Tony Visconti. String arrangements: Tony Visconti. Vocal arrangements: David Bowie, Luther Vandross. RCA RS 1006. Released: March 1975.

THE SIGMA sound sessions were intensely productive. Utilising a basic line-up that included Earl Slick and Carlos Alomar (guitars), Mike Garson (keyboards), Willie Weeks (bass), Andy Newmark (drums), David Sanborn (saxes) and Larry Washington (percussion) plus the voices of Luther Vandross, Ava Cherry and Robin Alomar, he not only cut the six Sigma tracks included in this album, but also a six-minute "John I'm Only Dancing" plus two new songs. "Who Can I Be This Time" and "It's Gonna Be Me", which were scheduled for inclusion right up until the semi-impromptu Electric Lady session with John Lennon.

Overawed by this experience (and who wouldn't be?), Bowie dropped the aforementioned brace of originals in favour of a rather pompous and cringe-inducing Beatles song "Across The Universe", and the sublime "Fame" (the Electric Lady tracks featuring George Murray on bass and Dennis Davis on drums, instead of Weeks and Newmark). Legend also has it that in a fit of mischievous lunacy, Bowie and the Sigma sidemen recorded a slapstick version of the old novelty song "You Can Have Her, I Don't Want Her, She's Too Fat For Me", the tape of which is alleged to have been ceremoniously burned at the end of the session.

Oh yes, we almost forgot. Bowie also taped a couple of Bruce Springsteen numbers (he'd also shortlisted "It's So Hard To Be A Saint In The City" from "Greetings From Asbury Park NJ" for inclusion on "Pin Ups") for this album, which — at various times — was going to be titled "Fascination" and "Somebody Up There Likes Me".

The "Young Americans" strategy was basic Maoism: the revolutionary should move amongst the people as a fish moves through water. Having established himself with the hipper end of the rock public on sheer panache and freak appeal, he now needed to crack the mainstream. From here on in, he began — for the first time in eight years — to sell himself as *all round entertainer*. He duetted with Cher on her top-rated CBS-TV show, appeared on Dinah Shore's chat show alongside Henry Winkler (remember him?) and got down on *Soul Train*, black America's *Top Of The Pops* and normally out of bounds to white acts.

He eschewed live performance in order to reach the masses via television. With Cher he came on straighter-than-straight, duetting "Can You Hear Me" and then slamming into a ludicrous medley using "Young Americans" as a framing device for no less than 12 ill-assorted songs including Neil Diamond's "Song Sung Blue", The Chantells' "Maybe", Buddy Holly's "Maybe Baby", Frankie Laine's "Temptation" and The Coasters' "Young Blood". He came on as British as Terry Thomas and only half as threatening — Ken Pitt would have been proud of him.

At the time of its release "Young Americans" was praised for its integrity and positivism (qualities which Bowie's detractors had found lacking in his work before) even though the music was only intermittently intriguing or exciting. Bowie's brand of funk is — except on "Fame" — chic rather than fatback: he sounds like he's sweating some expensive brand of cologne. It's sophisticated to the point of being soporific.

On "Win", with Sanborn's alto echoplexed and flipping lazily from speaker to speaker like a tropical fish in a floodlit tank, Bowie announces, "I say it's hip to be alive," though his tone does not altogether support his message. On this album, Sanborn took over the Ronson role of being Bowie's principal instrumental foil.

"Fascination" was an adaptation of Luther Vandross' arrangement "Funky Music Is A Part Of Me", and grooves along in a fairly flagrant manner, while "Right" is one smoochy riff that doesn't outstay it's welcome and hinges around the comforting message, "There's never no turning back."

The phrase "Somebody Up There Likes Me" has achieved virtually the status of folklore and darkness since the '50s. Its main manifestation was the title of the Rocky Graziano biopic which elevated Paul Newman to stardom (a role originally intended for James Dean, by the way). "Keep your eye on your soul, keep your hand on your heart," growls Bowie, creditably reproducing some of Stevie Wonder's vocal effects.

The album reaches a nadir with the hideously embarrassing version of The Fabs' "Across The Universe" (originally a "Sgt. Pepper" out-take). Lennon must have been completely out of his box to have put Bowie up to this, and DB must have been in even worse shape to have gone along with it. It sounds like a cocaine jape that should have been quietly erased the following morning.

The Big Soul Ballad and the best melody on the album coincide on "Can You Hear Me", where Bowie gets to grips with the genre and displays the same masterly ease with which he tackled hard funk on "Fame". It builds inexorably to a cookin' climax with a stunning acapella coda. Why don't you take it right to your heart — and why didn't Aretha Franklin?

"Fame" is the killer: a grinding riff nicked from James Brown's "Foot-stompin' Music" by Carlos Alomar (JB was well pissed off, because the Average White Band had recently had a massive hit with "Pick Up The Pieces", also based on one of his licks. Go tell it to Chuck Berry, mah man!)

Earl Slick mimicks an incessantly ringing telephone as Lennon and Bowie snarl out taut, angry epigrams on the drawbacks of stardom. Bowie hauls out his varispeed for a stunning three-octave descent before the fade, and the lyrics blow any other songs of disillusionment with stardom all the way back to Martha's Vineyard.

"'Fame'," remarked Bowie in his 1976 *Playboy* interview, "was an incredible bluff that worked . . . I'm really knocked out that people actually dance to my records, but let's be honest, my rhythm and blues are thoroughly plastic. 'Young Americans' is the definitive plastic soul record . . . if you had played it to me five years ago and said this is an R'n'B album, I would have laughed. Hysterically."

Playboy asked him how he would have felt if he'd heard it five years ago and been told that in 1975 it was going to be *his* album. Bowie replied, "I would have thrown you *and* the record out of my house."

(A) London Boys (Bowie)
(B) Love You Till Tuesday (*) (Bowie)
Production: Mike Vernon. Musical Director: (*) Dek Fearnley. Decca F 13579. Released: May 1975.

STILL A great song. Still getting re-issued. Still getting ignored. "London Boys" works best in the context of Decca's "Hard Up Heroes" double-album anthology of the '60s, a very fine product lovingly compiled by the present authors and *(uh, shut up! — Ed)*

IMAGES 1966-67
Side One: Rubber Band/Maid Of Bond Street (*)/Sell Me A Coat (*)/Love You Till Tuesday (**)/There Is A Happy Land (*).
Side Two: The Laughing Gnome/Gospel According To Tony Day(Did You Ever Have A Dream (*)/Uncle Arthur (*)/We Are Hungry Men (*)/When I Live My Dream (*).
Side Three: Join The Gang (*)/Little Bombadier (*)/Come And Buy My Toys (*)/Silly Boy Blue (*)/She's Got Medals (*).
Side Four: Please Mr Gravedigger (*)/London Boys/Karma Man (*)/Let Me Sleep Beside You (*)/In The Heat Of The Morning (***).
Production: Mike Vernon, (***) produced and arranged by Tony Visconti. Musical Director: (*) Dek Fearnley (**) Ivor Raymonde. Decca DPA 3017/8. Released: May 1975.

BOWIE'S COMPLETE Deram works assembled into a budget-price package that had long been available on import from Europe and the States. However, this time around the original comic-strip cover was shifted to the inner gatefold (losing Henry Edwards' liner note completely), and the front sported a nice up-to-date "Young Americans" pic.

(A) Fame (*) (Bowie-Lennon-Alomar)
(B) Right (**) (Bowie)
Production and mix: (*) David Bowie, Harry Maslin (**) Tony Visconti, Harry Maslin. RCA 2579. Released: August 18 1975.

ONE OF the all-time great Bowie singles, and one of the all-time great dance singles. It was launched with a brilliant conceptual-ad: a wracked-looking Bowie sitting hunched and haunted on a divan with a giant Ziggy poster sneering down at him from the wall.

Still no Ziggy comeback, Bowie it no further than 17 in the UK. Maybe the disappointing domestic sale can be attributed to the fact that the album had already hit number one and that the faithful already had the track, while the rest of the British rock audience were still living the rise rather than the fall of Ziggy Stardust.

(A) Space Oddity (*) (Bowie)
(B) Changes (**) (Bowie)/Velvet Goldmine (**) (Bowie).
Production: (*) Gus Dudgeon (**) Ken Scott assisted by the actor.
Arrangement: (*) David Bowie, Paul Buckmaster. RCA 2593. Released: September 26 1975.

AS PART of RCA's Maximillion three-tracks-for-the-price-of-two re-issue series, they decided to kill the import trade of "Space Oddity" singles by re-packaging the track alongside "Changes" and the previously unissued "Hunky Dory" out-take "Velvet Goldmine", a bouncy, endearing little song. The initial pressing came with a pic sleeve featuring DB in his Thomas Jerome Newton hairstyle and glasses to help along the buzz for the imminent release of *The Man Who Fell To Earth*.

It only took a month to reach No. 1, where it remained for three weeks.

(A) Golden Years (*) (Bowie)
(B) Can You Hear Me (**) (Bowie)
Production: (*) David Bowie, Harry Maslin (**) David Bowie. Arrangement: David Bowie. String Arrangement: Tony Visconti. Mix: David Bowie, Harry Maslin. RCA 2640. Released: November 17, 1975.

NOT ONLY is nostalgia not what it used to be, but neither is the future, which is why Bowie adopts his supper-club mode to croon nostalgically about the present. Over a driving disco lick halfway between a drive and a chug, DB alternates between growl and falsetto and stresses that good ol' negative positivism.

Blue-eyed soulster Robert Palmer was milking the same slicked-back-hair-and-baggy-pants routine for all that it was worth, but Bowie paid at least as much attention to his vinyl as his sleeves, which is why he got away with it where Palmer didn't.

Bowie got pissed to perform the song on *Soul Train* and was rewarded with sizeable R/B chart returns as well as the now mandatory pop hit. "Can You Hear Me", the exquisite soul ballad from "Young Americans", made a highly compatible B-side.

STATION TO STATION
Side One: Station To Station /Golden Years/Word On A Wing.
Side Two: TVC15/Stay/Wild Is The Wind (Tiomkin).
Production: David Bowie, Harry Maslin. Arrangement: David Bowie. Released: January 1976.

BOWIE HAD spent the three months prior to recording this album on location filming *The Man Who Fell To Earth* under the direction of Nicholas Roeg. In this adaptation of Walter Tevis' novel Bowie portrayed Thomas Jerome Newton, a stranded extraterrestrial in search of a new home for his people, whose planet is on the verge of succumbing to entropy. Having used his technological superiority to establish a position of economic power (he builds and almost manages to launch earth's first private-enterprise spacecraft), he becomes a threat to established interests and is eventually kidnapped and finally both seduced and corrupted by earth.

Even Newton's appearance is a mask: he uses contact lenses, a wig, false ears and even artificial genitals (though the latter appear to function more than adequately).

Roeg was determined that Bowie was the man to play Newton after seeing Allen Zentob's *Cracked Actor* TV documentary. He was intrigued by Bowie's fragile intensity, his air of alienation, his manipulation of roles and masks and his almost unearthly appearance. He knew that Bowie was preoccupied with the alien, the outsider, the superman; that he carried the aura of a man equally at home anywhere because he had no home. Everywhere seemed equally familiar to him, he seemed to say, because it was all equally unfamiliar. Bowie had written and sung about "The Man Who Sold The World" and the "Space Oddity". Now Roeg offered him the opportunity to enter the medium that interested him the most (film) with a characterisation that both reflected his perennial themes and challenged him to put his talent where his mouth was — and really become an actor.

The Movie's initial advance publicity gave notice of a Bowie musical score that would eventually become an RCA soundtrack album. But around this time his breakup with Tony deFries had reached litigation point, which could well have had something to do with the disappearance of Bowie's soundtrack from the final released version of the movie (as could the puzzled reaction of the movie's distributors).

Presumably, however, the reason that Bowie flew his band (Carlos Alomar, Earl Slick, George Murray and Dennis Davis) plus Bruce Springsteen's pianist Roy Bittan and the wife from New York to Los Angeles to cut "Station To Station" in ten days of frenzied activity was that he knew that his soundtrack album was doomed.

We have no way of knowing how much of "Station To Station" is derived from material intended for *The Man Who Fell To Earth* (and don't think CSM isn't kicking himself for not quizzing DB on the subject the last time they met). All we know is that "Weeping Wall" (from "Low") is the only soundtrack fragment thus far released.

Nevertheless, "Station To Station" is considered by many Bowiephiles to be an unofficial soundtrack for *The Man Who Fell To Earth*. It was also the first of four Bowie albums to feature either film stills or studio portraits within the Newton persona — but let's not split carefully dyed yellow and orange hairs about it.

Possibly the most unusual element of "Station To Station" was Bowie's deliberate de-emphasis of his own lyrics and vocals. On the title track, for example, he delays his vocal entry until almost a third of the way through the number, thus in one masterstroke drawing on the soul-revue tradition of the instrumental warm-up and reflecting his soon-to-become-apparent interest in instrumental music.

The album opens with the sound of mighty trains chuffing determinedly from speaker to speaker, heavily phased to suggest (or — more correctly — to allude to) the white noise you get from shifting your TV or radio from station to station (not to mention station-to-station as opposed to person-to-person phone calls). The band stagger in and lean heavily against the beat with a sound that combines the claustrophobic garage-band guitar-strangling of "Diamond Dogs", the howling, wrenching lead guitar of "The Man Who Sold The World" and the funk of "Fame".

Bowie makes his vocal entry crooning, *"The return of the thin white duke / throwing darts in lovers' eyes."* When he sings, *"It's not the side effects of the cocaine"*, it only emphasises that Bowie's US stay coincided with his heaviest drug flirtation (he eschewed most drugs while living in Britain and Europe, but fell foul of powdered temptation whilst touring the States).

The "Return Of The Thin White Duke" tag was a reference to a projected autobiography that Bowie commenced writing, but will probably not get around to finishing for quite some time (if at all). The Duke himself was the persona that he took around on tour, and who made all those fatuous and irresponsible pronouncements about fascism that Bowie was later to regret.

The title track is in two sections: the first is the slow grind while the second is a Stonesey groove graced with an epic desperation which achieved an even more astonishing grandeur in live performance. It's this particular track which marks Bowie's graduation from vocalist and songwriter to composer and overseer of organised music. With this album, Bowie mastered sound as well as vision.

"Golden Years" provides decompression while you absorb the title track and get set for the first of the ballads which close each side of the album.

Continues over page

PINUPS DIAMOND DOGS YOUNG AMERICANS DAVID LIVE DAVID LIVE STAT-

BOWIE AS Thin White Duke main pic/by PENNIE SMITH.
As Cracked Actor '74 near right/pic by BOB GRUEN.
As New Age Hero '78 far right/pic by DAVID WARNER ELLIS.

From previous page

along against an uneasily shifting beat and a brassy grating raunch. We meet sharp-toothed scavengers dressed up in the ragged finery of a collapsed culture and out for fun at any price, since they've already paid for it with their own futures.

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In a deep cavernous voice reminiscent of Crazy Arthur Brown, Bowie intones *"My air is amazing, it even smells like a street/there's a bar down at the end where I can meet you and your friends"* before it accelerates into "Candidate" (for which Bowie had been considering drafting in Edgar Broughton to supply the grating, grinding raw-nerve guitar) and returns to the reprise of "Sweet Thing". The side ends with "Rebel Rebel", a brief moment of innocent fun and pleasure amidst the horror.

Donovan, of all people, chose to cover "Rock And Roll With Me", the music for which was composed by Bowie's chum and backup singer Geoff McCormick under his "Warren Peace" pseudonym (who said silly names came in with punk?) Again, the possibility of salvation through love even under the most horrific conditions still remains, and Bowie plays a limpid, elegiac solo that evokes memories of Ronson.

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Half-a-dozen of one and six of the other: both signposts point just one way — NO FUTURE.

Remember '76 and the Punk Festival at the 100 Club? To even the most casual observer, it seemed as if — right there and then — Bowie's vision had come to life.

Any day now — the Year Of The Diamond Dogs!

(A) Diamond Dogs (*) (Bowie)
(B) Holy Holy (**) (Bowie)
Production: (*) David Bowie (for Mainman). (**) David Bowie, Ken Scott (for Mainman). RCA APB0 0293. Released: June 14 1974.

AS A single, the title track from "Diamond Dogs" was something of a non-event. Too long, too bleak in vision, too tough to dance to . . . you know the drill. The B-side, a Spiders revibe of a long-deleted Mercury single (see part one), wasn't enough of an inducement to coax the faithful into buying sufficient copies to chart it convincingly.

(A) Knock On Wood (Floyd-Cropper)
(B) Panic In Detroit (Bowie)
Production: Tony Visconti (for Mainman). RCA 2456. Released: September 13 1974.

BACK IN '67, provincial British bands literally couldn't get work unless they played both "In The Midnight Hour" and "Knock On Wood." Obviously, old habits die hard even though we're pretty sure that DB wouldn't have starved even if he had omitted "Knock On Wood" from his repertoire on the US "Diamond Dogs" tour. Personally, we wish he had, since it sounds stilted and breathless with a decidedly undynamic groove from the band.

Unlike the A-side, the version of "Panic In Detroit" found on the flip was not included on the forthcoming "David Live" double album. We won't cry if you won't.

DAVID LIVE
Side One: 1984/Rebel Rebel/Moonage Daydream/Sweet Thing.
Side Two: Changes/Suffragette City/Aladdin Sane/All The Young Dudes/Cracked Actor.
Side Three: When You Rock 'N' Roll With Me (Bowie-Peace)/Watch That Man/Knock On Wood (Floyd-Cropper)/Diamond Dogs.
Side Four: Big Brother/Width Of A Circle/Jean Genie/Rock 'N' Roll Suicide.
Production: Tony Visconti, RCA APL2-0771. Released: October 1974.

DURING THE "Ziggy Stardust" phase, RCA had recorded several American concerts (including Carnegie Hall on September 28, 1972 and Santa Monica Civic Auditorium on October 10 of the same year) with a view to releasing a live Stardust souvenir. The farewell gig at Hammersmith Odeon was taped and covers designed and proofed, but though Bowie did actually get as far as taking the tapes into a studio to begin mixing, the project was eventually scrapped.

As the bootlegs demonstrate, both the Hammersmith and Santa Monica shows would have required studio surgery and a few judicious overdubs to render them fully presentable as official releases.

Bowie had by no means remained inactive in the year between kissing off Ziggy and performing the gigs which eventually made up this album. He had compiled "Pin Ups", written and recorded "Diamond Dogs". He had also starred in *The 1980 Floor Show*, a showcase edition of *Midnight Special* for NBC-TV in the States. Taped over a three-day period in front of an invited audience (mostly fan club members and press), Bowie previewed some of the "Diamond Dogs" material (including the still unreleased "You Didn't Hear It From Me", which formed part of a "1984" medley), ran through some of his golden oldies, duetted "I Got You Babe" with Marianne Faithfull, who was all togged out in a backless nun's habit for the occasion, and gave his last-ever performance with Mick Ronson ("I took me guitar out of its case, put on me make-up, played, took off me make-up, put the guitar back in the case and went home," was Ronno's answer when asked what he thought of it). The guest artists were The Troggs and flamenco-rockers Carmen, plus Amanda Lear as MC.

For his return to live performance, Bowie assembled the largest and most ambitious band of his career thus far. Led by Michael Kamen (electric piano, synth, oboe), the ensemble comprised Mike Garson (grand piano and mellotron), Herbie Flowers (bass), Tony Newman (drums), David Sanborn (alto saxophone, flute), Richard Grando (baritone saxophone, flute), Earl Slick (guitar), Pablo Rosario (percussion) plus back-up Gui Andriano and Warren Peace.

Bowie's own retrospective comments on this aural documentary are illuminating if not encouraging: " 'David Live' was the final death of Ziggy. God, that album! I've never played it. The tension it must contain must be like a vampire's teeth coming down on you. And that photo on the cover. My God, it looks like I've just stepped out of the grave. That's actually how I felt. That record should have been called 'David Bowie Is Alive And Well And Living Only In Theory'."

The *Cracked Actor* TV documentary filmed on the "Diamond Dogs" tour (renamed, incidentally, the "Philly Dogs" tour for the second leg) bears out these comments. Bowie appears nervous, paranoid, totally alienated; and the gigantic complex of stage props (ranging from massive phalli and skulls to an entire miniature city) seem more like the furnishings of some ghastly mousetrap than anything else.

Both show and album seem strained and joyless, fuelled on expensive artifical energy. Even more so than on "Aladdin Sane", Bowie gives the impression of being in less than total control of his own destiny. In truth, "David Live" has little aesthetic reason to exist as anything other than a bootleg, though commercially speaking it was a very sound move — especially since it was recorded at the very beginning of his tour so that it could be rush-released while he was still on the road.

Happily the impression of escalating artistic and physical decline created by "David Live" was to be conclusively disproved by what was to follow.

(A) Young Americans (*) (Bowie)
(B) Suffragette City (Bowie)
Production: Tony Visconti.
Arrangement: (*) David Bowie. RCA 2523. Released: February 21, 1975.

THREE YEARS earlier, Bowie had mused, "My life does not revolve around my music. My music is my mode of transport," adding: "My Zip code to life is constantly being changed."

In 1975, he could be reached c/o Philadelphia and New York City.

Whatever, Bowie swapped his moonboots for soul slippers and reactivated the interest in Black American music which got him playing in the first place.

If you adhere to the cycinical theory of pop, then Philadelphia — particularly Kenny Gamble and Leon Huff's Sigma Sound studio — was once again the commercial hotbed of soul.

This was a period when other honkies like Hall & Oates and The Bee Gees were getting interested in the disco beat and production style. Bowie was therefore not exactly exploring unchartered terrain, but he was alone in that he was using the style for his own ends and strictly on his own terms, whereas the others were indulging in a bit of creative trendhopping.

Seems that during Bowie's sojourn at the Tower Theatre in Philadelphia, he dropped by Sigma Sound where Michael Kamen was conducting a demo date with Ava Cherry (the leading light of the Astronettes, a vocal act that DB had patronised but never actually gotten around to doing anything practical or positive with). Bowie quickly became enamoured of the studio; whether it was the ambience, the atmosphere, the sound or the receptionist is a mystery. Anyway, he decided there and then to cut his own next album at Sigma.

It was in the course of these sessions that Bowie was to link up with the man who would take over where Mick Ronson left off as his musical director and right-hand man: rhythm guitarist Carlos Alomar (formerly musical director for The Main Ingredient and an ex-James Brown sideman) who is still in the ranks today.

"Young Americans" — the title track of Bowie's next album — exists in two versions. The British single, which clocks in at 5' 01", is identical to the version later released on the album, while the US edition peaks at 3.11 and boasts a far punchier and more solid mix. For jukebox, radio, party and disco purposes, it's far superior to the more familiar cut.

As expected, the single arrived with a whole new set of visuals: a double-breasted burn-freezer jacket, baggy strides, loosely knotted tie and a painfully dishevelled D.A. (Ex-Glitter Band lead singer John Rossall achieved some sort of new world record by ripping off Bowie's new look no more than three weeks after The Man had adopted it himself!). Worn with the requisite telephone acoustic guitar that he'd been sporting throughout the Ziggy phase, the look was once again simultaneously nostalgic and forward-looking.

Against the prominent touchstones of David Sanborn's shrieking alto sax and the Luther Vandross-led back-up chorale, David breathlessly croons his analysis of The Great American Post-Watergate Dilemma.

The groove is urgent and compulsive and Bowie cops the Springsteenism he'd admired Our Bruce since '73) of borrowing a familar rock catch-phrase, directing the back-up singers to chirp "I heard the news today, oh boy" at a crucial moment. However, the kill line comes right at the end, when the music stops and Bowie sobs, "Ain't there one damn song that can make me break down and cry?" After the disappointments, the come back.

The B-side was the "David Live" version of "Suffragette City."

YOUNG AMERICANS
Side One: Young Americans(*)/Win(**)/Fascination (Bowie-Vandross) (*)/Right(.**
Side Two: Somebody Up There Likes Me(**)/Across The Universe(***) (Lennon-McCartney)/Can You Hear Me (***)/Fame(***)
(Bowie-Lennon-Alomar).
Production and mix: (*) Tony Visconti. (**) Tony Visconti, Harry Maslin. (***) David Bowie, Tony Visconti. String arrangements: Tony Visconti. Vocal arrangements: David Bowie, Luther Vandross. RCA RS 1006. Released: March 1975.

THE SIGMA sound sessions were intensely productive. Utilising a basic line-up that included Earl Slick and Carlos Alomar (guitars), Mike Garson (keyboards), Willie Weeks (bass), Andy Newmark (drums), David Sanborn (saxes) and Larry Washington (percussion) plus the voices of Luther Vandross, Ava Cherry and Robin Alomar, he not only cut the six Sigma tracks included in this album, but also a six-minute "John I'm Only Dancing" plus two new songs. "Who Can I Be This Time" and "It's Gonna Be Me", which were scheduled for inclusion right up until the semi-impromptu Electric Lady session with John Lennon.

Overawed by this experience (and who wouldn't be?), Bowie dropped the aforementioned brace of originals in favour of a rather pompous and cringe-inducing Beatles song "Across The Universe", and the sublime "Fame" (the Electric Lady tracks featuring George Murray on bass and Dennis Davis on drums, instead of Weeks and Newmark). Legend also has it that in a fit of mischievous lunacy, Bowie and the Sigma sidemen recorded a slapstick version of the old novelty song "You Can Have Her, I Don't Want Her, She's Too Fat For Me", the tape of which is alleged to have been ceremoniously burned at the end of the session.

Oh yes, we almost forgot. Bowie also taped a couple of Bruce Springsteen numbers (he'd also shortlisted "It's So Hard To Be A Saint In The City" from "Greetings From Asbury Park NJ" for inclusion on "Pin Ups") for this album, which — at various times — was going to be titled "Fascination" and "Somebody Up There Likes Me".

The "Young Americans" strategy was basic Maoism: the revolutionary should move amongst the people as a fish moves through water. Having established himself with the hipper end of the rock public on sheer panache and freak appeal, he now needed to crack the mainstream. From here on in, he began — for the first time in eight years — to sell himself as *all round entertainer*. He duetted with Cher on her top-rated CBS-TV show, appeared on Dinah Shore's chat show alongside Henry Winkler (remember him?) and got down on *Soul Train*, black America's *Top Of The Pops* and normally out of bounds to white acts.

He eschewed live performance in order to reach the masses via television. With Cher he came on straighter-than-straight, duetting "Can You Hear Me" and then slamming into a ludicrous medley using "Young Americans" as a framing device for no less than 12 ill-assorted songs including Neil Diamond's "Song Sung Blue", The Chantells' "Maybe", Buddy Holly's "Maybe Baby", Frankie Laine's "Temptation" and The Coasters' "Young Blood". He came on as British as Terry Thomas and only half as threatening — Ken Pitt would have been proud of him.

At the time of its release "Young Americans" was praised for its integrity and positivism (qualities which Bowie's detractors had found lacking in his work before) even though the music was only intermittently intriguing or exciting. Bowie's brand of funk is — except on "Fame" — chic rather than fatback: he sounds like he's sweating some expensive brand of cologne. It's sophisticated to the point of being soporific.

On "Win", with Sanborn's alto echoplexed and flipping lazily from speaker to speaker like a tropical fish in a floodlit tank, Bowie announces, "I say it's hip to be alive," though his tone does not altogether support his message. On this album, Sanborn took over the Ronson role of being Bowie's principal instrumental foil.

"Fascination" was an adaptation of Luther Vandross' arrangement "Funky Music Is A Part Of Me" and grooves along in a fairly flagrant manner, while "Right" is one smoochy riff that doesn't outstay it's welcome and hinges around the comforting message, "There's never no turning back".

The phrase "Somebody Up There Likes Me" has achieved virtually the status of folklore and memes since the '50s. Its main manifestation was the title of the Rocky Graziano biopic which elevated Paul Newman to stardom (a role originally intended for James Dean, by the way). "Keep your eye on your soul, keep your hand on your heart," growls Bowie, creditably reproducing some of Stevie Wonder's vocal effects.

The album reaches a nadir with the hideously embarrassing version of The Fabs' "Across The Universe" (originally a "Sgt. Pepper" out-take). Lennon must have been completely out of his box to have put Bowie up to this, and DB must have been in even worse shape to have gone along with it. It sounds like a cocaine jape that should have been quietly erased the following morning.

The Big Soul Ballad and the best melody on the album coincide on "Can You Hear Me", where Bowie gets to grips with the genre and displays the same masterly ease with which he tackled hard funk on "Fame". It builds inexorably to a cookin' climax with a stunning acapella coda. Why don't you take it right to your heart — and why didn't Aretha Franklin?

"Fame" is the killer: a grinding riff nicked from James Brown's "Foot-stompin' Music" by Carlos Alomar (JB was well pissed off, because the Average White Band had recently had a massive hit with "Pick Up The Pieces", also based on one of his licks. Go tell it to Chuck Berry, mah man!)

Earl Slick mimicks an incessantly ringing telephone as Lennon and Bowie snarl out taut, angry epigrams on the drawbacks of stardom. Bowie hauls out his varispeed for a stunning three-octave descent before the fade, and the lyrics blow any other songs of disillusionment with stardom all the way back to Martha's Vineyard.

"'Fame'," remarked Bowie in his 1976 *Playboy* interview, "was an incredible bluff that worked . . . I'm really knocked out that people actually dance to my records, but let's be honest, my rhythm and blues are thoroughly plastic. 'Young Americans' is the definitive plastic soul record . . . if you had played it to me five years ago and said this is an R'n'B album, I would have laughed. Hysterically."

Playboy asked him how he would have felt if he'd heard it five years ago and been told that in 1975 it was going to be *his* album. Bowie replied, "I would have thrown you *and* the record out of my house."

(A) London Boys (Bowie)
(B) Love You Till Tuesday (*) (Bowie)
Production: Mike Vernon. Musical Director: (*) Dek Fearnley. Decca F 13579. Released: May 1975.

STILL A great song. Still getting re-issued. Still getting ignored. "London Boys" works best in the context of Decca's "Hard Up Heroes" double-album anthology of the '60s, a very fine product lovingly compiled by the present authors and *(uh, shut up! — Ed)*

IMAGES 1966-67
Side One: Rubber Band/Maid Of Bond Street (*)/Sell Me A Coat (*)/Love You Till Tuesday (**)/There Is A Happy Land (*).
Side Two: The Laughing Gnome/Gospel According To Tony Day(Did You Ever Have A Dream (*)/Uncle Arthur (*)/We Are Hungry Men (*)/When I Live My Dream (*).
Side Three: Join The Gang (*)/Little Bombadier (*)/Come And Buy My Toys (*)/Silly Boy Blue (*)/She's Got Medals (*).
Side Four: Please Mr Gravedigger (*)/London Boys/Karma Man (*)/Let Me Sleep Beside You (*)/In The Heat Of The Morning (***).
Production: Mike Vernon, (***) produced and arranged by Tony Visconti. Musical Director: (*) Dek Fearnley (**) Ivor Raymonde. Decca DPA 3017/8. Released: May 1975.

BOWIE'S COMPLETE Deram works assembled into a budget-price package that had long been available on import from Europe and the States. However, this time around the original comic-strip cover was shifted to the inner gatefold (losing Henry Edwards' liner note completely), and the front sported a nice up-to-date "Young Americans" pic.

(A) Fame (*) (Bowie-Lennon-Alomar)
(B) Right (**) (Bowie)
Production and mix: (*) David Bowie, Harry Maslin (**) Tony Visconti, Harry Maslin. RCA 2579. Released: August 18 1975.

ONE OF the all-time great Bowie singles, and one of the all-time great dance singles. It was launched with a brilliant conceptual-ad: a wracked-looking Bowie sitting hunched and haunted on a divan with a giant Ziggy poster sneering down at him from the wall.

Still the record didn't chart as high as it no further than 17 in the UK. Maybe the disappointing domestic sale can be attributed to the fact that the album had already hit number one and that the faithful already had the track, while the rest of the British rock audience were still living the rise rather than the fall of Ziggy Stardust.

(A) Space Oddity (*) (Bowie)
(B) Changes (**) (Bowie)/Velvet Goldmine (**) (Bowie).
Production: (*) Gus Dudgeon (**) Ken Scott assisted by the actor.
Arrangement: (*) David Bowie, Paul Buckmaster. RCA 2593. Released: September 26 1975.

AS PART of RCA's Maximillion three-tracks-for-the-price-of-two re-issue series, they decided to kill the import trade of "Space Oddity" singles by re-packaging the track alongside "Changes" and the previously unissued "Hunky Dory" out-take "Velvet Goldmine", a bouncy, endearing little song. The initial pressing came with a pic sleeve featuring DB in his Thomas Jerome Newton hairstyle and glasses to help along the buzz for the imminent release of *The Man Who Fell To Earth*.

It only took a month to reach No. 1, where it remained for three weeks.

(A) Golden Years (*) (Bowie)
(B) Can You Hear Me (**) (Bowie)
Production: (*) David Bowie, Harry Maslin (**) David Bowie. Arrangement: David Bowie. String Arrangement: Tony Visconti. Mix: David Bowie, Harry Maslin. RCA 2640. Released: November 17, 1975.

NOT ONLY is nostalgia not what it used to be, but neither is the future, which is why Bowie adopts his supper-club mode to croon nostalgically about the present. Over a driving disco lick halfway between a drive and a chug, DB alternates between growl and falsetto and stresses that good ol' negative positivism.

Blue-eyed soulster Robert Palmer was milking the same slicked-back-hair-and-baggy-pants routine for all that it was worth, but Bowie paid at least as much attention to his vinyl as his sleeves, which is why he got away with it where Palmer didn't.

Bowie got pissed to perform the song on *Soul Train* and was rewarded with sizeable R/B chart returns as well as the now mandatory pop hit. "Can You Hear Me", the exquisite soul ballad from "Young Americans", made a highly compatible B-side.

STATION TO STATION
Side One: Station To Station /Golden Years/Word On A Wing.
Side Two: TVC15/Stay/Wild Is The Wind (Tiomkin).
Production: David Bowie, Harry Maslin. Arrangement: David Bowie. Released: January 1976.

BOWIE HAD spent the three months prior to recording this album on location filming *The Man Who Fell To Earth* under the direction of Nicholas Roeg. In this adaptation of Walter Tevis' novel Bowie portrayed Thomas Jerome Newton, a stranded extraterrestrial in search of a new home for his people, whose planet is on the verge of succumbing to entropy. Having used his technological superiority to establish a position of economic power (he builds and almost manages to launch earth's first private-enterprise spacecraft), he becomes a threat to established interests and is eventually kidnapped and finally both seduced and corrupted by earth.

Even Newton's appearance is a mask: he uses contact lenses, a wig, false ears and even artificial genitals (though the latter appear to function more than adequately).

Roeg was determined that Bowie was the man to play Newton after seeing Allen Zentob's *Cracked Actor* TV documentary. He was intrigued by Bowie's fragile intensity, his air of alienation, his manipulation of roles and masks and his almost unearthly appearance. He knew that Bowie was preoccupied with the alien, the outsider, the superman; that he carried the aura of a man equally at home anywhere because he had no home. Everywhere seemed equally familiar to him, he seemed to say, because it was all equally unfamiliar. Bowie had written and sung about "The Man Who Sold The World" and the "Space Oddity". Now Roeg offered him the opportunity to enter the medium that interested him the most (film) with a characterisation that both reflected his perennial themes and challenged him to put his talent where his mouth was — and really become an actor.

The Movie's initial advance publicity gave notice of a Bowie musical score that would eventually become an RCA soundtrack album. But around this time his breakup with Tony deFries had reached litigation point, which could well have had something to do with the disappearance of Bowie's soundtrack from the final released version of the movie (as could the puzzled reaction of the movie's distributors).

Presumably, however, the reason that Bowie flew his band (Carlos Alomar, Earl Slick, George Murray and Dennis Davis) plus Bruce Springsteen sax-ophonist Roy Bittan and the steadfast Warren Peace all the way from New York to Los Angeles to cut "Station To Station" in ten days of frenzied activity was that he knew that his soundtrack album was doomed.

We have no way of knowing how much of "Station To Station" is derived from material intended for *The Man Who Fell To Earth* (and don't think CSM isn't kicking himself for not quizzing DB on the subject the last time they met). All we know is that "Weeping Wall" (from "Low") is the only soundtrack fragment thus far released.

Nevertheless, "Station To Station" is considered by many Bowiephiles to be an unofficial soundtrack for *The Man Who Fell To Earth*. It was also the first of four Bowie albums to feature either film stills or studio portraits within the Newton persona — but let's not split carefully dyed yellow and orange hairs about it.

Possibly the most unusual element of "Station To Station" was Bowie's deliberate de-emphasis of his own lyrics and vocals. On the title track, for example, he delays his vocal entry until almost a third of the way through the number, thus in one masterstroke drawing on the soul-revue tradition of the instrumental warm-up and reflecting his soon-to-become-apparent interest in instrumental music.

The album opens with the sound of mighty trains chuffing determinedly from speaker to speaker, heavily phased to suggest (or — more correctly — to allude to) the white noise you get from shifting your TV or radio from station to station (not to mention station-to-station as opposed to person-to-person phone calls). The band stagger in and lean heavily against the beat with a sound that combines the claustrophobic garage-band guitar-strangling of "Diamond Dogs", the howling, wrenching lead guitar of "The Man Who Sold The World" and the funk of "Fame".

Bowie makes his vocal entry crooning, *"The return of the thin white duke / throwing darts in lovers' eyes."* When he sings, *"It's not the side effects of the cocaine"*, it only emphasises that Bowie's US stay coincided with his heaviest drug flirtation (he eschewed most drugs while living in Britain and Europe, but fell foul of powdered temptation whilst touring the States).

The "Return Of The Thin White Duke" tag was a reference to a projected autobiography that Bowie commenced writing, but will probably not get around to finishing for quite some time (if at all). The Duke himself was the persona that he took around on tour, and who made all those fatuous and irresponsible pronouncements about fascism that Bowie was later to regret.

The title track is in two sections: the first is the slow grind while the second is a Stonesey groove graced with an epic desperation which achieved an even more astonishing grandeur in live performance. It's this particular track which marks Bowie's graduation from vocalist and songwriter to composer and overseer of organised music. With this album, Bowie mastered sound as well as vision.

"Golden Years" provides decompression while you absorb the title track and get set for the first of the ballads which close each side of the album.

Continues over page

—IONTO STATION WHEROES

From previous page

"Just because I like it don't mean it's good as well" ended DB over a backing track that sounds like a parody of lushness, *"don't have to question everything in heaven or hell."* The vocal is so bombastic that some observers have suggested that he must have been pissed at the time. Bowie has claimed that it's a hymn.

"TVC 15" is the album's most atypical piece. The jangle-piano intro is uncharacteristically relaxed and good.humoured while Bowie's wordless vocal entry happily lifts from the Don & Bob version of "Good Morning Little Schoolgirl" (as transfigured by The Yardbirds in '64: "Pin Ups" rides again). Harry Maslin states (presumably in jest) that the song is about a television set that ate Bowie's girlfriend. No-one else is saying anything at all. Though Bowie's vocal is deft and well enunciated, it's the music that pulls: a highly complex and sophisticatedly witty game. Try playing it over about four times in quick succession following a different instrument each time and check out how skilfully it all dovetails.

All things considered the material from this album worked incredibly well on tour, as immortalised on the "Thin White Duke" bootleg (which also features the *Cher Show* guest spot) and "Stay" was one of the highspots. Alomar's rhythm guitar riff is foolproof and deadly, while for the first time on record Earl Slick reaches the kind of heights that Mick Ronson used to scale so regularly. There's a section in this number which alludes to the chords of "John I'm Only Dancing", which could have been recycled from the discarded Sigma funk version.

"Station To Station" rides out on a ballad of almost Cineramic breadth. Dimitri Tiomkin's title tune from the 1957 Anna Magnani-Anthony Quinn flick *Wild Is The Wind* (which Bowie must've seen on late-show TV) is quite incongruous and once again reveals Bowie's on-going schmaltz fixation. It could have been heard faintly in the background of some of *The Man Who Fell To Earth* sequences as another empty gin bottle hits the floorboards.

Bowie insists that, apart from anything else, he made this album for those of his fans "who accept me as a person who can't make up his mind, which is basically what I am." It was also Bowie's first 'last' rock album. He'd been making periodic denunciations of rock and roll and swearing never to have anything more to do with it, and we're sure he meant every word of it . . . until the next interview or the next song idea.

Trivia: on the original sleeve, that familiar still was in full colour and covered the entire sleeve area. This version was withdrawn at Bowie's insistence because he felt that the blue of the sky looked artificial. Since when has that ever stopped him from doing anything?

Incidentally, in *The Man Who Fell To Earth*, Newton makes an album entitled "The Visitor", which we never get to hear. Was it this one, or was it "Low" . . .or was it the soundtrack album?

(A) TVC 15 (*) (Bowie).
(B) We Are The Dead (**) (Bowie).
Production: (*) David Bowie, Harry Maslin. (**) Bowie (A Mainman Production). Arrangement: (*) David Bowie. RCA 2682. Released: April 30 1976.

THE MOST obvious track to pull as a second single and one to sustain the buzz both for the movie and the tour. On the "Station To Station" tour, Bowie appeared ramrod straight and thin, his hair plastered to his skull in the familiar Newton yellow-and-orange, his face frozen with hauteur as he imperiously stalked the stage in his black pants and waistcoat and white shirt. The music, however, was nothing less than stunning, as was the innovative "curtains of white light" lighting technique.

Incidentally, on some dates of the "Station" tour Bowie was performing "Sister Midnight", which he co-wrote with Iggy Pop and which opened up the excellent "Idiot" album, which Bowie produced and arranged for Pop.

Once again, the perennial question: who was responsible for picking Bowie's B-sides? "We Are The Dead" was lifted from "Diamond Dogs".

CHANGESONEBOWIE
Side One: Space Oddity (*)/John I'm Only Dancing(**)/Changes (***)/Ziggy Stardust (****)/Suffragette City (****)/Jean Genie (*****).
Production: (*) Gus Dudgeon (arranged by David Bowie and Paul Buckmaster) (**) David Bowie (for Mainman) (***) Ken Scott assisted by the actor (for Gem) (****) Ken Scott, David Bowie (for Gem) (*****) David Bowie, Ken Scott (for Mainman) (arranged by David Bowie and Mick Ronson).
Side Two: Diamond Dogs (*)/Rebel Rebel(*)/Young Americans (***)/Fame (Bowie-Lennon-Alomar) (***)/Golden Years (***).
Production: (*) Bowie (for Mainman) (**) Tony Visconti (***) David Bowie, Harry Maslin. Arrangement: David Bowie, RCA RS 1055. Released: May 1976.

A WELL-constructed and sequenced "Greatest Hits" album packaged as a uniform addition with "Station To Station", and whetting the appetite for "Changestwobowie."

(A) Suffragette City (*) (Bowie).
(B) [illegible] (Bowie).
Production: (*) Ken Scott, David Bowie (for Gem). (**) David Bowie, Ken Scott (for Mainman). Released: July 9 1976.

WHAM-BAM-thank-you-ma'am . . . again. Presumably chucked out to help move the "Changesonebowie" compilation, but it seems that whenever DB's between albums, RCA haul out something from the vaults. When can we expect "Across The Universe" as a single?

LOW
Side One: Speed Of Life/Breaking Glass (Bowie-Davis-Murray)/What In The World/Sound And Vision/Always Crashing In The Same Car/Be My Wife/A New Career In A New Town
Side Two: Warszawa (Bowie-Eno)/Art Decade/Weeping Wall/Subterraneans.
Production: David Bowie, Tony Visconti RCA PL 12030. Released: January 1977.

" 'LOW' WAS a reaction to having gone through that peculiar . . . that dull greeny-grey limelight of American rock and roll and its repercussions; pulling myself out of it and getting to Europe and saying *for God's sake re-evaluate why you wanted to get into this in the first place? Do you really do it just to clown around in L.A.? Retire. What you need is to look at yourself a bit more accurately. Find some people you don't understand and some place you don't want to be and just put yourself into it. Force yourself to buy your own groceries . . .*

"And that's exactly what I do. I have an apartment on top of an auto shop . . ." — David Bowie, *NME* November 12th 1977.The world is full of rock stars who manage to get hold of one good idea during their lifetimes and build a career out of chewing that one good idea to death, extending it way past its logical conclusions. David Bowie has a pathological dread not only of simply repeating himself but even of appearing to have squeezed an idea dry. With "Low" he abandoned (a) America (b) The Thin White Duke (c) Soul music (d) masks (e) conventional narrative/expository lyrics and (f) songs.

In their place, he substituted (a) Europe (b) split personality as opposed to multiple personality (c) Eno (d) pale blinds, drawn all day (nothing to read, nothing to say (e) savagely opaque concrete verbals and (f) instrumentals, either motorik or semi-structured.

With "Fame" and "Golden Years" Bowie had hit on a formula which, if exploited in conventional music-biz terms, could have kept him in platinum at least up until the release of "Saturday Night Fever". However, he was profoundly disenchanted with the vacuous Los Angles lifestyle and the effect that it was having on both his personality (a dangerously mutable personality, at that) and his work. He was no less dissatisfied with with the creative habits that he has established. And just as his interest in things American had dragged him away from Britain, he was now being drawn away from America and towards Europe; particularly the unexploited possibilities sketched out by — among others — the German electronic group Kraftwerk.

More to the point, there was the work of his fellow ex-glittersuper-starlet Brian Eno, whose albums "Another Green World" and "No Pussy-footing" (the latter a collaboration with ex-King Crimson guitar virtuoso Robert Fripp) Bowie had found massively illuminating.

New methods, new environments, new colleagues and a new career in a new town. Taking as his subject matter the disintegration of his personality after over-exposure to both the California climate and the psychological ravages of what he had euphemistically described to *Playboy* as "fast drugs", he air-freighted Carlos Alomar and Ricky Gardiner (guitars), George Murray (bass), Dennis Davis (drums), ex-Rebel Rousers piano pumper Roy Young, Eno (and his awesome arsenal of electronic war toys) and producer Tony Visconti first to the Chateau d'Herouville in France (where "Pin-Ups" had been recorded) and then to Hansa Studios in Berlin. Also along for the ride were Tony Visconti's wife Mary (Hopkin), ageing enfant terrible Iggy Pop and cellist Edward Meyer.

Whereas before Bowie had invited the listener to observe the impending breakdown of the social structure, here he showed us scenes from the breakdown of one personality: his own.

The austere sleeve (the only track listing was on a removable sticker plastered on the otherwise blank back) was an elaborate visual pun: a profile shot from *The Man Who Fell To Earth* (the still on which George Underwood's cover painting for Pan's movie tie-in edition of Walter Tevis' novel was based) immediately below the title. Low/profile. Geddit?

It's certainly due neither to coincidence, accident nor crass plug-the-movie oppportunism that Thomas Jerome Newton dominates his second consecutive album cover. Movie and music mesh to the point where one could almost imagine Newton, sprawling, smashed on gin in his luxurious prison, crooning "Sound And Vision" to his gigantic video bank.

"Speed Of Life", which opens the album, is a zomboid instrumental which serves to demonstrate the cold detached feel and eerily artificial textures which dominate the entire album. The rhythm section pumps remorselessly like a gargantuan [illegible] a synthe[illegible]art. [illegible] followed [illegible] a[illegible]ing (c[illegible]e more a[illegible]th[illegible]st instrumental you'll [illegible]) [illegible] Glass" (m, Basher). Lou Reed once sang *"Isn't it nice when your heart is made out of ice"*, but even he never achieved the depths of vicious detachment plumbed as Bowie intones *"You're a wonderful person, but you've got problems . . . I've been breaking glass in your room again."*

On "Low", Bowie's universe has shrunk to the size of one room. He returns again and again to the topic of retreating into one set of walls, and this is the subject matter of the next two songs, "What In The World" and "Sound And Vision", songs which not only describe psychotic withdrawal but actually celebrate it, though this was probably not Bowie's intention when he commenced work on the album.

"It's something that is derived from method and process with absolutely no idea of the consequence and no preconceptions of any kind," Bowie said of "Low" shortly after the release of " 'Heroes'."

Certainly, it would have been a cruel and irresponsible act to have deliberately glamourised psychotic withdrawal, but since the object of the exercise was *not* to know what he was doing, what eventually emerged was a chilly and fragmented picture of what makes people not only enter into but actively cling to this state.

"That initial period of living in Berlin," Bowie remarked, "produced 'Low', which is *isn't it great to be on your own; let's just pull down the blinds and fuck 'em all.* The first side of 'Low' was all about me: 'Always Crashing In The Same Car' and all that self-pitying crap. But side two was more an observation in musical terms: my reaction to seeing the Eastern bloc, how West Berlin survives in the midst of it, which was something I couldn't express in words. Rather it required *textures*, and of all the people I've heard write textures, Brian (Eno)'s textures always appealed to me the most."

It is Eno's textural sensibility that underpins "Warszawa", the first tone poem on the instrumental side. The track is more than half over before Bowie makes his spectacular wordless vocalese entry. At one extreme it is evocative of a Moslem call to prayer: at the other it summons a deranged Gregorian chant. The spectre it raises is that of the Warsaw Jews' last stand against the Nazis.

On "Art Decade", Bowie and Eno demonstrate that the fog on the Berlin Wall is theirs, all theirs. It gives the impression of a hand-held camera silently panning the length and breadth of a heavily fortified no-mans-land.

As previously stated, "Weeping Wall" is a bona fide extract from the lost soundtrack of *The Man Who Fell To Earth*. Bowie operates pianos, quitar, synth strings, vibraphones, xylophones and ARP, humming all the while. The piece is based on a motif adopted from the first eight notes of "Scarborough Fair".

The closer, "Subterraneans", features a brilliantly shocking device: Bowie sings the closing section in an invented language. In other words, what he is singing sounds sufficiently like words to make the listener struggle to decipher their meaning, but the only meaning to be found therein is the meaning that you yourself bring to it. While you strain your ears to work out what you are listening to, you discover what you are listening *for*.

"Low" is an experimental album in the truest sense of the term: Bowie only discovered what he was doing after he'd actually done it. The lessons learned and techniques developed here were to come to a fine fruition on his next brace of projects: Iggy Pop's "The Idiot" (produced, arranged and composed by Bowie) and his own follow-up, the triumphal " 'Heroes'."

Trivia note: "Low" was originally entitled "New Music Night And Day." We think maybe Mr Bowie had had enough . . .

(A) Sound And Vision (Bowie)
(B) A New Career In A New Town (Bowie)
Production: David Bowie, Tony Visconti Arrangement: David Bowie RCA PB 0905. Released: February 11, 1977

THE BLITHE numbness of this jolly little hymn to the joys of retreat (complete with Mary Hopkin Visconti's "doo doo doo" bit) made it an instant disco hit, and its progress was certainly not hindered by BBC1's decision to use it as background music for its forthcoming attractions trailers. Bowie would probably have been highly amused by the song's ludicrous (in)appropriateness for use in such a context.

The B-side was another extract from "Low". Well, RCA had run out of tracks from "Hunky Dory" . . .

(A) Be My Wife (Bowie)
(B) Speed Of Life (Bowie)
Production: David Bowie, Tony Visconti Arrangement: David Bowie RCA PB 1017 Released: June 17, 1977

"BE MY WIFE" is a plea for love and affection made all the more poignant by its hopelessness. It failed, however, to equal the commercial success of "Sound And Vision", which was something of a shame.

Incidentally, if you've got a minute, check out the riff of "Speed Of Life" with the Stones' "Brown Sugar".

(A) "H[illegible] (Bowie)
(B) V-2 [illegible]r [illegible]owie)
[illegible]duction: David Bowie, Tony Visconti. RCA PB 1121. Released: September 23, 1977.

A COLLECTOR'S wet dream if we ever did see one. The single version of " 'Heroes' comes in various sizes, lengths and languages. Eyes down.

As a standard 7" single, the 3.32 edition is available in English, French and German (RCA PB 1121, PB 9167 and PB 9168 respectively). The song is very effective in German, but considerably less so in French, probably due to the fact that DB's French is poorly accented and lacks the fluency of his German.

The full-length album version (6.07) is available as a Spanish import 12" disco cut (RCA PC 1121). The same version (backed with the standard 45 edit) was made available to radio stations only as a promotional item in the States. On the German version of the album (RCA PL 42372) Bowie sings the first half of the song in English and the second in German.

Though " 'Heroes' " is undoubtedly a killer single and the one song that Bryan Ferry would have hocked his last bottle of Yves St. Laurent cologne to have written or even covered, it can be discussed more profitably within the context of the album of the same name . . coming right up after this message.

"Heroes"
Side One: Beauty And The Beast / Joe The Lion / "Heroes" (Bowie-Eno) / Sons Of The Silent Age / Blackout
Side Two: V-2 Schneider / Sense Of Doubt / Moss Garden (Bowie-Eno) / Neukolhn (Bowie-Eno) / The Secret Life Of Arabia (Bowie-Eno-Alomar)
Production: David Bowie, Tony Visconti. RCA PL 12522. Released: October 1977

ONLY ONCE before had a record company devised a more appropriate promotional slogan than the one that some unsung RCA copywriter coined for the " 'Heroes' " campaign. The one we're thinking of was the CBS "No One Sings Dylan Like Dylan" line of the mid-'60s. The RCA slogan was "There's Old Wave, There's New Wave And There's David Bowie."

Most fittingly, this slogan was unleashed for " 'Heroes' ", the most satisfying Bowie venture in years, and one notable both for its energy and positivism and for its inspired application of the musical and technological ideas generated on "Low" and stunningly refined in Bowie's production of Iggy Pop's "The Idiot".

For " 'Heroes' ", Bowie returned to Hansa Studios in Berlin with a compact but powerful team: Alomar, Murray and Davis plus Eno and — this time — Robert Fripp on lead guitar. Tony Visconti remained alongside Bowie himself in the control room.

" 'Heroes' " fights back and wins against the state of complacent defeat in which "Low" was content to wallow. For the songs on the first side, Bowie rediscovers the art of lyric-writing, having ignored how to eschew the tendencies in his own work that had begun to bore, frustrate and depress him after "Station To Station". In fact, " 'Heroes' " was the first Bowie album since "Aladdin Sane" — four and a half years earlier — to include a lyric sheet.

Opening with a sulphurous burst of electronic energy, ominous rumblings and a rising growl that suggest that Bowie is about to turn into The Incredible Hulk before your very eyes, "Beauty And The Beast" settles down into a nuclear-powered groove framing a vocal performance of remarkable power and directness. The epitome of *modern* rock and roll, "Beauty And The Beast" is full of the rock drama that Bowie has so often publicly renounced but is plainly unable to leave alone. Of course you can't say no to the beauty and the beast, Bowie implies, because they're the winning team — especially when they're one person. This was the follow-up single to the smash hit title track, but its jarring, threatening edge (and it was one of the most menacing singles of a menacing year) obviously put off a great many of the floating singles buyers who'd fallen for the intoxicating romanticisim of its immediate predecessor.

"Joe The Lion" is a bar room epic, lurching and fragmented, yet never letting up. The theme of the desperate struggle against the "Get up and sleep" mentality and survival through stupour builds up to a gripping intensity, peaking with Bowie singing, *"you will be like your dreeeeaaaaaaams tonight"* with as much passion and commitment as he's ever sung anything. After the hollow romanticism of "Station To Station" and the numbed alienation of "Low", it was incredibly heartening to hear him come through with that.

" 'Heroes' " itself follows: the quotation marks around the title providing an element of compassionate irony to what is essentially the purest love song that he'd written since the "Young Americans" album. The tale of the two young lovers who used to meet every day right by the Berlin Wall and live their love at gunpoint is beautifully set into a simple two-chord change with a beautiful modal line played by Fripp. We've [illegible] the kids [illegible] we [illegible] still [illegible] and doing all [illegible]. The Sons "The Silent Age" tak[illegible] the macabre scenario of "The Supermen" (from "The Man Who Sold The World") from the distant past or distant future of its original incarnation straight into the modern world (though we always understood "The Silent Age" to mean the era before the talkies). Shorn of its Lovecraftian implications, the characters Bowie described sound uncomfortably as if they're going through what Bowie described from a first-person point of view in "Low": *"pacing their rooms just like a cell's dimensions . . . don't walk they just drift in and out of life / never die just go to sleep one day . . ."*

The side ends on a note of turmoil with "Blackout", a song ostensibly based on the great blackout in New York last year but with overtones of Bowie's personal blackout in Berlin (where he collapsed and was rushed to hospital). Alternating between loud desperation (*"Get me to a doctor's . . . get me off the streets, get me on my feet, get me some protection"*) and a slight return to the numbness of "Low": *"If you don't stay tonight / I will take that plane tonight/I've nothing to lose and nothing to gain"*, (Bowie paints a surreal and disturbing picture of total panic. The *"kiss you in the rain"* sequence seems to allude to "Lullaby Letter" from the Soft Machine's first album, but that's pure conjecture despite what seems like a deliberate echo of Robert Wyatt's vocal phrasing.

The instrumental side begins with "V-2 Schneider", a light-hearted tribute to Kraftwerk's Florian Schneider, with Bowie's saxophone over dub taking considerable chances with the beat: off it/on it/around it. That's followed by "Sense Of Doubt", one of the most totally foreboding pieces of music it's ever been our misfortune to hear: it makes you feel that you've just committed some hideous error, the consequences of which will be completely horrible and unavoidable even if you *could* possibly realise exactly what it is that you've done. It's precisely what the title suggests. Will writing this get us into trouble? Uh-oh . .

"Moss Garden" rolls nicely with Bowie whacking away on his koto (a Japanese stringed instrument that sounds like a banjo half asleep) and "Neukolhn" is a mood piece: the Cold War viewed through a bubble of blood or Harry Lime's last thoughts as he dies in the sewer in *The Third Man*. Bowie's saxophone sounds like it's being throttled. Neukolhn; incidentally, is the Turkish immigrant area of Berlin where Bowie himself lived for a period.

"The Secret Life Of Arabia" is seeing *The Sheik* on acid and laughing quietly to yourself. Bowie's vocal is genuinely humourous.

What Bowie's next studio album will bring is — as ever — a matter for all manner of speculation. At present. he's tied up in legal wranglings with RCA, since he maintains that the forthcoming double live album "Stage" (RCA PL 02913) will be his last album for them before he moves to Warners, whereas they in turn claim that he owes them one more. It would therefore seem that whatever it is it'll be quite some time before we get to hear it. We are therefore not prepared to indulge in any public guesswork. After all, if we could suss what David Bowie was gonna do next, we'd be doing it ourselves.

In fact, if we could outguess David Bowie, we'd *be* David Bowie.

(A) Beauty And The Beast (Bowie)
(B) Sense Of Doubt (Bowie)
Production: David Bowie, Tony Visconti. RCA PB 1190. Released: January 6 1978.

AN EXTENDED 5.18 12" US promo-only pressing of "Beauty And The Beast" was circulated around American radio stations and key disco locations. Backed with "Fame", it appeared in a sleeve identical to that of the " 'Heroes' " Album cover, differing only in its substitution of an identifying sticker instead of the album sleeve's lettering.

The single as released in Europe and the States had "Sense Of Doubt" as a B-side, which must have been a lot of fun on pub juke-boxes.

DAVID BOWIE WITH EUGENE NORMANDY AND THE PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA
PETER AND THE WOLF
Sive one: David Bowie narrates Prokofiev's Peter And The Wolf (Op 67)
Side Two: Benjamin Britten's Young Person's Guide To The Orchestra
Production: Jay David Saks. RCA RL 12743. Released: May 1978

THE MOST RECENT Bowie project to appear to date, and probably the most unexpected: a straightforward and charming performance of the narration to Prokofiev's immortal orchestral work for children recorded for his son Zowie and for Zowie's contemporaries everywhere. Unremittingly delightful, and sure to supplant past performances by Danny Kaye, Peter Ustinov *et al* in the affections of primary-school teachers and their pupils.

NEXT WEEK: The third and final part of NME's Bowie Consumer's Guide as Carr & Murray dredge up all the discs DB produced and wrote for other people. DON'T MISS IT.

The authors wish to stress that they are unable to enter into correspondence on the availability and value of records.

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ALBUMS

DEBBIE HARRY: "Gee, I'm right out of pure pop peroxide this album . . ." *Pic by PENNIE SMITH*

WOOPS — BLONDIE SHOWS ROOTS

BLONDIE
Parallel Lines (Chrysalis)

EVERYTHING SEEMED hunky dory when the first Blondie album hit home with it mating of '60s girlie group innocence and a more worldly, sardonic even '70s pitch. After all, these two disparate forces were harnessed with a fine grasp of what amounts to good, commercial pop / rock. There were sterling melodic structures, a plethora of graceful but tenacious hooks that simply wouldn't let go and the proverbial ace up the sleeve in large helpings of irresistibly sexy wit.

After this sturdy start, the critical flak began, primarily with Julie Burchill's negative appraisal of the second Blondie album. Ms. Burchill lambasted "Plastic Letters", blaming various members of the band's instrumental egocentricity for the pablum on display. Mind you, innumerable other interested parties thought differently, hoisting as they did the record high into the charts throughout Europe and floating the successful single revamp of Randy & The Rainbows' "Denis" to similar heights.

In retrospect, "Letters" was a commercial affair, fit to burst with winning songs and a cohesive fire that bound the band's assorted abilities firmly together, whilst Debbie Harry's delectable, facile but nonetheless more than adequate vocalese provided the cream on the cake.

Ms. Harry had never sung as well as she's looked — though to pinpoint her vocal deficiences is somewhat unfair when one might also remark that Chris Stein's guitar playing is itself at best merely adequate — but on "Letters" the Blondie whole became much greater than the sum of its parts. Indeed, that second album still stands as the band's best effort so far — and then some.

"Parallel Lines", you see, appears hamstrung by the insurmountable problems of being rushed, of lacking any tangible raison d'etre and of ultimately sounding inconsequential. Not so much bad as unnecessary.

No single song here leaps out at the listener in the way of the cocky "X-Offender" and "Kung Fu Girls" or the sumptuous "In The Flesh", all from the first album. Neither is there anything as stirring and uplifting as "Presence, Dear" or "Fan Mail", as irrepressible as "Love On The Pier", as experimental and audaciously sinister as "Cautious Lip". . .

The first single from "Parallel Lines" should have been the writing on the wall. Though apparently not the band's first choice, it's still easy to see why "Picture This" was chosen as the most commercial extract from the collection — simply because it seizes the attention immediately, although repeated listenings show the track to be nothing of note (indeed, it could have cropped up on either of the first two records without so much as raising an eyebrow).

Which is more than can be said for much of the rest of the album. Tracks like "Pretty Baby", "11.59", "Will Anything Happen" and "Sunday Girl" are little more than further versions of exactly the same formulae that provided the first two albums' achetypes — only this time the effervescence curdles into mere listlessness. Even the excellently titled "Heart Of Glass" (take a bow, Werner Herzog) is pure throwaway pop pap that stretches Debbie Harry's oopy-doo sexuality a tad too far for comfort. In other words, it's silly.

As with "Letters", band democracy reigns supreme; everyone except drummer Clem Burke — who plays superbly throughout, by the way — contributes songs.

Frank Infante provides "I Know But I Don't Know", which begins by sounding like The Tubes in full techno-flash flight before rocking out in top-heavy form, a morsel of pogo-worthy fodder better left to The Ramones. New bassist Nigel Harrison offers Ms. Harry a chance to sing in a pleasingly feisty manner as she asserts herself over another inconsequential set of chord changes. That said, "One Way Or Another" is one of few songs in which Harry proves she can sing with more variety than we've been led to believe. And that in turn is one of the few positive criticisms one can make of this lacklustre affair. There would seem to be two problems responsible for this unbecoming offering. First, the band appear to be being bled dry by record company demands for more 'product'; the whole album appears to have been constructed very hurriedly. Secondly, the production by the overrated Mike Chapman of dread Chinnichap fame appears to have locked a creative stranglehold on Blondie, mainly through its fanatical commercialism.

Everything here sounds so clean. Even when Blondie attempt something a little different, as on the ethereal "Fade Away And Radiate" with its guitar part from Robert Fripp, Chapman segues the sound into an unholy limbo that makes it obvious the man is incapable of tackling anything outside his cripplingly confined circumference of sound comprehension.

Shame, shame. After all, there's no way you can reasonably write off a band who proudly quote the Strawberry Alarm Clock. Is there?

Nick Kent

WIRE: "We may not be magnificient, but we sure are moody." *Pic by PENNIE SMITH*

WIRE TURKEY?

WIRE
Chairs Missing (Harvest)

AS EARLY as halfway through the opening song, the heavily echoed, terraced oooh-aaahs give the first clear sign of an unhappy attack of the Pink Floyds — Wire have 'progressed'.

Which means, ultimately, that artifice has replaced art and the immense promise of the debut "Pink Flag" LP remains, temporarily, unfulfilled.

Whereas "Pink Flag", astonishingly for a first album, assumed the dimensions of a genuinely bruising experience through its brutally manipulative 21 songs, there is little tangible hostility or distress in "Chairs Missing". Instead, it is fraught with fraud fears and a debilitating preoccupation with stylistic device; Wire require synthesisers like Liverpool need a replacement for Kevin Keegan.

"Mercy" is indicative of the lapse. As the archetypal chugging, descending bass line and ever-ascendant crashing guitars clash with the studiedly psychopathic lyrics (of which Ingmar Bergman would be proud — *"The windows dark green tinted/The hearse a taxi instead"*), you're forced to the conclusion that this is indeed *heavy*, man. And the midnight mercy nurse turns out to be a transvestite, too.

This kind of 'deep' opacity is rife throughout, but it's especially damaging on "Mercy" (at 5.46, by far the longest of 15 tracks), which comes across like a sad parody of taut dramas like "Reuters". The pity of it is that Wire can still cut you to the quick, musically.

The bass line copped from Bruce Welch (really) and the punishing, pneumatic stiff-riff of "Practice Makes Perfect" makes for rivetting listening, as does the tarted-up Beefheart lick on "Men 2nd". But the words — *"Hysterical, no humour"* — stand as their own indictment; Wire tend to be about as amusing as a roomful of Mormons.

***"An unwilling sailor adrift from Arctic waters"* ("Marooned") could be more usefully rephrased "A pretentious lyricist in league with Roger Waters", as Wire tentatively discover *melody* through the magic of mellotrons. Even the excellent "Being Sucked In Again" — ugly, vicious, hard as a British Rail pork pie — is tainted by an unhealthily doom-laden arty-spacecrafty intro.**

This "Saucerful Of Secrets" effect is more pronounced on "French Film (Blurred)" (titles as vacuous as the sub-Magritte cover), which is too blurred by half, the distant keyboards and distorted guitars disappearing up their own miasma.

Side two is better. "Outdoor Miner" is near as dammit pretty (though it's about silverfish) and the underrated "I Am The Fly" — featuring the best syncopated handclaps since "Not Fade Away" — draws the listener ineluctably as surely as the lyrics vaguely repel.

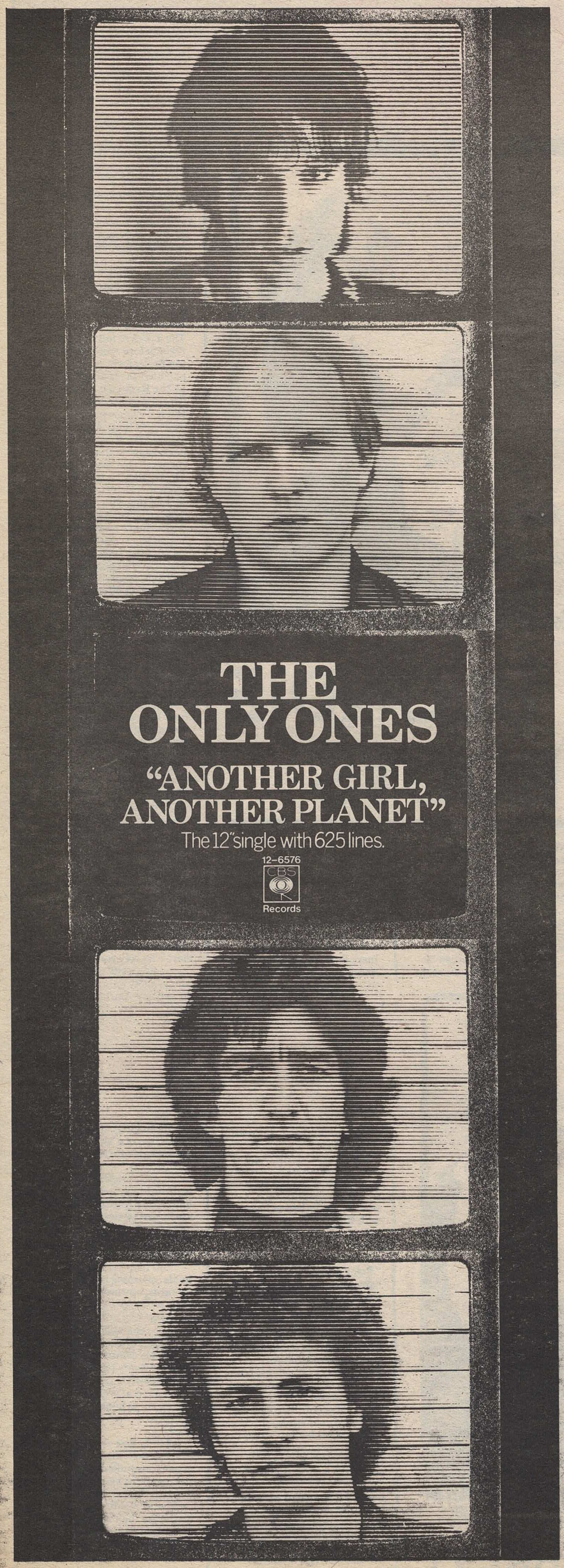
Colin Newman's voice, always an integral part of the whole, never a 'showpiece', is particularly effective on "From The Nursery" — where kiddy bleats and savage guitars mesh in disturbingly incongruous unison on a horrible tale of kindergarten violence — and "Used To", a weirdly attractive ditty in the engaging off-hand Kevin Hairs vein.

"Too Late" is a fitting finale, churning relentlessly onwards, upwards, too late. *"She pisses icy water on poetic mornings/Got to be cruel to be kind"* — you said it, lads. Or did they? I didn't hear them. I heard Ray Manzarek on frenzied Sooty organ, Avalon Ballroom-style circa 1967.

***"Is this real life?"* Have Wire driven me as bonkers as their characters? And where's "Dot Dash"?**

At their best — approached only sporadically here — they convey controlled derangement better than most anyone. But when the weedy spectre of Syd Barrett looms large over their work, Wire become hopelessly entangled in precious bathos.

Monty Smith



Alright, Edmands — where'd you like to be buried? *Pic: PAUL COX*

WILKO OR WON'T HE?

SOLID SENDERS
Solid Senders (Virgin)

THIS IS it. With the very first Solid Senders album, you get a definitive set of Wilko Johnson performances: a version of "Walking On The Edge" that's pure adrenalin; a rendition of "Paradise" that's performed so furiously it almost lives up to its name; a moody, atmospheric reading of B.B. King's "Rock Me Baby" and a classic interpretation of Dylan's "Highway 61".

Yes, it's all there. The highlights of the Solid Senders' stage act, punched out with all the relentless, manic drive that Wilko is famous for. There is just one snag. These songs all appear on the free live album given away with the first 15,000 copies of the Solid Senders' first studio album.

So, if you're not among the first 15,000, you should think twice about an investment. Because the sad truth is that the studio set simply does not cut it alone. (Come to that, the live album only lasts for less than 15 minutes per side, so they're not giving too much away).

There are a number of problems with the studio sides. One is that the band appear to have been inhibited by being confined away from the stage, which is their natural setting. As a result, they sound uncharacteristically ennervated. Maybe it's down to the choice of songs. The opening cut "Blazing Fountains" is horrendously misnamed. It staggers under the weight of an overladen lyric that forces Wilko to gabble.

Lee Brilleaux, supported by his new producer or even Nick Lowe, could have carried it. Wilko, alas, sounds like the veteran film actor James Stewart doing one of his stuttering routines. Much the same is true of another promisingly titled cut, "Everybody's Carrying A Gun". Too much vocal with, too little aggressive rhythm guitar. Strangely enough, there's a marked absence of tough guitar sounds throughout the studio set. "Dr Dupree" is the nearest we get to live Wilko, and that's already available on the single.

Paradoxically, the album's strongest song is a J.J. Cale pastiche "First Thing In The Morning", written and performed by the drummer Alan Platt? (On my review copy, this song turned up again in place of "Shop Around", but Virgin say this was a pressing error that'll be corrected by the time the album reaches the shop).

A couple of John Potter's Jerry Lee reruns are quite fun, but nothing to get too excited about. The question is: where does Wilko go from here? A couple of studio albums would have served as a nice run-up to a classic live set, but they're already giving that away this time out.

Perhaps he should ask the Feelgoods if they'd like a second guitarist. Their new single is so ominously good.

Bob Edmands

COMMANDER CODY
Flying Dreams (Arista)

HIS SECOND solo, and a disappointingly lacklustre affair.

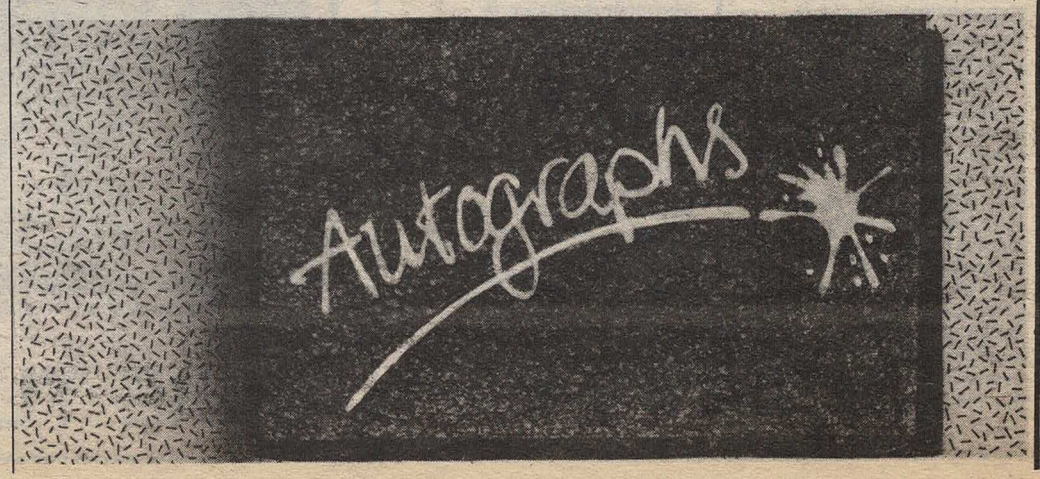
Mr. Frayne's own songs have a certain slick wit ("Vampira", "Talent Night At The Nashville Inn"), but only "Thank You Lone Ranger" is genuinely funny. And though his choice of cover material is sound — The Beatles' "Cry Baby Cry", The Band's "Life Is A Carnival" and even a Joe Tex number — his versions never approach the quality of the originals.

The main trouble is his feeble voice, which doesn't have either the range or the depth to really take charge of the songs. The music, too, is dismally inadequate — deodorised country rock with one eye on cabaret.

I think some of his work with the Lost Planet Airmen was pretty hot stuff, but this is totally unexceptional. Vaguely pleasant, vaguely conceptual (the sad discrepancy between real life and the dreams engendered by popular culture, blah blah), but mostly it's just vague, with hardly a whisper of good old sweaty boogie.

I mean, who needs a watered-down, bland-out Kinky Friedman impersonator?

Graham Lock



THE WALKER BROTHERS
Nite Flights (GTO)

SCOTT WALKER — welcome to the 1970's!

Scott Engel has written himself just four songs in eight years. They open this album; the rest is given over to offerings by Brothers Gary Leeds and John Maus, both of whose output — be it merely amiable or extremely banal disco-rock — is instantly disposable.

Engel has always had similar interests to David Bowie; his European consciousness and Jacques Brel obsession both predated Bowie's by several years. If there is any influence at play here, it is latterday Bowie / Iggy. Maybe Bowie should produce Engel's next album . . .

This album, however, was produced by Pacific Eardrum's Dave Macrae, whose keyboard interjections add an eerie, Bowie-like element of repetition into both the muscular "Fat Mama Kick" and the delicate "Nite Flights". Meanwhile "Shutout", the opener, harks back slightly to "Jackie", propelled as it is by a taut, subtle band rather than an orchestra. Scott sings it languidly, so-o-o-o casually.

These three tracks are completely unexpected, not so much because they're innately strange, but because they're entirely untainted by MOR, hip or otherwise: this is front line 1978 rock and roll.

The single, "The Electrician", is positively weird. Dead slow, it appears to be a death fantasy. It sets an absurdly ornate orchestration against a ponderous vocal section to inspired effect, its aura evoking that half-waking / semi-consciousness when the body's energies ebb and nightmare holds sway.

The other three of Engel's songs are if anything, less explicit, though all conjure up a similar feeling: night time, unreality, nightmare . . . *"Something attacked the earth last night / there were faces bobbing in the heat/in the shut out / how will we know the great doll?"* ("Shutout") . . . *"Armed angels walk the city lights / wait inside their master corpses / peeled raw, betrayed"* ("Fat Mama Kick") . . . In 1969 Scott Walker was writing about Russian dissidents, old men, wartime and loneliness. Now his stated concern is "the dark on dark, the inner circle that you pray you don't get thrown into every day. That's what I want to write about, because ultimately that's what we should *all* write about."

For an album, "Nite Flights" makes a brilliant EP.

Phil McNeill

JOHN FAHEY
Requia/The Yellow Princess (Vanguard)

REMARCH/REMARVEL. This is a repackaging of two late '60s albums by guitarist John Fahey; it makes so much sense and so much nonsense of a multitude of today's 'radical' new ideas.

Perversely, "Requia" comes first. It's a collection of hymns, allegories and requia, ranging from the stark and stable to the ahead-of-its-time "Knott's Berry Farm Molly", one of the strangest and saddest pieces of music you'll ever hear. Patchy, malevolent and spiritual — but what exactly is it? Uncertain dub music? Antique? All acoustic, but electric.

"The Yellow Princess" is more alkaline. It's a parallel, tightly arranged and recorded, a tag match between the aggression and syncopation of country blues and the delicacy and planning of contemporary Western classical — can you imagine Mississippi John Hurt versus Erik Satie?

Lots of roots here. Simple complexity is always the most compelling.

. . . And stop waiting for a guitar hero!!!

Ian Penman

ASHLEY HUTCHINGS
Kickin' Up the Sawdust (Harvest)

THE OVERDUE and long awaited 'solo' album from Ashley Hutchings.

As one would expect from a man who was one of the founder members of Fairport Convention, Steeleye Span and The Albion Band, it's a tastefully executed, immaculately produced and delightfully stylish album, if a little lacking in excitement.

Augmented by erstwhile members of the Albions, among others, Hutchings proceeds through a series of traditional dance tunes (even the steps are included on the sleeve) recorded at the rural Sawmills Studio in Cornwall. Hutchings could never be accused of being boring. There's been a consistency of excellence about his playing on virtually every album he's lent his name to; his bass playing has been, and is, exemplary, acting as a fulcrum for *les toutes ensembles*, and it's typical of the man's reticence that he's taken his customary back seat.

As it is, though, "Kickin' Up the Sawdust" is a must for any followers of the Albions and, for anyone who's followed Ashley Hutchings' versatile career over the years, it's indispensable.

Patrick Humphries

CLIFF BENNETT AND THE REBEL ROUSERS
The Best of (EMI)

DANNY WILD AND THE WILDCATS
Wild In The Country (Raw Records)

EMI HAVE wisely refrained from calling their CB&TRR compilation a "Greatest Hits" album, 'cos the lads only had two — "One Way Love" in 1964 and The Beatles' "Got To Get You Into My Life" in 1966 — but even "The Best Of" is stretching it a bit.

Why? Because included in this twenty-track selection, we get thoroughly redundant versions of "C.C. Rider", "Beautiful Dreamer" (yeah, *the* "B.D.") and Robert Parker's mediocre "Barefootin' ". Plus four 'bonus' tracks from 1961-2, produced by Joe Meek and featuring Cliff on Elvis impersonations. You could call them curious, but dreadful would be a more accurate epithet.

The rest though is not bad, given that the group never made it out of the second division of British '60s R&B based groups. With Cliff finally singing in his own voice, and the band cruising along on two saxes and Roy Young's funky keyboards, it's pleasantly listenable and not too obviously dated.

Which cannot be said of "Wild In The Country". Cliff's four tracks of imitation Elvis were awful enough, but Danny Wild and the Wildcats do an entire album of the same, and it's excrutiating. Mr. Wild repeats every vocal mannerism of the Big El ad nauseam, and claims to have written all the songs, which sound *remarkably* like a lot of well-known '50s rockabilly songs cut up and reshuffled ever so slightly. Hmmm.

The band do a good enough job at recreating the early Sun sound to suggest they deserve better than this sorry exercise in musical necrophilia.

'Course, I could be wrong. This might be an album of *good* Shakin' Stevens imitations.

Graham Lock

PETER HAMMILL
The Future Now
(Charisma)

ONCE AGAIN Van Der Graaf (Generator) have ceased trading, and once again the task of appeasing the insatiable appetites if the band's following falls on the scrawny shoulders of Peter Hammill.

Hammill however seems reluctant to fly the flag. *"Oh sure,"* he admits ruefully in "Energy Vampires", *"I long ago decided to make myself an exponent of public possession in the private obsession zone".*

Indeed you did, Peter — but has it, I wonder, ever occurred to you that it's precisely the element of emotional extremism in your work that encourages surprising numbers of your audiences to barrack you so mercilessly backstage, presumably in the hope of your somehow absolving them fron their 'problems' by proxy?

Hammill may never have baulked at figuratively bleeding himself white as he offers up head, heart and soul for close inspection, but he seems either unable or unwilling to accept the obvious responsibilities such breast-beating entails.

My own view of his output veers between fascination with grudging admiration for the man's dogged attempts to expurgate himself or to achieve some sort of emotional catharsis through songwriting and repulsion at his apparent abuse of artistic privilage (has anyone the right to be so excruciating and embarassingly honest about private lives in public?).

Nevertheless, side one of "The Future Now", all of which — save for occasional and expert aid from violinist Graham Smith and saxist Dave Jackson — is Hammill's own work, is distinctly generalised by his standards.

Accompanying himself on guitars, keyboards, percussion and drum machines, Hammill chews over some old, old cuds.

"Pushing Thirty" is about incipient middle-age, the music biz, and, by implication, Hammill's rocker alter ego Ricky Nadir, "The Second Hand" about Time and it's ungrateful passing, "Trappings" about Success and its unfortunate accoutrements, "The Mousetrap" about the Agatha Christie play of the same name, the song being seen through the eyes of an actor who's been playing the one part for so long he's not quite sure who or why he is himself (just like Hammill, see).

All staple stuff, and only "If I Could", an ethereally sad love song, shares any particular and personal focus with "Energy Vampires". Side two, meanwhile, carries another sextet of songs, but with another bias altogether.

As Hammill croaks in the lugibrious title track: *"Oh, blind, blinded, blinding hatred of race, sex, religion, colour, country and creed, these scream from the pages of everything I read."*

Hammill has no prognoses — only diagnoses. "Still In The Dark" pours justifiable scorn in our foolish faith in Science (when, you wonder, will it be widely admitted that Technology is not the Wonder Cure it's cracked up to be, but just as much the work of man as anything else, therefore prone to just the same feelings?)

"Mediaevil" (sic) turns on the Church. Hammill evidently still regards his Jesuit education as another cross to be carried: *"And those who are strange are still locked away in asylums and a sterile Pope proscribes the Pill".* The song scores a remarkable *coup de theatre* through Hammill setting his own lead voice against a soaring descant of choral siblings to pleasingly heretical and unsettling effect.

In turn "Motorbike In Afrika" uses drum machines to rev up an apocalyptic cacophony as Hammill rails against apartheid. Next up, "The Cut" wheels closer to home, cleverly mixing metaphors around the word 'deck' (as in deck of cards and hi-fi deck) and musing appropriately about rock as opiate of the people (yes, yes, yes).

Eventually a dissonant and dislocated bridge of random electronics segues into "Palinurus", he being the helmsman to the wandering Aeneas, the Roman Odysseus: "I've got no answers either, I've got some stories on lucky days . . . the sea-lanes are crowded with people like us: Castaways" . . .

Hammill may merely be stating the obvious, but at least does so here with considerable vehemence and conviction. It's also refreshing to see him change his tack from intransigent self-observation to incisive. if unrelentingly glum, world-exploration. Furthermore, it could be argued that Hammill's own doubts and inadequacies mirror more general uncertainties with some frightening efficacy.

Which is why you might as well consider this particular future. Now.

Angus Mackinnon

MICK FARREN
Vampires Stole My Lunch Money (Logo)

I'M GRATEFUL to The (Social) Deviants for introducing Captain Beefheart to me in 1967. "I can hold my breath underwater for two and a half minutes," proclaimed The Captain amidst a slew of 'revolutionary' sloganeering — a pearl among swine even then — on The Deviants' comic-strip fold-out cover, all *IT* dayglo and toy soldier militancy. The music was dreadful and the singer, a bloke called Mick Farren, couldn't really.

Since then, of course, Mick has oft graced these very pages, besides churning out several hundred thousand words on phenomena like space warriors and Elvis Presley.

This year he's gone back into the studio with some chums (Wilko Johnson, Andy Colquhoun, Alan Powell and producer Larry Wallis), seemingly to prove that his battered voice has lost none of its dubious charm in a decade. He attempts to growl like Beefheart with a hangover but ends up sounding more like a grizzly whose bum has just been punctured by cacti.

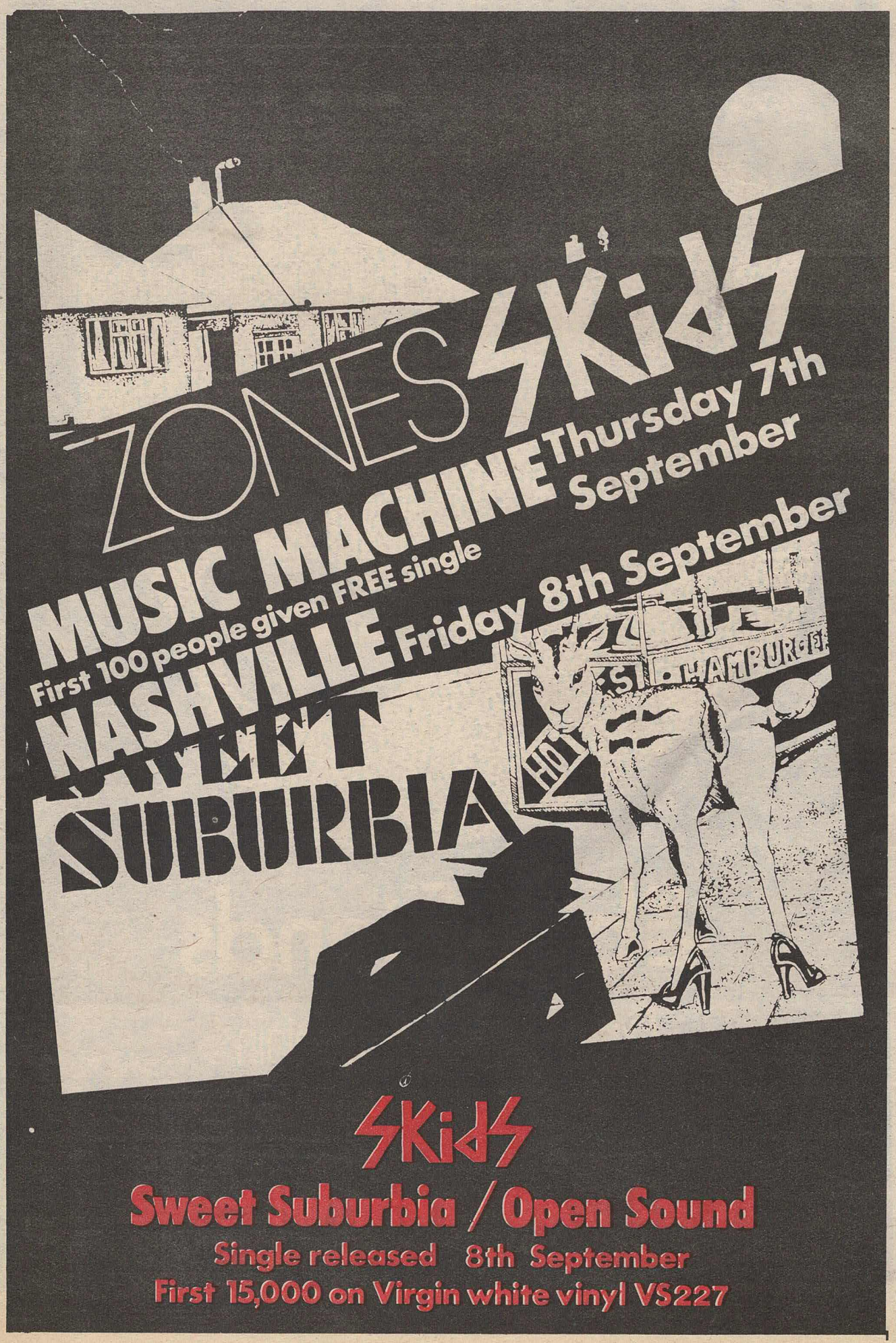
That's because he affects an alien mid-Atlantic drawl, man, and it's no real surprise that the best track is the one on which he actually drops the pretence and sings like a Londoner ("I Want A Drink", a short, sharp blues-rocker done fast, Farren as the spiv customer South London publicans adore).

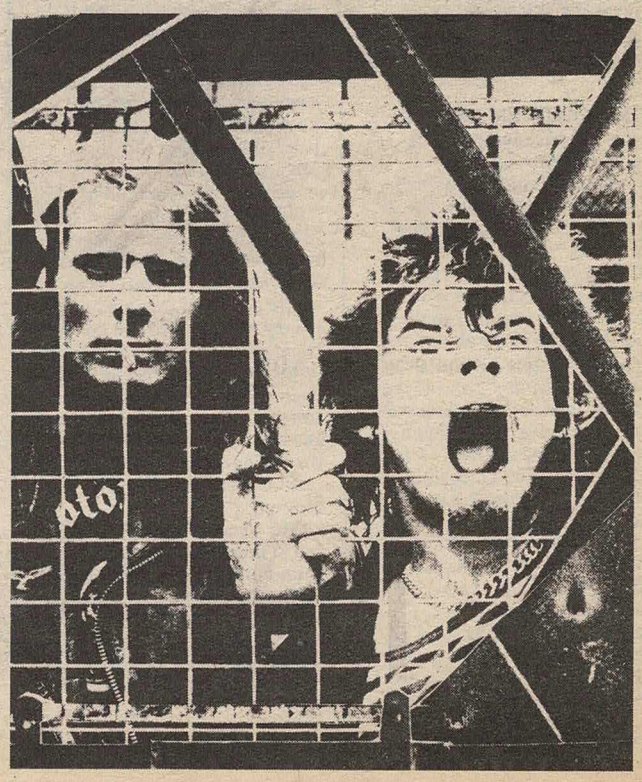
There's an air of authenticity, too, about "Drunk In The Morning", Larry Wallis' guitars adding a nostalgically cutting edge to this listless drama reflecting the low life style of nihilistic drunks. The sweet'n'sour, sleazy charm of (the single) "Half Price Drinks", an affectingly lazy, loping rocker, suggests that Mick should stick to believing in the bottle because on most of "Vampires Stole My Lunch Money" the living on the border-line, scrounging on the bread-line stance wears as thin as, say, the political integrity of Frank Zappa.

Emblematic of this rancid, redundant soap-boxing is the unconvincing cover of Zappa's "Trouble Coming Every Day" (though Will Stallybrass provides a mean squeaky harp, here as elsewhere). The whole album is pretty much on one level — like a poorly-lit underworld B-movie featuring sketchily drawn halfway house characters — but in this context the basic R&B line up, dominated by spikey guitar work, sounds quite as fair as, indeed, it must have done back in the mid-'60s.

Protestations from a 'juice-head' (Farren's own description of himself in the painfully self-conscious "I Know From Self-Destruction") are all very well, so long as they're not as boring as Waterloo arches drunks. But maybe Mick *wants* to end up in a doss-house — he sure sounds like he'd feel at home there.

Monty Smith





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The Further Decline And Fall Of The Western World

(Pt 8: West Germany)

ULTRAVOX
Systems Of Romance
(Island)

Random Drift: "Systems Of Romance" — oh! at long last — the previously irreconcilible split between romanticism and rationalism, the past 500 years or so of Western philosophical debate condensed into one piquant misnomer.

Blush with pride, Dad! Yea, the spawn of the Cybernetic One, the children of Eno are marching forth.

New Music for New Europe! No, actually. What we're on about here is West Germany and its frozen fashions perceived by an illusory 'new' intellect-breed, which is just the illusory old *icicle & iconoclast* **art-school Ultravox, pretending to be Eno for a** *nacht* **or two.**

Processes and Systems? No, actually. Badly assimilated perceptions and value judgements processed so as to sound cunning not cliched. Forget the Pere Ubu/Bowie/Kraftwerk/etc., comparisons — next to Ultravox they're the difference between insights and platitudes.

Occasionally, as on "Slow Motion", Ultravox produce a pretty electronic pop song; even this is negated however, by dint of Eno-esque lyrical diarrhoea (diagnosis my arse!): *"Hush! Can you feel the trees so far away?/Hush! Can you feel the breeze of another day?"*; **and it gets worse:** *Waiting, we were waiting/As the traffic moved through the holes in our head/But things were different then, for/The Quiet Men"* **("Quiet Men").**

"Dislocation", "Maximum Acceleration", "When You Walk Through Me", "Blue Light" . . . and they all go like the titles imply, stating the meaningless through the obvious and obscured. This is weedy, idealistic, pessimistic verbiage which utilises the appealing angles and ignores the aggravating ones.

Why does West Germany (or half-formed illusions about it and allusions to it) qualify as this strange 'New Europe' horizon. Whither Tunisia, Italy or Spain?

At the end of the last century Vienna was the fashionable arty watering-place. This decade, these art school visionaries, and it's Berlin — living and listening in an intellectual fridge. Or something.

Random Definition: Perception = image manipulation; Imagination = manipulation of perception; Art/Performance = manipulation of imagination.

Random Dogmatism: Ultravox aren't manipulators, but mannequins, who cannot fashion the fashion they adeptly model; they chirp *"I'm wearing someone else's clothes, again,"* **missing the conquering irony.**

Ultravox doesn't put its money where its mouth is. If you want to know anything about West Germany's post-1945 social consciousness — as Ultravox obviously don't — then read Gillian Becker's *Hitler's Children* **or any Gunter Grass or Heinrich Boll, or go see a Fassbinder movie.**

For forceful music which cleverly assimilates a multitude of modern influences and inflections, then Magazine's "Real Life" or any of ATV's as-yet-unrecorded new material makes "Systems Of Romance" terribly redundant.

Well it's a hype, man — humour them? HA! HA! HA!

Ian Penman

CRYSTAL GALE
When I Dream
(United Artists)

SHE LOOKS as cool as a stack of cucumbers in a Fridgidaire and sings sweet enough to be Loretta Lynn's kid sister — that's because Crystal Gayle *is* **Loretta Lynn's kid sister.**

But like Dolly Parton before her, Ms Gayle has spurned whatever tenuous connections she may once have had with genuine country music for the lucrative pickings to be had from 'crossover' pop pap.

"When I Dream" is a dull collection of dopey MOR and sexless love songs — love lost, love gained, love unrequited, lovey-dovey bloody ad nauseam. Still, there's some big Nashville names here. Hargus 'Pig' Robbins, for instance — they don't come any bigger than old Pig.

Monty Smith

IMPORTS

THE ALACRITY with which **Joseph Spence's** albums disappeared from Virgin's racks worried me.

Each shipment that arrived seemed to evaporate into the polluted atmosphere before I could even grab a bus down to Marble Arch. But, after eventually laying my mitts on copies of "Bahaman Folk Guitar" (Folkways) and "Good Morning, Mr Walker" (Arhoolie), it became totally clear why Spence, who's now knocking on 70, has become such a cult figure.

His guitar interpretations of material like the horrendous World War II song "Comin' In On A Wing And A Prayer"(*"With one motor gone we can still carry on"*) and the traditional "Happy Meeting In Glory" are unmitigated joys.

An individual and spontaneously creative musician, it's little wonder that Spence has so influenced Ry Cooder on his "Jazz" album. Cooder, who describes Spence's style as "syncopated missionary", utilised three of the Bahaman's adaptations of traditional songs, including "Happy Meeting". The Folkways album, recorded by Sam Charters in '58, is the one to get however — though the Arhoolie, which dates from '71, is better recorded.

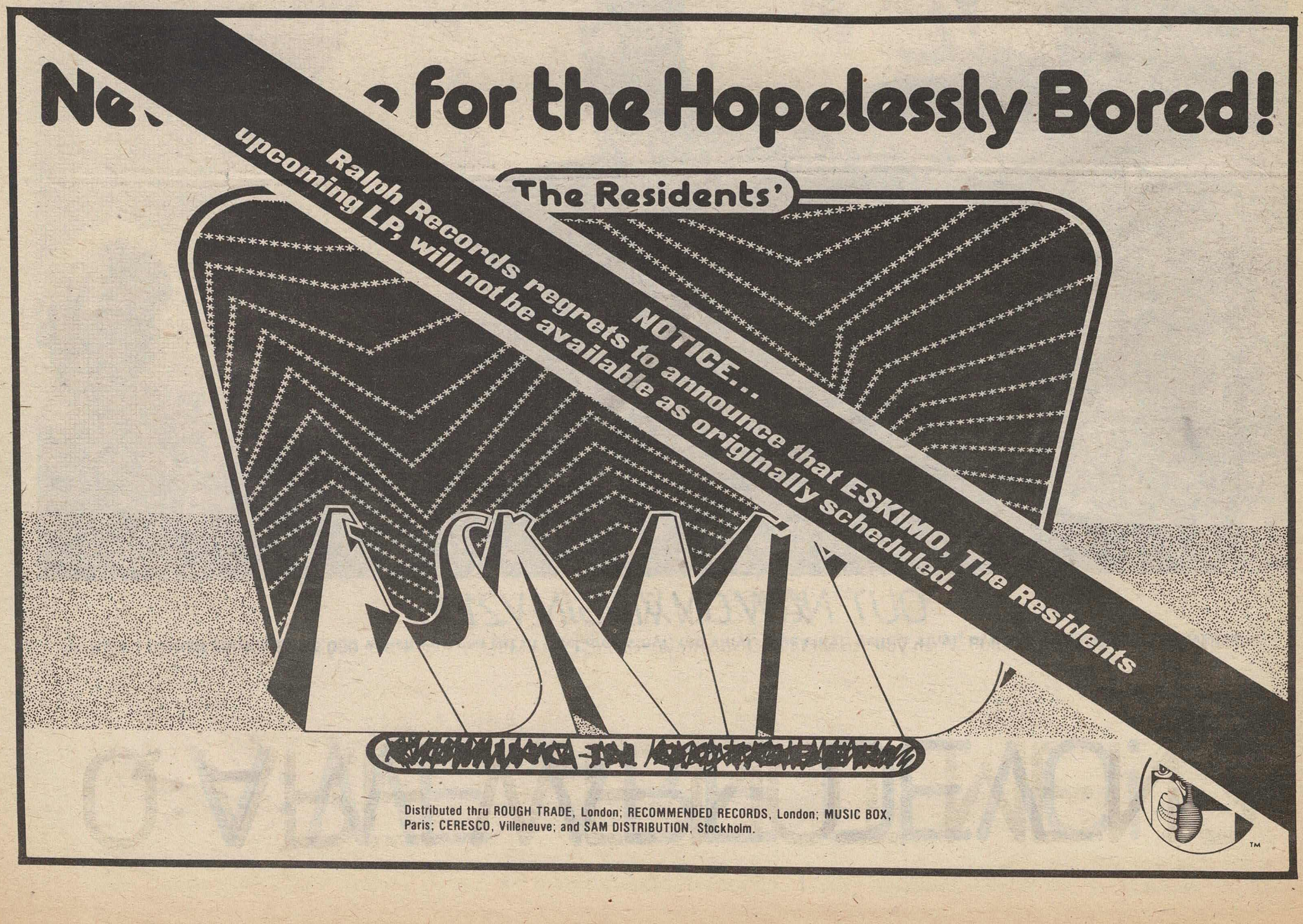
I must admit that I approached **Synergy's** "Cords" (Passport) with more than a degree of trepidation. I've had my fill of one-man synth albums — and those which bear such track titles as "Disruption In World Communications" and "Phobos And Deimos Go To Mars", as "Cords" does, normally are adjudged as a must to avoid. However, the album, though not a totally convincing sample of electronic music, does possess a fair portion of impressionistic beauty amid the Zebedee-like boyngs and associated sonic sounds beloved of hi-fi demonstrators. The sleeve, by the way, is a Hipnosis special, the vinyl is transparent, Peter Gabriel helped with the titles (shame on him) and Robert Fripp assisted on the tape loop side of things — all points which could gain Larry Fast (for Fast *is* Synergy) an extra sale or two.

Francois Breant's more modestly packaged "Sons Optiques" (Egg) is fractionally more interesting. The music for a movie that exists solely in keyboardist Breant's mind, the album has its fill of arp-attacks and the customary flotilla of floating electronic clouds. Happily though, such musicians as violinist Didier Lockwood and saxophonists Jean-Louis Chautemps and Eric Letourneux are allowed to put in their ten centimes worth, adding much needed tonal colour.

Mention of colour reminds me that picture-pressing (the sleeve disign has been transferred to the disc itself) of **The Beatles'** "Sgt. Pepper" (Capitol) has been selling with rapidity despite a £9.95 price tag and a label that warns punters that the sound quality may not be up to standard.

Meanwhile, back in the realms of discs that we locals might afford (my guess is that the tourist trade is responsible for the "Pepper" sales), **Dan Fogelberg** and **Tim Weisberg** have come up with "Twin Sons Of A Different Mother" (Epic), on which songwriter meets jazz flautist for an instrumental ding-dong; **Lee Oskar's** "Before The Rain" (Elektra) shows how a humble harp-man can get to meet The Tower Of Power, Linda Creed, Paul Buckmaster with the Martyn Ford Orchestra, The English Chorale etc., etc.,; and **Willie Alexander And The Boom Boom Band's** "Meanwhile — Back In The States" is around merely to prove that if you make a well-received debut album for MCA, a follow-up is possible.

Fred Dellar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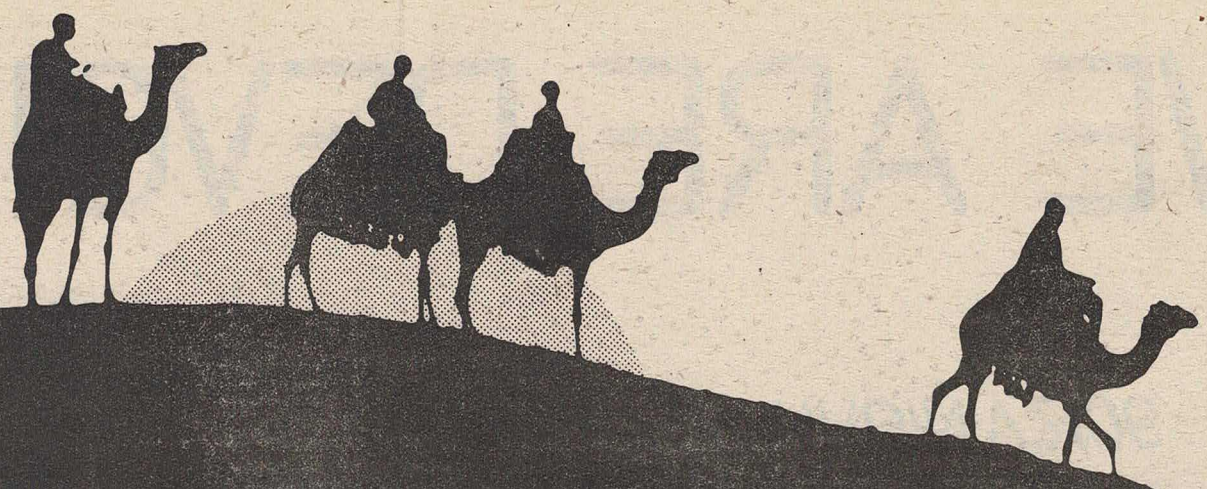

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JAZZ

JAZZ IS LIGHT on gossip, and anyone setting up as the Hedda Hopper of Bop, Zoot Tittle or Shorty Clack, will find himself working as often as Santa Claus. Nevertheless, here and there on the record shelf a spine of pure spite presents itself among the general taciturnity.

The Miles-Monk-Milt session of Christmas Eve, 1954 is one, the meeting of Bird, Diz and Rubberlegs Williams is another. Latest in this slim league is the concert shared by Mary Lou Williams and Cecil Taylor.

"What exactly went wrong?" I asked with a proper reticence.

Mary Lou looked over at her manager, Father O'Brien, SJ. "I didn't know he was gonna do what he did," she said. "I wrote the spirituals for the concert, we practised for four or five days, but he surprised me when he went on. He was chopping and carrying on. Someone said it seemed like he ambushed me, but I said he ambushed himself.

"Cecil told a newspaperman, 'I rehearsed her music but she didn't rehearse mine'. I said, I didn't have to — all I had to do was pretend to be crazy. Caused a lotta confusion. I call the album Cobra Meets Mongoose, and guess who the mongoose is. It's me."

Just released on Pablo, the double-album has had both artists fighting for the final mix, and generous helpings of acrimony and accusation in the American press. Musically, it's a fascinating mismatch, and the final track, "I Can't Get Started", seems singularly appropriate.

"I stuck to what I was supposed to do," said Mary Lou, "and that's the spirituals, and he never threw me away from it, I don't care how much noise he was making. Before the second half, I said, 'Cecil, I love you — let's play love', and the other side of the record is beautiful, isn't it?"

At 68, Mary Lou Williams has not lost her bottle. Few pianists would care to share a platform with Cecil. "Mary Lou is perpetually contemporary," wrote Duke Ellington. "Her writing and performing are and have always been just a little ahead. She is like soul on soul." She has been scoring accolades like that since 1929 when Harlan Leonard said, "It was the first time we had ever seen a girl cat who could carve the local boys."

She started playing at three. "I used to sit with my mother on her lap when she practised organ, and she taught me spirituals and ragtime — not like Joplin, he studied European.. I wasn't six years old and union musicians'd come and collect me and I'd sit on some man's lap to play for parties. I'm the only living musician who has changed with the eras: others lived through them."

In the 30s, she played, wrote and arranged for Andy Kirk and His Clouds Of Joy, giving that band its distinctive sound with numbers like "Walkin' and Swingin'," "Mary's Idea", "Cloudy" and "Froggy Bottom". She also worked for Benny Goodman — "Roll 'em" and "Camel Hop"; Jimmie Lunceford — "What's Your Story Morning Glory"; Duke Ellington — "Trumpet No End"; the Derseys, Cab Calloway, Glen Gray and the Casa Lomas, and Louis Armstrong.

"Kansas City in the '30s," recalled Mary Lou, "that was one of the greatest eras. I jammed every night with everyone — Lester Young, Dick Wilson, Hot Lips Page. It was the most happiest time of my life — and I didn't have money or food or anything."

In fact, her anecdotes about Kansas City form the liveliest documents in jazz, as Shapiro and Hentoff discovered in *Hear Me Talkin' To Ya:* "The word went round that Coleman Hawkins was in the Cherry Blossom, and within about half an hour there were Lester Young, Ben Webster, Herschel Evans, Herman Walder, and one or two unknown tenors piling in the club to blow.

"Bean didn't know the Kaycee tenormen were so terrific, and he couldn't get himself together though he played all morning. I happened to be nodding that night, and around four a.m. I awoke to hear someone pecking on my screen. I opened the window on Ben Webster. He was saying, 'Get up, pussy cat, we're jammin' and all the pianists are tired out now. Hawkins has got his shirt off and is still blowing. You got to come down."

MARY LOU WILLIAMS. Pic: VALERIE WILMER

SHOOT OUT WITH CECIL

Meanin', MARY LOU WILLIAMS (65 years' keyboard service done) ain't scared to mix it with the avant garde. BRIAN CASE hears how.

BLACK SATIN dress, black satin rose, expensive jewellery — but Mary Lou's values were formed back in those threadbare and boisterous days when she wore a dress tacked-up out of curtains.

"We useta jam every night and everywhere. It doesn't seem like there's too much of that going on now. There was so much love among musicians then, man. There was a guy who played piano in Kansas City, only played three chords but there was something interesting about his feeling, and we'd listen to him.

"Then we came into an era where everybody felt they'd created something new and better than the last era. When I began to write my life story, I discovered that all of it is modern and all of it is good. You can't put none of it down."

She was on the spot for the start of Bop. The first wave of berets, hearing harmonic implications in her work that pointed beyond the Swing era, took a hit off "Walkin' And Swingin' " which became Al Haig's "Opus Caprice" and Monk's "Rhythm-a-ning".

"I met Monk in Kansas City in the '30s. He says to me once; 'I'm tired of running up and down the keyboard. I'm gonna create something different. If they're playing ballads and I do a ballad, I don't have a chance — but if they're playing ballads and I do a foxtrot, I may have a better chance.' He knew to make a success. He has no ego. He's all music.

"The Boppers took that old tune I did for Andy Kirk and they did a Bop thing on it. I'll tell you what happened. I'm a creative artist. I'm a searcher. I may hear something you've never heard in your life, and I start writing it down. I was always being called a musicians' musician because during a night I might play ten bars they've never heard, so they come to listen to me because I'm going out. I may hit upon something — and never play it again.

"Nobody knows who started each era, but I did know the original Boppers — Monk, Bud Powell, Kenny Clarke, Dizzy, Art Blakey — I brought him out of Pittsburgh. Nobody knows the very first person to start it. You went to the other cities and anybody between 15 and 18 was playing in that vein. I inspired them. They came to my apartment when I was on the East Side playing boogie woogie and stuff. They either thought I was their mother or sister.

"They'd come to the house every day, write their tunes and show me how to phrase them, and if the arrangement was good I'd tell them, and if it was bad I'd say, "No — take this out".

FATHER O'BRIEN left the room to look for a Dick Wilson discography — one hip cat of the cloth — and we moved on to the subject of Mary Lou's robust survival. How had she managed to steer between the shoals of alcohol and narcotics which had destroyed so many of her friends?

"A lot of musicians are very sensitive. They can feel the walls. They can feel everything. Someone like Bud Powell, he needed someone with him, a strong person to help him. I used to take him home, make him take a hot bath and soup, and he'd be all right. We go fast in America, and some musicians don't have the control or thinking power to say, Hey — cool it.

"It almost happened to me except my system can't take it. I cannot drink or use any narcotics. In Kaycee when the guys were trying to teach me to drink, I'd faint — and that saved me. When I left the big bands, I went into the Cafe Society with a trio. I was so nervous because I had just drums and bass with me, and before I went on, I'd have to take one drink to cool myself.

"Then one night I went on without taking a damn thing — I said to myself, if I don't play I won't be able to pay my rent. That did it.

"I began praying here in England. The Queen's cousin, Gerald Lascelles, gave a party for us, and I talked to this GI. I told him I couldn't drink, if I have just one I'm out of it, and he told me I was nervous. He says, 'My grandmother always told me to read the 91st Psalm'. I was so high from two drinks I went home and read all the psalms, and I began praying from then on.

"See, when I came here I was a nervous wreck because I couldn't get everything I wanted. Now, I control that much better since I did that praying spree."

Her correlation between Free Music and mental illness is not quite the facile jibe it seems. Between 1954-56, Mary Lou Williams went through an anguished crisis that was reflected in her playing.

"I was putting my fingers down on two notes, chords like that, dissonance. I met a priest and he sent me to Mother Mulligan who was a teacher up in Boston, to retreat. She said, 'Oh, don't play like that! Play just pretty chords!'

"Barry Ulanov, he says to me, 'Mary, I have a priest and he's the greatest. I want you to meet him'. If it hadn't been for Father Woods and Mother Mulligan I'd have been in a strait-jacket in a mental hospital. It took three years to bring me out of that. I have a tape I recorded 23 years ago and I played it to Melba Liston. She started laughing, she said, 'What's wrong with you, Lou?' I said, You laugh — but this is what they're gonna be playing!"

SHE HAS compiled a genealogical tree of jazz which she uses in her lectures at Duke University, North Carolina. The avant-garde, black magic, exercises and classical influences appear on a leafless branch a little below the bough marked commercial rock.

"Ornette and Cecil? I'm not discrediting them, but that isn't in the strain of jazz. You're supposed to sit and do that for yourself and not bring those classical exercises into jazz. That's to get your fingers nimble enough to play what's coming from the mind through the heart and fingertips. It can't be taught out of books.

"Jazz is the only free music in the world. It's God's music. It all came out of the suffering of the early black slaves, but it has nothing to do with Africa. I played with 18 African drummers and I had to switch to modes, because jazz does not fit that.

"See here —" — she indicated the evolutionary tree — "after Bop, the exercises nearly killed it. Father O'Brien and Father O'Connor who was travelling with the Newport Jazz Festival, they held onto it and saved it. They picked up on it."

Her devotion to the Catholic Church is total, and she has written several sacred works — "Mary Lou's Mass", "Hymn In Honor Of St Martin De Porres" — which she has recorded for her own Mary label. She predates Ellington in this field, and has several other firsts under the belt, including a meeting of jazz and symphony orchestra, "The Zodiac Suite", recorded in 1946, and an all-women band the previous year.

Was it difficult making out in a man's world?

"They were beautiful cats in Andy Kirk's band. They respected me. If they were in a town and wanted to go out and shoot pool, they'd take me in the worst-looking places, I'll tell ya — cats sitting round, spitting on the floor — they'd put me in a seat while they played their game.

"I copied after Lovie Austin when I was seven years old. She did something men couldn't do. I saw her sitting with a cigarette in her mouth, her legs crossed, playing piano with her left hand and writing music for the next act with the other.

"Now, that's a woman taking care of business!

"I used to do that with Andy Kirk on one-nighters. I was brought up on tough competition, knocked off the piano stool when I played wrong. When I first heard Art Tatum I cried because they asked me to play, but they said don't compete with him — play what YOU know."

MARY LOU Williams' reputation for professionalism has always transcended the sex war. When Count Basie's mother died, he sent for Mary Lou to take over the band, and Ellington shared keyboards with her for six months on the road. Both experiences furnished some of her happiest memories.

"Walter Page, he was calling the shots, and the Basie band made an arrangement of "I Never Knew" that nobody on earth could do that crazy. When it got to a certain point, Walter'd say, 'Interlude Lester', and Lester'd play eight or 16 bars and they'd hit when he was finished. Band was showering down so it gave me goosepimples. I couldn't play for listening!

"Duke had one of the greatest bands in the world. We were in Youngstown, Ohio, and I haven't heard anything like that in Stravinsky, please believe me. Duke was vamping on the piano and they were razzing — kinda angry with him about something, half the time walking around not speaking — but when they hit, I almost died!"

SELECTED DISCOGRAPHY:
The Mary Lou Williams Trio (Steeplechase); Mary Lou Williams with Don Byas (GNP Crescendo); "The Zodiac Suite" (Folkways); "Zoning" (Mary Records); "Mary Lou's Mass" (Mary Records); Mary Lou Williams and Cecil Taylor, "Embraced" (Pablo).

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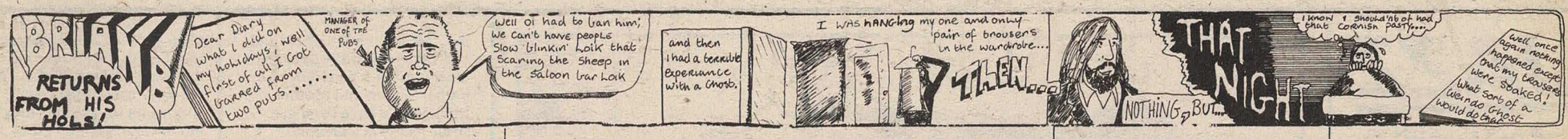
BRIAN RETURNS FROM HIS HOLS!
Dear Diary what I did on my holidays, well first of all I got thrown from two pubs.....
MANAGER OF ONE OF THE PUBS
Well oi had to ban him, we can't have people Slow 'blinkin' Loik that Scaring the Sheep in the Saloon bar Loik
and then I had a terrible Experiance with a Ghost.
I WAS HANGING my one and only pair of brousers in the wardrobe...
THEN...
THAT NIGHT
NOTHING BUT...
I know I shouldn't of had that cornish pastyy...
Well once again nothing happened except that my trousers were Soaked! What sort of a weirdo Ghost would do that?

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Sunday September 10th 40p
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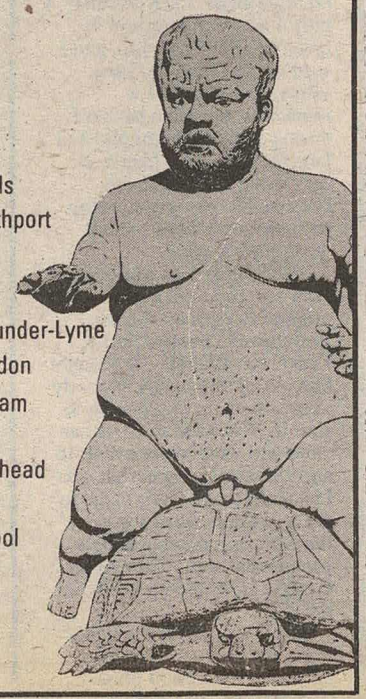
27 Sept: Masonic, Liverpool
28 Sept: Alma, Cambridge



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NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE

COMPILED BY TONY STEWART

Thursday

AYLESBURY Friars: MICHAEL CHAPMAN
AYLESBURY RAF Halton: SOUL DIRECTION
BELFAST Ulster Hall: STRANGLERS
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: RICKY COOL & THE ICEBERGS
BIRMINGHAM Hippodrome: RENAISSANCE / IAN MATTHEWS
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: MAGNUM
BRADFORD Princeville Rock Club: THE EDGE
BRIGHTON Alhambra: NIGHTRIDER
BRIGHTON Buccaneer: SHARAFIA
BRIGHTON Hungry Years: JODEY
BRISTOL Crockers: STONEY
CAMBRIDGE Alma-Russell Court: SPRING OFFENSIVE
COVENTRY Climax Club: THE CRUISERS
COVENTRY Tiffanys: MENACE
COVENTRY Wyken Pippen: RENO
CREDITON Old Market House: THE FANS
EXETER Routes: PANDORA'S BOX / PAUL GOODIE
GORLESTON Cap & Gown: THE NEEDLES
LEEDS Fforde Green Hotle: RADIO STARS
LEEDS Royal Park Hotel: AGONY COLUMN
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: TENNIS SHOES
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: THE SKIDS / THE ZONES
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: DOLL BY DOLL
LONDON EC1 City Arms: THE MEMBERS
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: TAMMY WYNETTE
LONDON HAMMERSMITH The Rutland: FRED RICKSHAW'S HOT GOOLIES
LONDON HAMMERSMITH The Swan: UNCLE PO
LONDON HARROW ROAD Windsor Castle: SOUTHERN RYDA
LONDON KENSINGTON De Villiers Bar: GOLD DUST TWINS
LONDON KENSINGTON Nashville: STAA MARX
LONDON OLD KENT ROAD Green Man: SPRINKLER
LONDON OLD KENT ROAD Thomas A'Beckett: THE TUMBLERS
LONDON SHEPHERDS BUSH The Trafalgar: VIPs
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: TRANS-AM
MALVERN Winter Gardens: WIRE
MINEHEAD Butlins: BROTHER LEES
MELTON MOWBRAY Painted Lady: LOVE AFFAIR
NEWCASTLE City Hall: SHADOWS
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: TEST TUBE BABIES
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: PELICAN
PAISLEY Three Horse Shoes: CHARLEY BROWNE
POLESWORTH Top Club: INCREDIBLE KIDDA BAND
POYNTON Folk Centre: STEVE ADAMS
ROMFORD Freemasons Tavern: REDNITE
SHEFFIELD Limit Club: TANZ DER YOUTH
SOUTHPORT Scarisbrick: NAUGHTY LUMPS
STOCKTON Portrack Club: BLITZKRIEG BOP
SWANSEA Circles Club: THE RECORDS
SWINDON Football Club: THE ROTAVATORS
UXBRIDGE RAF Pinn Inn: THE INJECTIONS
WANTAGE Swan Inn: WHEELZ
WARRINGTON Sankey Forum: TOMMY MAKEM AND LIAM CLANCY
WESTERHAM The Grasshopper: MATCHBOX
WILLENHALL The Cavalcade: PALOMINO
WINSFORD Civic Hall: MIKE HARDING
WOLVERHAMPTON Civic Hall: SORE THROAT

Friday

ABERDEEN Capitol: 10cc
BATH Brillig Arts Centre: BIG CHIEF
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: TANZ DER YOUTH
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: THE ITALIANS
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: SPITFIRE
BLACKBURN Dirty Duck: THE EDGE
BLANDFORD Corn Exchange: FRINGE BENEFIT
BOURNEMOUTH Jumpers Tavern: THE TIGHTS
BRADFORD Star Hotel: BILL CADDICK
BRIGHTON Hove Lagoon Adur: SOUTHERN RYDA
BRISTOL Crockers: STONEY
BURTON 76 Club: THE RECORDS
CAMBRIDGE Corn Exchange: MISTY / JOHNNY RUBBISH / THE EDGE
CANTERBURY The Regal: THESE STRANGE AND BEAUTIFUL THINGS
CARSHALTON St. Helliers Club: MAC CURTIS / MATCHBOX
CHATHAM Tam O'Shanter: STEVE BOYCE BAND
COVENTRY Hand & Heart Inn: JO PUBLIC
COVENTRY Theatre: TAMMY WYNETTE
CREDITON Burston Inn: T-FORD & THE BONESHAKERS
CROYDON Fairfield Hall: CHRIS BARBER BAND
DURHAM Thornley Club: WITCHFYNDE
EXETER Routes: FLIPPER
HUDDERSFIELD Friendly And Trades Club: TOMMY AND THE HOTROCKS
KIDDERMINSTER Stone Manor: INCREDIBLE KIDDA BAND
KINGHORN Cuinzie Neuk: CHARLEY BROWNE
KINROSS Festival: BOYS OF THE LOUGH From Friday to Sunday.
LEEDS Fforde Green Hotel: THE CRUISERS
LEEDS Viva's Wine Bar: RED EYE
LINCOLN AJ's: THE DOLES
LONDON ALEXANDRA PALACE C.A.M.R.A. Festival: ROADSTERS
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: THE VIPERS
LONDON CAMDEN Southampton Arms: JELLY ROLL BLUES BAND
LONDON CANNING TOWN Tidal Basin: DOG WATCH
LONDON CHISWICK John Bull: CHEAP FLIGHTS
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: CHAMPION
LONDON EC1 City Arms: C GAS 5
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: ALVIN LEE'S TEN YEARS LATER
LONDON KENSINGTON Nashville: THE SKIDS / THE ZONES
LONDON Marquee: THE FALL
LONDON OLD KENT ROAD Green Man: SPRINKLER
LONDON PADDINGTON Western Counties: REDNITE
LONDON PORTOBELLO ROAD Acklam Hall: BARRY FORD / THE MEMBERS / B52's
LONDON PUTNEY Star & Garter: GREIG & NIGEL'S FOLK AND BLUES NIGHT
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: TIGER ASHBY
LONDON TOOTING The Castle: RAW HEAT
LONDON WILLESDEN White Horse: MATCHBOX
MANCHESTER Apollo: RENAISSANCE / IAN MATTHEWS
MANCHESTER Middleton Civic Hall: MIKE HARDING

TUBES' Fee Waybill in sturdy underpants. Pic: AL JOHNSON.

Knebworth: Tubes, Zappa and Gabriel

Rumours of disappointing advance ticket sales persist, yet Knebworth 11 looks certain to be an improvement on the one-day festival held there in June. The Tubes, Gabriel and Zappa coheadline, but the supporting cast of The Boomtown Rats, Rockpile and Wilko Johnson's Solid Senders may just steal their glory.

MELTON MOWBRAY Painted Lady: LOVE AFFAIR
MIDDLESBROUGH Rock Garden: CHELSEA
NEWCASTLE Mayfair: RADIO STARS
NORTH ALLOTON Community Centre: ROSETTA STONE
NORWICH Talk of the East: BROTHER LEES
NOTTINGHAM Black Boy: GEORGE MELLY & JOHN CHILTON'S FEETWARMERS
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: LAST CALL
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: SLIP HAZARD & THE BLIZZARDS
OXFORD Oranges & Lemons: SCRATCH
PORT RUSH Arcade Ballroom: STRANGLERS
RADCLIFFE Yough Centre: THE TUNES
READING Merry Maidens: APOSTROPHE
REDDITCH Sticky Wicket: DAWNWEAVER
RIBCHESTER Kings Head Hotel: BRIAN DEWHURST
ROMFORD Three Rabbits: TRANS-AM
SCARBOROUGH Penthouse: THE LATE SHOW
SUNDERLAND Mecca: ALWOODLEY JETS
SUTTON COLDFIELD Martsmith Club: THE UTENSILS
TIPTON Brewer & Baker: STEVE ADAMS
WAKEFIELD Theatre Club: SHADOWS
WOKINGHAM Rock Club: HAZZARD
YORK The Barge: JERKS

Saturday

ABERDEEN Capitol: 10 c.c.
AIRDRIE Snug: THE EXILE
BARKINGSIDE Old Maypole: THE CRUISERS
BARROW Civic Hall: MIKE HARDING
BASILDON Double Six: DOG WATCH
BATH Brillig Arts Centre: THIRD EAR BAND
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: BRENT FORD & THE NYLONS
BIRMINGHAM KINGS HEATH Hare & Hounds: CHRIS ROHMANN
BIRMINGHAM The Sherwood: RENO
BLACKPOOL Fire Station Social Club: BRIAN DEWHURST
BOGNOR Sussex Hotel: NIGHTRIDER
BOURNEMOUTH Jumpers Tavern: THE TIGHTS
CAMBRIDGE Alma: SCRATCH
CHADDESDEN British Legion: NIGHT CREEPER
CROYDON Red Deer: STEVE BOYCE BAND
DUBLIN Top Hat: STRANGLERS
DUNFERMLINE Kinema: SKREWDRIVER
EDINBURGH Clouds: CHARLEY BROWNE
EDINBURGH Empire Theatre: CHRIS BARBER BAND
GLASGOW The Mars Bar: THE EXILE (Lunchtime)
ILFORD Cranbrook: THE NIGHT
IPSWICH Gaumont: TAMMY WYNETTE
KNEBWORTH Park (Herts): PETER GABRIEL / FRANK ZAPPA / TUBES / BOOMTOWN RATS / ROCKPILE / WILKO JOHNSON'S SOLID SENDERS
LANCASTER University: WIRE
LEEDS Fan Club: THE LATE SHOW
LEEDS Fforde Green Hotel: THE EDGE
LEEDS Haddon Hall: ALWOODLEY JETS
LEEDS Staging Post: AGONY COLUMN
LINCOLN AJs: CHELSEA
LIVERPOOL Eric's: TANZ DER YOUTH
LIVERPOOL The Masonic: THE BOF BAND
LIVERPOOL The Moonstone: ANNIVERSARY
LONDON ALEXANDRA PALACE C.A.M.R.A. Festival : ROADSTERS
LONDON Brecknock: TIGER ASHBY
LONDON BRIXTON George Cunning: THE INJECTIONS
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: TIGER ASHBY
LONDON CAMDEN The Cellar: RAY FISHER
LONDON CHELSEA Wheatsheaf: OVERSEAS
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: THE SKIDS
LONDON CROUCH END Stapleton: REDNITE
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: BLONDIE / THE POP GROUP
LONDON ISLINGTON Jackson's: SORE THROAT
LONDON KENSINGTON Nashville: THE RECORDS
LONDON, NEW BARNET Duke Of Lancaster: CHEAP FLIGHTS
LONDON OLD KENT ROAD Green Man: SPRINKLER
LONDON PICKETTS LOCK Caroline Road Show: RICH KIDS
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: BIG CHIEF
LONDON WEST HAMPSTEAD Railway Hotel Moonlight Club: JAB JAB
MARTLETWY Crosshands Inn: T-FORD & THE BONESHAKERS
MELTON MOWBRAY Painted Lady: LOVE AFFAIR
NORWICH Talk of the East: BROTHERS LEE
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: OUTWARD BAND
NUNEATON Old Edwardians Club: TROOPS OF TOMORROW
POOLE Chequers Inn: FRINGE BENEFIT
STEVENAGE The Swan: SOUTHERN RYDA
TUNBRIDGE WELLS Assembly Rooms: MICHAEL CHAPMAN
WAKEFIELD Theatre Club: SHADOWS
WAKEFIELD Unity Hall: RADIO STARS
WHITWORTH Fair: AQUA
WINFORD Civic Hall: CHILD
WISHAM Crown Hotel: THE PESTS (lunchtime).

Sunday

BILSTON The Cock: PALOMINO
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: WIRE
BISHOPS STORTFORD Triad Leisure Centre: CADILLAC
BRADFORD Royal Standard Hotel: CHELSEA
BRADFORD Royal Standard Hotel: DOLL BY DOLL
BROMLEY Churchill Theatre: PACO PENA
CHESTERFIELD Civic theatre: GEORGE MELLY & JOHN CHILTON'S FEETWARMERS
COVENTRY Climax Club: HANDS OFF!
CROYDON Fairfield Hall: CAMEL / MICHAEL CHAPMAN
DUNFERMLINE Carnegie Hall: CHRIS BARBER BAND
DUNFERMLINE Northern Roadhouse: CHARLEY BROWNE
EDINBURGH Usher Hall: 10cc
HEMEL HEMPSTEAD Pavilion: DAVE EDMUNDS ROCKPILE/BLAST FURNACE AND
KESWICK Century Theatre: BRIAN DEWHURST
LEICESTER De Montfort Hall: SHADOWS
LEICESTER Railwaymens Club: STRANGE DAYS
LONDON BATTERSEA Nags Head: JUGULAR VEIN
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: FISCHER—Z/THE NIGHT
LONDON EAST HAM Ruskin Arms: DOG WATCH
LONDON FINCHLEY Torrington: DAVE LEWIS BAND
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: RENAISSANCE/IAN MATTHEWS
LONDON KILBURN Gaumont State: TOMMY MAKEN AND LIAM CLANCY
LONDON OLD KENT ROAD Green Man: SPRINKLER
LONDON PECKHAM Montpelier: BLUE MOON
LONDON PUTNEY Half Moon: RICHARD DIGANCE
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: THE MONOS
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: THE SKIDS
LONDON STRAND Lyceum: THE LURKERS
LONDON WC1 Pindar of Wakefield: SWIFT
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: THE PRESS
OXFORD New Theatre: ROBERT PALMER
PETERBOROUGH ABC: TAMMY WYNETTE
POYNTON Folk Centre: JAKE THAKERAY/KINESPHERE
PRESTATYN Scala Cinema: AMSTERDAM/SEVENTEEN/BACKSEATS
SNODLAND The Bull: PEKOE ORANGE
SOUTHEND Shrimpers: THE RECORDS
WAKEFIELD Newton House Club: THE EDGE
WATFORD Bailey's: THE TEMPTATIONS Week from Sunday
WOLVERHAMPTON Coach & Horses: BENNY AND THE JETS

Monday

BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: WIDE BOYS
BIRMINGHAM Odeon: ROBERT PALMER
BRIDLINGTON 3B's Theatre: MIKE HARDING
BRIGHTON Dome: MICHAEL CHAPMAN / CAMEL
BRISTOL Brunel College: WIRE
BRISTOL Colston Hall: SHADOWS
BRISTOL Stonehouse: BRENT FORD & THE NYLONS
CHADWELL HEATH Greyhound: ZAINE GRIFF
CHESTER LOVE STREET Smarties: THE DIRECTORS
DARLINGTON The Speedwell: NICKY BEAT & THE BEATNIKS
DONCASTER Outlook: CHELSEA
DOVER Priory Cricket Ground: THESE STRANGE AND BEAUTIFUL THINGS
EDINBURGH Usher Hall: 10cc
EXETER Routes: BRIAN HIGHLEY'S BACK
GLASGOW Kelvin Hall: CHRIS BARBER BAND
GUILDFORD Junction: STAA MARX
HAWKSHEAD Town Hall: BRIAN DEWHURST
ILFORD Cauliflower Hotel: ORIGINAL EAST SIDE STOMPERS
LEEDS Royal Park Hotel: DAWNWEAVER
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: WARM JETS / PUSH
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: NIGHT FLIGHT
LONDON Marquee: SORE THROAT
LONDON PUTNEY Half Moon: RICHARD DIGANCE
LONDON PUTNEY Star and Garter: PENNY ROYAL
LONDON Queen Elizabeth Hall: SWINGLE II
LONDON Royal Festival Hall: FRANK SINATRA — Week from Monday

■ *Continues over page*

■ From previous page

LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: FAME / THE VALVES
LONDON WEST HAMPSTEAD Railway Hotel Club: CHINA STREET / BLADES
MANCHESTER Band On The Wall: MIKE KING / SPHERICAL OBJECTS
MANCHESTER Civic: RACING CARS
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: GWAIHIR
PETERBOROUGH ABC: TAMMY WYNETTE
PLYMOUTH Woods Centre: RADIO STARS
SHEFFIELD Limit: NAUGHTY LUMPS
TALBOT Sandman Club: TRANS-AM

Tuesday

BATH Assembly Rooms: GEORGE MELLY & JOHN CHILTON'S FEETWARMERS
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: RENO
BIRMINGHAM Fighting Cocks: BRUJO
BIRMINGHAM Metropole Hotel: BROTHER LEES
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: JAMESON RAID
BIRMINGHAM Saracens Head: THE ARMPIT JUG BAND
BISHOP STORTFORD Triad Leisure Centre: MOTH
CROYDON Fairfield Hall: PACO PENA
DUNFERMLINE Kinema: THE STRANGLERS
HASTINGS White Rock Pavilion: THESE STRANGE AND BEAUTIFUL THINGS
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: JAPAN
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: THE ZONES
LONDON CITY ROAD City Arms: DOG WATCH
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: TRANS-AM
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: ROBERT PALMER
LONDON HARROW High Street: THE INJECTIONS
LONDON KENSINGTON Nashville: THE LATE SHOW
LONDON OLD KENT ROAD Thomas A'Becket: 64 SPOONS
LONDON PUTNEY Half Moon: BURT JANSCH
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegausus: YOUNG BUCKS
LONDON TOOTING The Castle: RAW HEAT / REDNITE
LONDON Upstairs At Ronnie's: GOTHAM CITY SWING BAND
LONDON WEST HAMPSTEAD Railway Hotel Moonlight Club: LIGHTNING RAIDERS / THE IDOLS
LONDON WOOLWICH Tramshed: EX-DIRECTORY
MILTON KEYNES Starting Gate: SCRATCH
NEW BRIGHTON Grand Hotel: THE ACCELERATORS
PENZANCE The Garden: RADIO STARS
PORTSMOUTH Guildhall:. CAMEL / MICHAEL CHAPMAN
ST. ANNES ON SEA Delmeany Hotel: BRIAN DEWHURST
WORCESTER NORTON Retreat Inn: THE TIGHTS

Wednesday

ABERDEEN Ruffles: THE STRANGLERS
ASKHAM BRYAN R. U. F. C.: BRIAN DEWHURST
AYLESBURY Oddfellows Arms: SCRATCH
BELFAST Ulster Hall: DR. FEELGOOD
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: BRUJO
BIRMINGHAM Golden Eagle: KILLING TIME
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: RAINMAKER
BIRMINGHAM The Sherwood: CARTOONS
BIRMINGHAM Yardley Bulls Head: ROSES
BRIGHTON College: THESE STRANGE AND BEAUTIFUL THINGS
CHARNOCK Park Hall Leisure Centre: BROTHER LEES
CHELTENHAM Plough Inn: ROADSTERS
COLNE Municipal Hall: MIKE HARDING
CUMBERNAULD Kestral: CHARLEY BROWNE
EXETER Routes: RADIO STARS
FAWLEY Old Mill: WITCHFYNDE
HUCKNALL Miners Welfare Club: PARADOX
LEEDS Victoria: AGONY COLUMN
LIVERPOOL Empire: TAMMY WYNETTE
LIVERPOOL Wisps: NAUGHTY LUMPS
LONDON ACTON White Hart: SCREWDRIVER/THE VALVES
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: RACING CARS
LONDON CAMDEN Dublin Castle: O.K.
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: DODGERS
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: ROBERT PALMER
LONDON HAMMERSMITH The Swan: FAME
LONDON Marquee: TANZ DER YOUTH
LONDON OLD BROMPTON ROAD Troubadour: SAFFRON SUMMERFIELD
LONDON PADDINGTON Western Countries: REDNITE
LONDON PECKHAM Montpelier: BLUE MOON
LONDON PUTNEY: Star & Garter: DANA SIMMONDS & GREIG'S FOLK & BLUES SHOWCASE
LONDON Queen Elizabeth Hall: FIVEPENNY PIECE
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: GALLERY
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: THE ZONES
LONDON WEST HAMPSTEAD Railway Hotel Moonlight Club: IMMIGRANT/TRIBESMAN
NEWCASTLE City Hall: 10 c.c.
NORTHAMPTON Weston Favell Lings Forum: GEORGE MELLY & JOHN CHILTON'S FEETWARMERS
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: GWAIHIR
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: SOME CHICKEN
OXFORD Corn Dolly: DOG WATCH
READING Bones: THE LURKERS
READING Top Rank: ALAN FREEMAN ROADSHOW
SHEFFIELD Limit Club: TRIBESMAN
SOLIHULL Golden Lion: THE FIRST BAND
SOUTHAMPTON Gaumont: THE SHADOWS
SOUTH WOODFORD Railway Bell: ORIGINAL EAST SIDE STOMPERS
TIDWORTH Durrant Club: SCALLYWAGS

LIVE PAGE

LAST BASTION! THE WHITE HART PUB
246 HIGH ST. ACTON
Wednesday September 13th
SKREWDRIVER
+ THE VALVES
+ D.J. Jerry Floyd
Please come early Doors open 7.30pm.

PEGASUS
109 GREEN LANES, LONDON N.16
01-226 5930
Thursday September 7th Free — TRANS AM
Friday September 8th 50p — ZAINE GRIFF
Saturday September 9th 50p — BIG CHIEF
Featuring Dick Heckstall-Smith
Sunday September 10th 50p — THE MONOS
Monday September 11th Free — THE VALVES
Tuesday September 12th Free — YOUNG BUCKS
Wednesday September 13th Free — GALLERY

BOGNOR ROCK IN VICE GIRL SEX PROBE
STAA MARX
Thursday Sept 7 — LONDON NASHVILLE
Monday Sept 11 — Guildford Junction
Thursday/Fri Sept 14/15 — HOVE, ADUR

Funky Fox Presents
HIGH TENSION
+ FOX JOCKS: SULLY CLINTON & KELLY
at TIFFANYS, Purley, Surrey
WEDNESDAY 20th SEPTEMBER at 7.30
Advance tickets £2.00 from Box Office after 8pm. Bonaparte, Croydon, Bromley, Virgin, Croydon, or send s.a.e. & P.O. to Fox Ents., 39/41 High Street, Bromley
at THE CENTRE
Slough Community Centre, Farnham Rd., Slough
"ALL NIGHTER"
FRI/SAT 22/23 SEPTEMBER 9pm - 6am
☆ *Tickets available at the door* ☆

HARVEY GOLDSMITH ENTERTAINMENTS PRESENTS
THE LURKERS
+SPECIAL GUEST
JOHNNY MOPED
AND EXCLUSIVE DEBUT PERFORMANCE OF
IVOR (I'M A WINKER (mis-spelt)) BIGGUN AND THE RED NOSED BURGLARS
LYCEUM BALLROOM, THE STRAND
SUNDAY 10th SEPT. £2.00 in adv £2.25 on door
Tickets available from Lyceum Box Office, The Strand WC2 01-836 3715 and Harvey Goldsmith Box Office at Chappells, 50 New Bond St., W1 01-629 3453 (20p booking fee).

BLUE WAVE IN THE HEART OF THE CITY
Blast Furnace and ...
ON THE **ROCKPILE TOUR**
September 10th HEMEL HEMPSTEAD PAVILION
September 17th LONDON ROUNDHOUSE
September 29 SHEFFIELD POLY
September 30th MANCHESTER UNIVERSITY
October 1st CARDIFF TOP RANK
October 7th UNIVERSITY OF EAST ANGLIA
October 8th BRISTOL LOCARNO

HOPE & ANCHOR
UPPER STREET ISLINGTON, N.1

Thursday September 7th 75p — SOULYARD	Monday September 11th 75p — PATRIK FITZGERALD
Friday September 8th 75p — B52s	Tuesday September 12th 75p — THE SINCEROS
Saturday September 9th 75p — THE BANNED	Wednesday September 13th 75p — THE MEMBERS
Sunday September 10th £1 — JAB JAB	Thursday September 14th 75p — THE EDGE

TO ADVERTISE
ring 01-261 6153

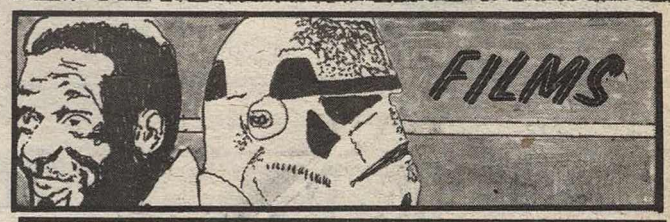
Brian B

HARVEY GOLDSMITH ENTERTAINMENTS PRESENTS
ALVIN LEE'S TEN YEARS LATER
+ SUPPORT
HAMMERSMITH ODEON
FRIDAY 8th SEPT. at 8 p.m. £3·00 £2·50 £2·00
TICKETS FROM HAMMERSMITH ODEON BOX OFFICE 01-748 4081, HARVEY GOLDSMITH BOX OFFICE, 50 NEW BOND ST., W.1. 01-629 3453 (20p BOOKING FEE)

Words (Barry Clarke) Words Words Words Words Words Words Words
CITY HALL, ST ALBANS
Friday September 15th at 8pm
One of the last appearances of
CAPITAL RADIO'S DAVE CASH
+ John De Sade
Reverberation
Roadshow
Saturday September 23rd at 8pm
Turn it up lemmy
MOTORHEAD
+ Support
Mary Jane Disco
Bar Food
Advance tickets from Box Office, 37 Chequer St, St Albans. Tel 64511, or available on door.
Saturday September 30th: ULTRAVOX + Support
Words Words Words Words Words Words Words Words Words Words

TRANS-AM'S
BACK-TO-THE-CLUBS TOUR
Thursday 7th Sept. Marquee
Saturday 9th Sept. Troubador, Tonypandy
Sunday 10th Sept. Paddle Steamer, Cardiff
Monday 11th Sept. Sandman, Port Talbot
Tuesday 12th Sept. Rock Garden

208 Radio Luxembourg & Funky Fox present an
ALL-DAYER
at the UK's finest ballroom
HAMMERSMITH PALAIS, W.6
SUNDAY 17th SEPT. (4pm - 2am)
'Sunday Nite Fever' Every Sunday
OLYMPIC RUNNERS
★ KANDIDATE Britain's No 1 Funk & Soul DJ ROBBIE VINCENT ★
★ TONY PRINCE + ALL THE FOX JOXS
ALLAN SULLIVAN, OWEN, CLINTON & KELLYS ROAD SHOW
Stalls, T. Shirts, badges, licensed bars & hot food. Advance tickets now £2.50 from Fox Leisure, P.O. Box 9, Bromley BR1 1LN, send s.a.e. & P.O. or Palais Box Office after 8pm., Blues and Soul, 40 Hanway St., W.1. Groove Records, 52 Greek St., Premier Box Office, London Theatre Bookings, Record Centre, Pinner
"Only London Appearance"
★ *Sun 24th Sept.* **SYLVESTER** ★



MICHAEL KRAMER PRESENTS
SPLIT RIVITT
★ Friday 15th Sept. Hampstead Town Hall ★
+ RELAY & REGGAE RECORDS
BELSIZE PARK TUBE
TICKETS AVAILABLE
Saturday 23rd Sept. Gayton Road, Hampstead
(OPEN AIR)
Thursday 28th Sept. & 12th October.
CITY ARMS CITY ROAD
ANGEL OR OLD ST. TUBE.
★ Monday 9th Oct.
(upstairs) RONNIE SCOTT'S ★
TICKETS AVAILABLE
—**SPLIT RIVITT** INFO & TICKETS CALL:
TINA 01-729 2666. 9-5

THE PORTERHOUSE
20 CAROLGATE, RETFORD, NOTTS. Tel 704981
Friday September 8th
DRUID
Saturday September 9th
PONDERS END

The Screen on the Hill
Haverstock Hill, London, NW3.
(opp. Belsize Park tube) Tel: 01-435 3366
PROG. TIMES 3.00, 5.00, 7.00, 9.00
Joan Micklin Silver's stop press comedy
BETWEEN THE LINES AA
An *Essential* Release
with Southside Johnny and the Asbury Jukes
"Pure entertainment" *Daily Mail*
"Virtually unmissable" *Time Out*
"Delightful – see for yourself" *Daily Express*
"Very entertaining" *The Times*
"Warm – sharp – delightful" *Sunday Mirror*
"Extremely funny" *Guardian*

TO ADVERTISE ON IT RING
BRIAN B on 01-261 6153

HARVEY GOLDSMITH ENTERTAINMENTS PRESENTS
JOHN McLAUGHLIN
RAINBOW FINSBURY PARK N4
WEDS. 4th OCTOBER at 8pm
TICKETS £4.00, £3.50, £3.25, £2.75
Available from Rainbow Box Offices, Finsbury Park N4
01-263 3148 and Beak St., Carnaby Market W1 01-437 0986,
Harvey Goldsmith Box Office at Chappells, 50 New Bond St., W1
01-629 3453 (20p booking fee).

INJECTIONS
PLAY STATE ROCK
Beginning Of World Domination Tour
Thursday September 7th — PINN INN, RAF Uxbridge (supporting Unit 4 + 2)
Saturday September 9th — THE GEORGE CANNING, Brixton
Tuesday September 12th — THE HAVELOCK, Harrow High Street

Come Shoplifting with Nicky Tesco and
members inc
at
CITY ARMS THURS
CITY ROAD SEPT 7th
ACKLAM HALL: FRI
(With Barry Ford) Sept 8th
WINDSOR CASTLE SAT
HARROW RD. W9 SEPT 9th
HOPE & ANCHOR WED
UPPER ST. N1. Sept 13th
A Big HI to all our fans (Mummy)

SNEAKY
wish to apologise to all their friends and fans for their non-appearance at the Rochester Castle due to unforseen circumstances
See you at THE PRINCE OF WALES, Gravesend. September 10th

peppers
Town Hall
High Wycombe
Friday 8th September 7.30pm
RICH KIDS
+ THE GOOD GUYS
Tickets £1.50 in advance (or peppers members) from Venys Records, Scorpion Records, High Wycombe, Chiltern Sound, Marlow, or at door £1.80.

West Acton Sounds Presents
The Second Uprising at the White Hart, Acton
Tuesday September 12th
THE SATELLITES
+ The Pack + London Pride
+ The Gay Boys and Jerry Floyd
Admission 85p
Use Bongo Fang's amazing cream!

THIRD EAR BAND
Brillig Arts Centre, Bath, This Saturday 9th September
Representation: Apex Music 050843 528

TICKETS. . .TICKETS. . .TICKETS
AVAILABLE FROM LONDON CONCERTS OF THE FOLLOWING

Sept. 7: TAMMY WYNETTE
Sept. 9/16: BLONDIE
Sept. 10: RENAISSANCE
Sept. 10: LURKERS/JOHNNY MOPED
Sept. 12: ROBERT PALMER
Sept. 17: TEMPTATIONS
Sept. 17: DAVE EDMUND'S ROCK PILE and NICK LOWE
Sept. 18/19: EMMYLOU HARRIS
Sept. 16: STRANGLERS and PETER GABRIEL
Sept. 19/23: BETTE MIDLER
Sept. 21: HIGH TENSION
Sept. 23/24: 10cc
Sept. 25/26: CRUSADERS
Sept. 28/30: GRATEFUL DEAD
Sept. 29/30: CAMEL
Oct. 1: BRAND X
Oct. 2: SHADOWS
Oct. 3: JOHN McLOUGHLIN
Oct. 4: ROSE ROYCE and STARGUARD
Oct. 6/7: BARCLAY JAMES HARVEST
Oct. 8: TOM ROBINSON BAND
Oct. 11/12: WEATHER REPORT
Oct. 14/15: B.B. KING
Oct. 15: LEO SAYER
Oct. 16/21: JACK JONES
Oct. 16: PIRATES
Oct. 20: LOUIS BENNETT
Oct. 21: SMOKEY
Oct. 24: STEEL PULSE
Oct. 24/25: JOHNNY MATHIS
Oct. 30: SLADE
Oct. 27 — Nov. 4: SAMMY DAVIS JNR.
Nov. 4: BUZZCOCKS
Nov. 5: RADIO STARS
Nov. 5: 999
Nov. 14/18: MARY O'HARA
Nov. 28/Dec. 3: DEMIS ROUSSOS
Nov. 15: AL STEWART

LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS
96 SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, W.1
General Enquiries: 01-439 3371
Telephone Credit Card Bookings: 01-240 0681

Information CITY

EDITED BY FRED DELLAR

HOWSABOUT listing all the different B sides to the Big Bopper's "Chantilly Lace"? My sister is trying to find the right one but can't remember the name of the song! — **DES BRAMMAGE, Lower Eaton, Bristol.**

COULD YOU provide the date of release for the Hilltopper's classic "Only You"? — **W. EDWARDS, Wildwood, Stafford.**

● **IT'S dead pointless telling me your sister can't find the right one — I can only suggest she tries a matrimonial agency. Failing that, all I can offer is a night out with Mick Farren, who'll make everyone else seem like exactly the right one! Meanwhile, back in golden oldie land, a look at the jukebox has revealed that "Chantilly Lace" has appeared with such B sides as "Big Bopper's Wedding" and "Purple People Eater Meets The Witch Doctor" (and probably others though I'm afraid I don't know 'em), while the Hilltoppers "Only You" was released at the end of '55.**

I WAS interested to read in Ian Cranna's review of Gerry Rafferty in Edinburgh that the support act, Rab Noakes, has released five albums. Since I know of only three — "Red Pump Special", "Never Too Late" and "Restless" — could you give me details of the other two. — **MARY SKEFFINGTON, Jesus College, Oxford.**

● **The missing twosome are "Do You See The Lights" (Decca SKL 5061), which surfaced in 1970, and "Rab Noakes" (A&M AMLS 68119), which he made in 1972 soon after leaving Stealers Wheel. That Cranna knows y'know — even if he and I don't see eye to eye on the subject of Billy Connelly.**

I RECENTLY bought a Hayman 3030 guitar which set me back £100. It is in excellent nick and the only fault is that the aluminium top to the volume control is missing. Could you please give any date on this instrument and — for the benefit of a few workmates — say whether or not I have a bargain? — **DAVID WILLIAMS, Caerphilly, S. Wales.**

● **I'm not too up on instruments — records and busty blondes are more my style — but the guys at Orange Music tell me the instrument probably dates from 1972 and is a Jack Gold design marketed by Dallas-Arbiter. They also say that they currently have a similar guitar in stock for which they are asking £100 — so it would appear that you've been charged a fair price.**

ARE "A Hard Road" and "Through The Years" by John Mayall's Bluesbreakers and "Giant Step"/"De Old Folks At Home" by Taj Mahal still available? If so, where can I get them? — **LIAM RONAYNE, Cork.**

● **"A Hard Road", originally issued in '66, is still around on Decca SKL 4853 and can be ordered through any record dealer, as can "Through The Years" (Decca SKL 5086), which surfaced in 1971. The Taj Mahal double is not available on a British label, though the import (on Columbia KG-18) can be found in many shops, usually retailing for around £7.50.**

COULD YOU supply some background info on Sonny Terry and Brownie McGhee and list any available albums? — **ROBERT MACKAY, Deptford, Kent.**

● **Sonny Terry (real name Saunders Terrell) was born in Greensboro, Georgia on October 24, 1911. A church singer in his childhood, he'd become virtually blind by the age of 12, having lost his sight in two separate accidents. A rasp-rough vocalist and an outstanding blues-harpist, Sonny worked with guitarist Blind Boy Fuller for several years, then became a solo act, playing the Carnegie Hall "Spirituals To Swing" concert in 1938.**

A prolific recording artist, he appeared in *Finian's Rainbow*, a hit Broadway show from 1947, cut a stack of sides with Woody Guthrie and even notched up a fair-sized single success with his "Hootin Blues".

Guitarist-vocalist Walter "Brownie" McGhee hails from Knoxville, Tennessee, where he was born on November 30, 1914. A polio victim as a teenager, one of his legs withered and he hobbled around on crutches for years, eventually having an operation that enabled him to walk, albeit with a limp. He met Sonny Terry during the late '30s and began working with the harpist during the '40s, putting a band together called the Mighty House Rockers while his partner did his two-year-long *Finian's Rainbow* stint.

Later, Brownie and Sonny played Broadway together, appearing in the show *Cat On A Hot Tin Roof*. Along the way, they've also performed as part of the Woody Guthrie Singers and contributed to such movie soundtracks as "Festival" (1967), "The Book Of Numbers", "Blues Under The Skin" and "Buck And The Preacher" (all '72).

The duo, who first appeared in Britain in 1958, are currently represented in our catalogue by such albums as "Sonny And Brownie" (A&M AMLH 64379) and "Walk On" (Bulldog BDL 1018). Many others are available on import.

TAJ MAHAL whistling Dixie Pic by MICHAEL PUTLAND

All the Bs— Big Bopper B-sides and Bluesman Taj

IT DAWNED on me recently that I didn't know a thing about Norman Greenbaum whose "Spirit In The Sky" remains one of my all-time favourite singles. Could you therefore enlighten me and list any albums the man may have made? — **N. HUNTER, Seaton, Devon.**

● **Greenbaum, who yelled his first notes in Malden, Massachusetts, on November 20, 1942, first entered music as a folkie during his days at Boston University. In early '65 he moved out to L.A. where he formed Dr. West's Medicine Show and Junk Band, a goodtime outfit that claimed a fair sized hit with "The Eggplant That Ate Chicago" (Go Go 100) in 1966.**

However, by '67 The Junk Band was on the scrapheap and Greenbaum formed a rock outfit that at one time included J. D. Souther, eventually cutting his solo album "Spirit In The Sky" (U.S. Reprise 6365) in 1969, the fuzz-tone bedecked title track becoming a million-selling single. Norm then hired Russell Dashiell's Crowfoot as a back-up band for live gigs, then returned to the studios to record a second LP "Back Home Again" (U.S. Reprise 6422-1970) with DaShiell, Dan Hicks, William Truckaway, Jerry Yester etc., from which came a top 50 single in "Canned Heat".

Another single, "California Earthquake" crept up the US charts as far as 93rd spot in 1971 but that was almost the end of Greenbaum's career as a would-be rock hero. He started a goat farm in California and recorded a final album titled "Pataluma" (US Reprise 2084) in 1972. However, despite employing his usual array of tasty names — Ry Cooder was aboard, as was Richie Olsen of Charlatans fame — Greenbaum's third album proved a bummer saleswise, at which point he and the fabulous Warner Brothers parted company. Though it's been reported that the one-time goat breeder still gigs around, the Schwann catalogue, which lists all major album releases in the States, has not featured Greenbaum's name in recent years.

A WHILE ago, in an article on hyped singles, you stated that a new top 100 based on record sales was going to be published by the Gallop poll people. It's now three months later and I haven't heard any more about this chart. Could you tell me if it *is* being published anywhere? The reason I want to know is that I'm hoping to get a book published that's similar to Tony Jasper's *20 years of record charts*, but based on top 50 rather than a top 20 and I thought it might be interesting to use this chart for the latter part of 1978. — **Howard Stephen Pizzey, Swanley, Kent.**

● **The Gallup compiled Top 100 is published weekly by Radio and Record News of 365 Euston Road, London NW1, one of Britain's three record trade magazines - the others being *Record Business* and *Music Week*, both of which have thier own charts. But I honestly don't see the need for any new British chart books — apart from up-dates that is — for we've already had the Jasper book, Clive Solomon's *Record Hits*, Dafydd Rees' *Starfile*. the Gilett and Frith *Rockfiles* and Tim Rice's Guinness publication. What's really needed is a really good U.S. Hot 100 listing, similar in style — but not in price — to those compiled in the States by Joel Whitburn.**

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9.SWANSEA TOP RANK SUITE
10.CARDIFF TOP RANK SUITE
11.TAUNTON ODEON
13.PLYMOUTH TOP RANK SUITE
14.TORQUAY TOWN HALL
15.SHEFFIELD TOP RANK SUITE
16.HANLEY VICTORIA HALL
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30.BRISTOL COLSTON HALL
31.PORTSMOUTH GUILDHALL
NOVEMBER
3.CANTERBURY ODEON
4.HAMMERSMITH ODEON
6.HEMEL HEMPSTEAD PAVILLION
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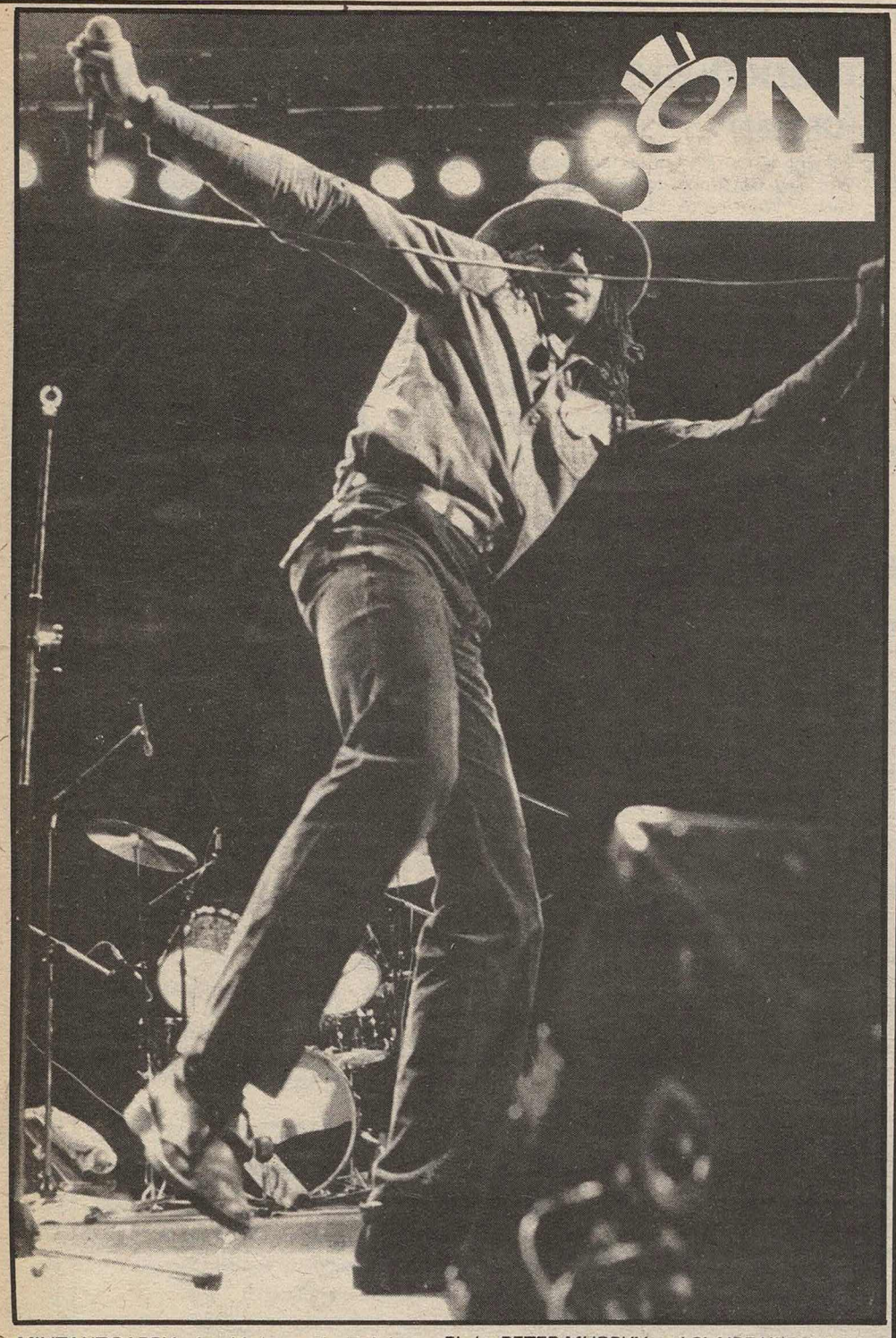
FREEDOM OF CHOICE

ON THE TOWN



MILITANT BARRY takes his hat to the Rainbow. Pic by PETER MURPHY and CLAIRE HERSHMAN

Keith Hudson and Militant Barry

RAINBOW, LONDON

BILLED AS A Bank Holiday Reggae Spectacular, at up to £3.50 a throw, this concert was at one time or another due to feature Dr Alimantado, Matumbi, Errol Dunkley, Ex-Merger man Barry Ford's solo debut, Keith Hudson and Sir Coxsone's Sound System. What we actually witnessed was another matter. Four songs from Hudson, two from Errol Dunkley and one record played by Coxsone. Too bad to be true?

At least we knew in advance that the Doctor wouldn't be appearing. But Matumbi? Barry Ford? It was up to Militant Barry and Black Slate to substitute as best they could. They failed.

After a greatly delayed start (so what's new?), Militant Barry took to the boards and toasted four numbers. He has an endearing character as he dances about beaming a constant smile; but the music left everything to be desired. The crowd of a meagre hundred, if that, didn't even bother to applaud, such was the apathetic atmosphere that had descended like one great wet blanket. And who could blame us?

At last, reggae king Keith Hudson staggered on stage, and began to intone "Torch Of Freedom". After a few lines of this he suddenly realised it was "I Broke The Comb" from the classic "Rasta Communication" album that the band, Santic, were playing. One of many embarrassing, but treasured moments in reggae. A new song, "Rock Me" from the forthcoming album, was sandwiched between two more from the current one, "Rasta Country" and "Bloody Eyes". Militant Barry returned to talk over the last number, allowing Hudson to make his premature exit. Just four songs, and a load of spiel about how great the audience was, when in reality there was hardly a murmur from them, is something I find laughable, and insulting at the same time.

I know Hudson has aspirations of joining the ranks of Spear and Marley in the reggae league, but he must realise that to do so entails getting himself together. He may well go down a storm in Holland, from where he's just returned, but I for one expect a hell lot more from one of the true greats.

John Gray

OFF BROADWAY — DEPTFORD'S, TO BE PRECISE

The Albany Benefit

DEPTFORD, LONDON

BEAUTIFUL DOWNTOWN Deptford on Sunday afternoon, and if only I'd known that ATV weren't going to show, I would have stayed at home and kicked the dog.

Still, it was all in a good cause, the proceeds (they passed a bucket round) from this illustrious event going towards the cost of re-building The Albany, once Deptford's venue-cum-community-centre that met its fate in July at the hands of some jack-booted pyromaniacs who have yet to be apprehended.

So no ATV, and in place of a band that are at least *trying* to do something new, we had three nothing-new-about-this-wave bands, then The Fabulous Poodles (a slight remedy to the overwhelming tedium) and last of all, topping the bill due to ATV's absence — and also no doubt due to their odious *TOTP* appearance — Squeeze.

Situated between a railway line and a decrepit Victorian council block, the grass field that served as a site for this miniest of mini festivals was populated by a predominantly local crowd, some with their kids, some with their dogs, and even some with their deck chairs. Yawn, yawn.

Red Star, The Convent Nuns and **The Realists** were all received with polite but restrained enthusiasm, and **The Fabulous Poodles,** despite sound problems, provoked the unprecedented response of stamping, cheering, and (idiot) dancing, no less. They earnt it, too, although hardly the most original of bands, their fusion of rhythm and blues with heavy rock riffs only served to emphasise how gross the bill toppers were.

So finally, as the darkness draws in, it's **Squeeze** time, and they might have bombed at Reading, but they evidently had a few fans here. The 200 odd (how right) people that remained after the Poodles had gone, packed themselves round the front of the tiny stage and launched into the kind of forced enjoyment that only the truly bored can muster. Squeeze have two assets only — a well above average drummer, and a short set. If the future of our rock and roll lay solely in the hands of such bands as this, the genre would be severely retarded overnight. That is, of course, unless your idea of "entertainment" consists of tedious re-workings of such esoteric delights as "Love Potion No. 9" and the first (and last, I hope) Squeeze chart single "Take Me I'm Yours". Squeeze come on like a Christmas cracker version of Mud, and as the set wore on, the crowd slowly diminished.

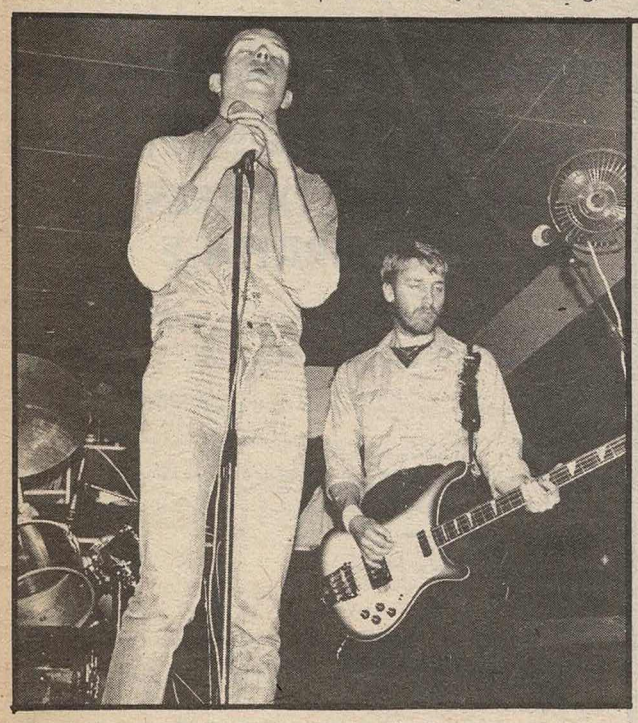
The departure point for me, however, came when Chris Difford went into the most blatantly over the top sexist rap I've ever witnessed at a rock gig. This, during a number titled "Deep Cuts", made even the worst of The Stranglers lyrics look like Enid Blyton bed-time stories.

Using the vehicle of obscene phone calls, Difford, happily and at great length, regales the audience with a detailed run down of his puerile sexual fantasies, and it immediately becomes apparent that this BOY should leave behind the world of music, and seek his true vocation in hard core porn.

Get smart Difford, or stay in your room and jerk off till your eyes bleed.

Robin Banks

SQUEEZE take their moogs to South London. Pic by JILL FURMANOVSKY



Joy Division's IAN CURTIS takes his electric shaver to his chin.

MERCILESS JOY-BRINGERS

Joy Division

MANCHESTER

THOSE FAMILIAR WITH this young quartet mainly through their excitable appearance on the "Short Circuit" pretty package, and to a lesser extent with their self produced "An Ideal For Living" EP, unimpressed by their ordinariness but detecting deep in their industry and pretensions a potential for making a more effective, ambitious music, should look to Joy Division now.

In months, they have matured considerably. They have learnt to sculpt, not merely to emit. They are now not instinctively fast and frenzied, but animated and volatile. The crucial substances in Joy Division's original expression, the dynamics and vigour, have been lifted out of a surrounding morass of clumsiness and unsureness, and elaborated on, sharpened up. A new found sensitivity. From a punk group with minimal awareness and ability, to a music group with eloquence and direction.

Previously crude and inarticulate, painfully overworking an idea to nothing, using minimal deviations or patterns in a song, they now twist, punch, turn within a manoeuvre, never resting, never spilling.

Joy Division do not use guitar, bass, drums, voice, it's still riffs, rhythms and coherence. But its form and execution drag it away from rock tradition — different introductions, different shapes, different conclusions.

Their music is mercilessly attacking, it rotates, persists, repeats, always well balanced.

Ian Curtis on voice, reacting to the music as if on a hot plate, discovers the scope within tonal limitations — uses his vocals for force; blankly impressed emotions, bitter and angry. Not tuneless, not tuneful. Flat and intent, a fourth instrument.

Lyrically, philosophically, their ideas and intentions are lost, the peril of fast communicative music performed with poor equipment in dire venues. This could be an advantage — they may be advocating a police state and restrictions of freedom for all the listener can discern.

Joy Division's old songs (written as Warsaw), once blunt and hollow, are now interpreted fuller, keen and pointed, with new found senses of time, tension and suspension.

That Joy Division can be dropped, without qualms, into the same sweet packet as Magazine and The Fall is significant of their growth. Growth that introduces new difficulties — greater responsibility, deeper commitment. An audience will drift towards them (towards fashionable metal-industrial exploits), but Joy Division will need to fight the tendency to dilute brand new standards to seduce a larger audience.

This could be Joy Division's peak. On the verge of a compromise — or on the verge of something greater? Right now they make provocative and invigorating music, somewhere on a line between the conventional and unconventional practises of Penetration and the Banshees. That "good".

Paul Morley

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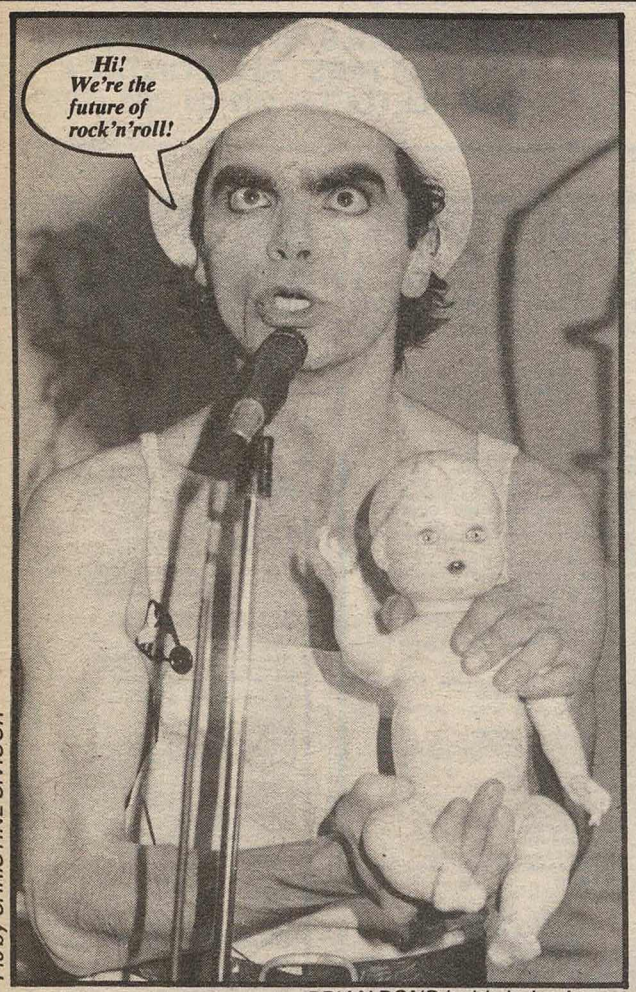


Pic by CHRISTINE SIVIOUR

BRIAN BOND holds baby James

Punishment Of Luxury

LEEDS

IT ISN'T EASY for a relatively unknown band to take the Leeds Fan Club 'by storm', but Punishment Of Luxury just about managed to effect the feat. Only a matter of seconds into their set, the handful of blase rooters (who, on occasions like this, show up more out of habit than for the name of the band) were lunging stagewards, instantaneously aware that this band conformed to no previous rock and roll norm.

From the locale now known as Tyne and Wear, Punilux (especially vocalist Cagney-lookalike Brian Bond) show signs of Northumbrian folk-lore hang-ups; judging by Bond's red eye woad and oriental poodle hair-bob, Harald Hadrada and Rupert Bear's Japanese friends could have been prime influences.

But as it happens, the eccentricity is theatre rather than parody and/or decadence, and in the circumstances, you could begin to forgive prop-fetishist Bond for projecting like a lobotomy victim — yellow nylon dungarees, superimposed bra contraption, canvas rainhat and all.

Some, if not all, of the other musicians — Nevilluxury (guitar), Jeff Thwaite a.k.a. Liquid Les (drums), Malla Kaballa (guitar) — also have backgrounds in theatre. Needless to say, it shows — the songs are acted as well as they are structured.

The Small Wonder single "Puppet Life", co-written by Luxury and Bond, is a masterpiece of ordered dicorder, an unrelenting, 'hard-hitting' tale of crime, punishment and pain; "Pouf" concerns itself with the traditional aggression directed towards people of the homosexual persuasion; "Let's Get Married" is Duryesque (as are touches in other numbers) just as "Elvis Costello Is Dead" shows a certain Elvis Costello influence; "Jellyfish", with the band achieving just-so syncronised pogoing, is probably strictly for laughs, but through a duff P.A., it was hard to tell.

"Obsession" sees Bond grabbing a 'random' girl (actually, she probably was) from the audience, and committing various unrevealed indiscretions under his newly-acquired blue satin cape, subsequently to leave her grovelling on the deck in fright. Bad form, maybe — they'd just say it was showbiz.

But Punishment Of Luxury aren't the archetypal Phoney Art Band. There is no dross, no pretentious interludes. The medium might be the message, but the medium is rock and roll as hard as it comes.

On first sighting, it's fairly evident that they have something else going for them. Expect plenty more rave notices where this came from.

Emma Ruth

Hollywood Killers

ROCK GARDEN, LONDON

DESPITE THEIR name, few bands make such un-American yet viscerally exciting rock music as the Hollywood Killers. When the White Cats blew their Rock Garden gig, obliging the Killers to do two sets, the audience ate both of them and still hungered for more. As on every occasion I've witnessed the band, they aroused the kind of sheer exhiliration Thin Lizzy are supposed to provoke, but with music far more challenging than Phil Lynott's retrogressive riff-rock.

The opener, "Leaving", instantly displays a harder edge than was previously evident, grizzled saxist Alexander Moylegrove III (great group, daft names) scoring with some fierce alto, shirt off in the sauna-like conditions. Other new songs, like the wry "No Interviews" abd "Like A Butterfly", soon show leader Crepe Soles Jimmy's muse to be in excellent shape. Thrilling little riffs crop up repeatedly, but only rarely does the song hinge on them.

"The Other Side Of Midnight" remains a standout, Pete Poodle's measured bass intro ushering in husky vocal and warm, breathy sax before the perfectly integrated rock section. "My Girl", (not the) soul ballad, is an intriguing departure and the first indication that Jim is honing his boyish exuberance into an 'act'. While the rest of the band perfect their Bill Wyman imitations, he jumps down front and croons alternatively to a clutch of faintly embarrassed females. The excellent "Satellite" is also enlivened by some confident clowning.

Jim's voice is occasionally Ferryesque, though far less mannered, and his lyrics only adequate, but there are other ways of reaching the intelligence. Rhythm is a vital element, with drummer Bernie Schmirnoff fast yet funky and the guitars in razor-edged tandem throughout. On "Goodbye Suicide", a spirited rejection of the sub-Stranglers nihilism suggested by their name, I was reminded of the MC5, with Ghilli Willi in the part of Wayne Kramer.

The Hollywood Killers play 'up', extrovert music that is too dense and tough to be called anything but rock. If there's a band on the London circuit, I haven't heard them.

Harry George

Ultravox

THE MARQUEE, LONDON

IT'S SOMETHING of a dilemma to know how to take Ultravox. Certainly not recommended on an empty stomach, nor in huge outbursts at the Marquee on sweltering summer nights . . .

As a penicillin to these troubled times, they really don't fit the bill. Although theirs is not a lack of talent, limited inspiration never quite makes up for an almost total lack of consequence—resulting in the strange phenomenon that a mildly entertaining second night at the Marquee fades in the memory quicker than an American bomber in the Bermuda Triangle.

Run-of-the-mill they're not. Riding along on the offbeat rhythms and offbeat phrasing of John Fox, the opener ("The Man Who Dies Every Day") emphasised that. In fact, at this point they promise the proverbial Great Things to Come.

Unfortunately, it's that kind of evening — one of those stop/go affairs, with marginally more lows than highs. On the bright side, the opener, and a couple from the newie-in-the-pipeline, "Systems Of Romance", both rich in melody, both sheathed in the bitter-sweet charm of Ultravox at their best.

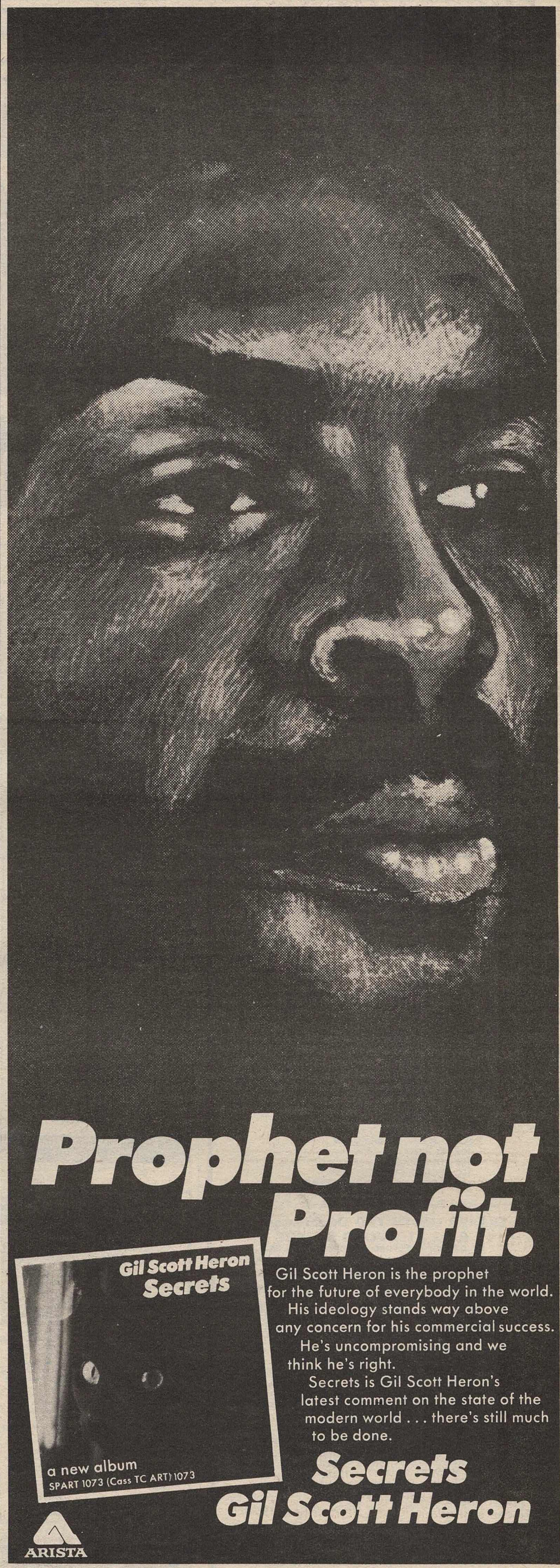
The new single, "Slow Motion", was relegation-fodder, though, and the choice of performing its dirge-like dullness as the encore (as well as its feature early in the set) left a helluva lot to be desired. "Maximum Acceleration" was pretty awful, too, and "Someone Else's Room" fell away into an unexpected heavy-metallic manhole soon after the first chord.

There's no set formula to the material, which is good, and the band reach an admirable equality of emphasis so far as musical roles—Warren Cann performed competently if a little anonymously on drums, Billy Curry had the odd flourish on the keyboards, Criss-Cross bumped along happily on bass, while Robin Simon seemed to shoulder too much on lead guitar. John Fox fronted ok, but without the overwhelming charisma of an Eddie Maelov or a Gene October.

Of the other numbers, "Young Savage" got a good welcome—even if Ultravox do seem to pay only salutary lip-service to their moderate punk following, this moved like nuthin' else on the night; barbed-wire vocals and clean cutting edges to the guitars of Simon and Criss-Cross.

Sandwiched at Reading below The Jam—but above Sham 69, it's obvious that Ultravox enjoy a comfortable position in the rockworld at the moment. But if they want to break through to giddier heights, they're gonna have to cut out their present eccentric standard of output, and produce more consistent trackx tracks of the calibre of "Artificial Night" or "Quiet Man".

Roger White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SKREWDRIVER: "Don't mind us, mush, we're only here for the grog . . ." Pic by CHRISTINE SIVIOUR

Skrewdriver

LEEDS

FOR A BAND which appears to have big trouble getting gigs in London, you'd be forgiven for expecting that Skrewdriver might just go out of their way to play it nice and cool in the provinces. But no. Their tour having been wrecked by the skinhead reputation that preceded them, the band (especially 'vocalist' Ian Stuart) seemed anxious here to prove that they're a highly dispensable outfit anyway.

For all I know, Skrewdriver really could be genuine victims of the bad company they attract back home (which is presumably why they've begun to grow their hair; Stuart probably still wears the Docs solely because they're a good shoe). But the method they employed here was truly kamikaze.

Spilling his grog as frequently as he slurred his sleech, the frontman bent over backwards to further despoil the band's credibility, with introductions as harmless as "This is a number by Them. We do it better" ("Gloria"), to dedications as tasteless as "This is for Elvis Presley, Jim Morrison, Lynyrd Skynyrd, and all the others *who couldn't take it*" ("Louie, Louie"). It could have been the booze, but — just like Gerald Ford — the guy projected like he'd have trouble walking and chewing gum simultaneously.

Unfortunately, the redeeming features — mostly in the form of Glenn Jones (lead guitar) and Gary Callender (rhythm guitar) — didn't always seem to have the confidence (or was it the *desire?)* with which they could have produced some effective alternative propaganda for the band. "Silent Crowds" and Johnny Winter-copy "Good Morning Little Schoolgirl" could have been a lot worse, but "Route 66", proffered half-way through the set, said reams about the band's respect for their own material.

"No Fun" (and it wasn't) was the last number to be delivered freely, before the band walked off *but cynically* about twenty minutes premature. It was left to the promoter to insist that they play on or leave the money behind, and their return meant more of the same, a crude rendition of "Honky Tonk Women" and an action replay of their own aptly-titled chestnut, 'Anti-Social'.

Very definitely a band which won't be playing the Fforde Grene again in a hurry, Screwdriver could use some lessons in integrity and commitment — if they have had a rough deal, this was no way for the new line-up to put the record straight.

Later the same night, the band went along to the Leeds Fan Club, where Doll By Doll and the Streets were featuring. Keen to re-present themselves. Skrewdriver played a couple of numbers with random other musicians — local and foreign — before everyone called it a day. It was hardly any less disordered than before, but at least they did it for free.

Emma Ruth

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Teresa d'Abreu

RAILWAY HOTEL, LONDON

BOY! What the hell happened there? All the right chemical ingredients — but no reaction!

There's Nick Hurt (ex-Flip City, of Elvis fame) leading the band with eye-popping muscle-bulging vigour and enthusiasm (he wrote the songs) on keyboards, rhythm and sometimes co-lead vocal.

Original Sadista Sister Teresa's putting all her soul behind the rock-rollicking rhythms of Don Young, bass — looking, acting and sounding like J.A.'s Jack Casady with a beret on top — and, yes, that old Fairie Russell Hunter on drums, all pistons pumping. Chinless wonder John Davis' tasteful guitar licks flame around the sound.

As Nick's T-shirt proclaims, this band are Cookin' Good.

So what's wrong? Distractions dominate. Don's bass continually falls off its strap, Russell's bass drum is punctured and Teresa can't handle the weedy drunk relentlessly forcing Southern Comforts on her even while she's singing.

By the time the band do get into their stride, it's too late. People are leaving for their last buses and those remaining — except for the drunk and one guy asleep on the floor — are backing away towards the bar. Veteran Russell hides behind his cymbals. And Teresa's big heart can't stand the rejection.

OK, the audience are loboed dummies, but the music's a hotch-potch: West Coast rock'n'soul with '70s stomp. They're a '60s band complete with swirling light-show. Teresa impresses with her Maggie Ball/Carol Grimes passion, as in the slow, soulful "Sister", but comes unstuck with her image of late '70s aggression.

And though their experience shows strongly, their maximum attack style is diffused on first hearing by mediocre mid-set material.

The set ends strongly with all stops out. No applause. No encore. Backstage — angry tears. What a nightmare.

Andy Skeptik

The Heat

ROCK GARDEN, LONDON

NEW WAVE five-piece The Heat did a good job of supporting the excellent China Street. Their set of fast, bristling tunes palled a bit after the impressive "Coming Apart", but ended triumphantly with a furious, funny "Let's Spend The Night Together" that extended the Bowie treatment about as far as it'll go.

They seem a band with good ideas, but a lot of rough edges, often ending messily. And someone should tell the singer that leopardskin pants and half-hearted macho poses are strictly gauche.

But their music, with its considered blend of the attractive and the disturbing, holds promise. Time will tell.

Graham Lock

FESTIVITIES STOP HERE

Sheffield Bandfest

SHEFFIELD

THAT A SHEFFIELD bandfest should take place now, as the home-grown music scene matures into something of more than merely local importance, is not only apt but *deserved*. That, however, the choice of bands should be as unrepresentative as those appearing in this two-day affair at the Limit Club is both a cruel snub to the bands not included, and (as things turned out) a tiresome endurance test for the audience.

Monday's bill was notable mainly for the conspicuous non-appearance of both The Human League (afraid lest an isolated case of beer-throwing, such as greeted their last gig here, should damage their delicate equipment and nix a prestigious London date) and Radio Earth (recently signed by Radar, and as like as not preparing for Things To Come).

In their place, the show is opened by complete unknowns **The Miami Dolphins,** who clock up a considerable number of negative superlatives with their messy blend of HM and power-pop. Souped-up — or should that be consommed-down? — versions of "Sha La La La Lee" and the Tremeloes' "Even The Bad Times Are Good" are typical of their set, serving only to point out the inadequacies of the singer's vocal chords.

And how they've got the gall to insult the audience with between-songs statements like "Please move to the front, especially any record company people who're here, 'cos that's who we're aiming at" is, I confess, quite beyond me. It's also an insult to record company people, if it comes to that.

The Ultimate are, at least, a known Sheffield band, although a casual observer would get a bizarre impression of the local scene from their performance. Greasy rock'n'roll revivalist stuff is their thing, man, and were it not for their kitsch quotient (provided mainly by vocalist Steve Superior, who bears an uncanny resemblance to a post-burger Elvis), they'd be completely forgettable. As it is, the vocals and some reasonably raunchy sax are the only things which crawl out of the muddy mix with any degree of clarity.

They're well-received, whether for musical or humorous reasons I can't quite fathom.

Chesterfield's **The Thompson Twins** are next, the best act of a dire day. Snappy stuff in the XTC vein, songs like "Sign Writer" and "Dancing Girls" betray a wit and musical imagination otherwise absent from the day's proceedings. If anything, there's too much embellishment in their carefully-structured guitar interplay, and they *may* get a bit wearing after a while, but they injected a sparkle into affairs at just the right time, bless 'em.

I enjoyed them a lot, even though they didn't wear bowler hats and Hitler moustaches like their namesakes in the Tintin cartoons. Can't have everything, I suppose, and what I got was plenty.

Harlow, from Doncaster, are the last band of the day. At a guess, I'd say they were a club band (as in Working Men's), and as such they're undoubtedly successful. Brightly-coloured bomber jackets with matching "eye" logo on the back, and the false exuberance of practiced semi-pros are their trademarks; and the music, needless to say, matches — clear harmonies, politely competent musicianship, that kind of thing. They bored me shitless. Harlow would make a good Fleetwood Mac, were they not trying so hard to be Flintlock.

I left before the end. Six hours is enough for *any* man.

And so to Tuesday. **Cabaret Voltaire,** perverse as ever, insisted on playing *first,* thus ensuring that only those prepared to take the trouble to get down early would see them.

Tired of the "acceptance" they've gained of late, and aware that they're the only representatives, in the two days, of the dominant experimental trend in local music, they opt for a completely improvised set which dispenses with formal structures, bass and guitar. Just tapes and an assortment of electronic machinery; no *beat,* no programmed motor response, but a call for wider perimeters by which to judge rock music.

Some of it hits, some misses, and some of the audience get tired and moan about "getting money by false pretences" (which, since the whole affair's free and no-one's getting paid, is rather ironic). The most surprising thing about the set, though, is the non-violent reaction it produces. The music wasn't *that* cool and cosy, surely?

Next on are the exquisitely-named **Charles Hawtrey And The Deaf Aids,** a moniker suggestive of all manner of carryings-on. (Ha ha.) Fronted by former 2-3 bassist Terry, who exudes confidence and charisma in fairly substantial quantities, they're a five-piece who could be trimmed to a power trio with no real loss, sax and back-up vocals being somewhat superfluous (although demeanour suggests they're there more for fun than music.)

They're a covers band, by which I mean they've quite deliberately decided to forgo composition and rely on an astute choice of solid pop-tinged R'n'B for their repertoire. The old ("Route 66"), the new ("Mystery Dance") and the in-between ("She Does It Right") all get an airing, along with their curious penchant for Chris Spedding numbers like "Motorbikin' " and "Get Out Of My Pagoda".

It's all good, lightweight fun, performed with more than a dash of panache, but I can't help wondering why, with the skill they obviously possess, they limit themselves to under-achievement.

Molodoy are weird. Ostensibly a skinhead band, they've chosen not to tread the Sham 69 path to fame and fortune (for which, full marks), but to move in their own mysterious way. Fronted by a singer done up a la *Clockwork Orange* — white face, black eye, white strides, black bowler — they utilise the same principle of ideas/imagination outweighing technical capability as Wire and Siouxsie And The Banshees, two bands to whom they bear more than merely theoretical similarity.

Starting with a shaky instrumental, during which the singer punctuates things percussively in the manner of Ubu's David Thomas, they move into a series of songs with dense, odd riffs and lyrics which betray a silly infatuation with death and violence. So who needs a song called "Children Of The Third Reich"? This aside, though, they display a healthy, tentatively experimental attitude to their musical structures. I'll keep an eye open for Molodoy in the future . . .

Andy Gill

New Wave Festival

SANDPIPER, NOTTINGHAM

A 'NEW WAVE Festival' halfway into 1978 might seem to the casual, or indeed cynical, observer to be a rather severe case of shutting the stable door after the horse has scraped the bottom of the barrel — BUT, as this evening showed, there are still an encouraging number of people who adhere strongly to the garageband ethic (still valid), that with enough panache, anybody can get on stage and whack out a few chewns for fun, and maybe even (eventually), profit. As usual some of the results were more worthwhile than others . . .

Own up time. Due to an unaviodable delay *(Jazz At Montreux* **actually), I managed to completely miss opening band,** *The Act.* **A quick sortie amongst the assembled onlookers revealed they'd resembled a cut-price Darts', and had 'tried to do a Deaf School', all to rather good effect, apparently.**

The Pins **have just two guitars between the four of them, and have been biding their time until someone could lend them enough gear to actually perform. A lot of advance self-publicity meant that most folk were rooting for them, and they didn't disappoint. The first song, "It's Funny", made the picture perfectly clear: "We are not professional/We are not proficient/But we're fun!" — and if you're now thinking 'heard it all before', so what? I enjoyed the shakey, nervous, very amateurish Pins far more than I've enjoyed about a hundred other bands who've been proclaimed the future of rockaboogie in the last two years.**

I wish The Pins every success in their struggle against overwhelming odds, especially lead singer Mark, who'll be a great mover when he overcomes his nerves. All they need is practice.

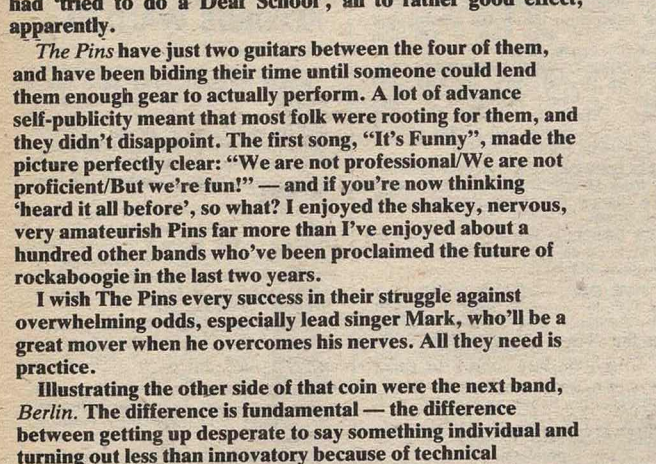
Illustrating the other side of that coin were the next band, *Berlin.* **The difference is fundamental — the difference between getting up desperate to say something individual and turning out less than innovatory because of technical limitations, and getting up with no other intention than trotting out a few tired cliches about Fascists, death, hate, BOF's etc. It's called posing, and anyone who mutilates "Wild Thing" and "You Really Got Me" as badly as Berlin barely deserve serious comment.**

Bad to worse. Worse because I had high hopes of *The Press* **six months ago.**

They had a naive charm back then, every song was a battle to be won, each grudging round of applause a target for guitarist Neil Canpsie's nervous sarcasm. Since then they've ditched their keyboards player, and re-augmented with John Lewis, a sax player cum lead vocalist (previously the vocals were shared amongst the band). They include hardly any covers now — unfortunately, I don't like their own material as much as the stuff they've dropped.

If The Press have declined a bit, then *The Turbines* **have washed themselves right down the pan. Top the bill? The state they're in these days they couldn't top a jam tart. Another band who've let it slip through their fingers. I'm sorry lads, you can't come on local radio to complain about lack of work and then blow out a prestigious gig like The Sandpiper. Out of tune, out of time, leads wrenched out, leads tripped over — you can only get away with that kind of onstage chaos when there's a loony like Iggy up there to keep the shambles charismatic.**

Stephen Gordon



THE INMATES: Better than Wilson Pickett, even, it says here . . . *Pic by JUSTIN THOMAS*

The Inmates

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The Inmates are the other side of Cockney culture to Sham 69 — boisterous good humour coupled with an ability to interpret '60s r'n'b numbers as well as, say, the Feelgoods at their peak.

Led by Big Bill Hurley, one of three ex-Cannibals in the line-up, and lifted by spectacularly good bass playing courtesy of Ben Donnelly, they ran through a ten number set of golden oldies, throwing in a self-penned number almost unnoticed.

A quick run through the band for those unfortunate enough not to have caught them yet — Big Bill on vocals, Ben Donnelly on bass, Tony Olwin on rhythm, John Bull on drums and Pete Gunn on lead guitar.

They opened fast and furious, with "Jeanie Jeanie Jeanie", the irresistible chorus of "Things Get Better", "Love Got Me" and "Don't Lie To Me", which really showcases Donnelly's exceptional talent.

Time to slowdown with "Three Time Loser", at which point Laurie Garman joins the band on stage from the audience, and adds the weight of his harmonica to the fray. As they coast through "I Ain't Got You" and "Big Boss Man" it's clear how vital the harmonica is on slower r'n'b numbers.

By this time, the Hope and Anchor cellar was transformed into a cauldron of energy, Big Bill sharing the stage with an overspill from the audience — no heavy roadies here, band and audience alike are one happy family, rocking and sweating the night away.

"You Don't Miss The Water" brought the whole thing to a grand finale.

It's true that the band have still to break out of London, but on this form there's no reason why they shouldn't follow in the footsteps of bands with national followings — like the Feelgoods or even The Pirates.

Roger White

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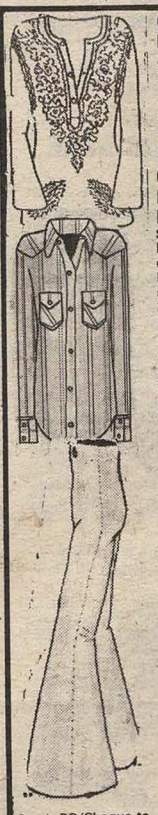

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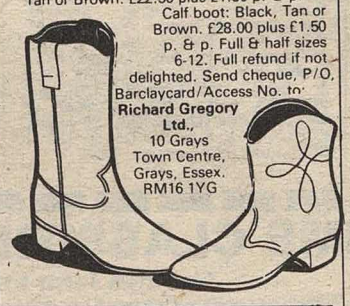

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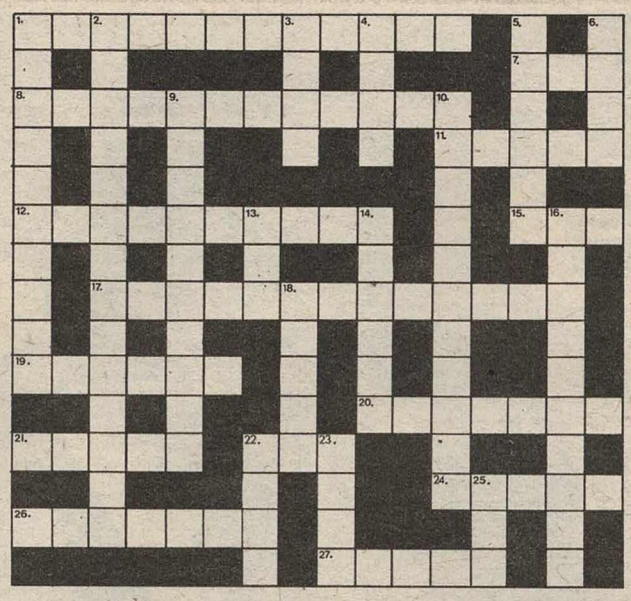

ACROSS

1 & 5 "Galaxy Of Love" cosmic disco mob (5, 7, 6)
7 Tubes' numero uno fruitcake — at a small charge!
8 Today's Romeos go cruisin' with the radio on, are kind to little dinosaurs, and love the chimes of the ice cream man! (6, 6)
11 Nine out of ten reggae DJs choose this as their favourite breakfast!
12 Colourful heavy metal combo, now defunct (4, 6)
15 R. Stigwood's label (one for you Bee Gees' fans!)
17 Stiff boy wonder, of "Whole Wide World" and "Reconnez Cherie" fame (9, 4)
19 See 26
20 A socially-rewarding by-product of coal!
21 Feelgoods' seaside landmark — from first LP
22 Not all Stones roll, some are just foxy with it!
24 A doctor writes: "This condition is most found in the young, usually occasioned by contact with a popular celebrity. A well-aimed blow on the head will generally effect recovery."
26 & 19 West Coast warbler pal of David and Graham ("A hopeless case" — Doc.)
27 J. Rivera's label (and a big 'Hi' to E. Costello!)

DOWN

1 Sea-faring Motown combo steering chartwards
2 & 6 BBC-2's cure of insomnia. What's that, Doc? ZZZZZZZZZzzzzzzz..... (3, 4, 7, 4)
3 The teenyboppers' fave punk
4 Pile up the loot like Ken Hensley & Co.!
5 See 1 across
6 See 2
9 A Crossword Exclusive! Elvis didn't die — he came to England in the '60s and joined The Troggs, changing his first name to fool Col. Parker. It was the Madame Tussauds waxwork which died! (3, 7)
10 She can flash her Mac at *NME* hacks anytime! *("Shame!" — Ed.)* (6, 5)
13 M Most's label (this one's for the Suzi Quatro fan!)
14 P. Smith LP — was it titled thus 'cos she expected to be crucified by the critics?!
16 Predecessor to "And Then There Were Three" (7, 3)
18 Vinyl identification sticker
22 See 23
23 & 22 down. Much-covered early Elton John single
25 U.S. funk combo / Or bleedin' almighty great bust-up between nations wiv lots of blood 'n' gore and bombs 'n' stuff . . . *("Shame" — J. Baez)*

ANSWERS NEXT WEEK, LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS BELOW.

ACROSS: "Dreadlock (Holiday)"; 6 (The) Band; 7 Chelsea; 9 (Bill) Nelson; 11 Sam (Cooke); 12 Al Kooper; 13 "Oh Carol"; 14 Annie (Haslam); 15 Andy Gibb; 16 (Adam) Faith; 18 (Denny) Laine; 19 (Annie) Haslam; 15 Andy Gibb; 16 (Adam) Faith; 18 (Denny) Laine; 19 (Annie) Haslam); 21 Single; 22 "(Dreadlock) Holiday".

DOWN: 1 Doctors Of Madness; 2 "Electric Lady-land";3 Dusty Springfield; 4 "Ku Klux Klan"; 5 Adam (Faith); 6 Boomtown Rats; 8 Animals; 10 (Kenny) Everitt; 17 Hammy (Howell); 20 Arlo (Guthrie).

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JAZZ DIARY

JAZZ CENTRE SOCIETY have a new venue at the Red Deer, Brighton Road, Croydon on Tuesday nights. The new Stan Tracey Quartet — Roy Babbington bass, Clark Tracey drums — are playing there on 12th September, the Dave Shepherd Quintet on 19th and the Kathy Stobart Quintet on 28th.

JCS are also presenting the Midnite Follies Orchestra at the Queen Elizabeth Hall on 27th September, supported by Kenny Davern and the Tony Lee Trio. The orchestra's bag is mainly based on '20s and '30s Harlem bands, with soloists like Digby Fairweather, Alan Elsdon and Johnny Barnes on the strength. Last call for the Don Cherry Trio plus the John Abercrombie-Ralph Towner Duo at the Old Vic Theatre on 10th September.

Intermediate Guitar Clinic for players with a working knowledge of chord structure opens at the Workers Music Association, 236 Westbourne Park Road, W11 on 3rd October and continues for the next six Tuesdays. Course fee is £15; tutor is Dave Cliff. This will be followed by a saxophone clinic in November.

The London Musicians Collective at 42 Gloucester Avenue, NW1 also have a busy month with percussionist Terry Day and friends on 8th, Eddie Provost's Freedom Music Orchestra's first public performance on 9th, Saxoviotrump on 10th, New York guitarist Eugene Chadbourne on 12th and Bob Downing with Bob Helson on 14th.

There's a new album from Eddie Provost's band, "Live", featuring tenorman Geoff Hawkins, trumpeter Gerry Gold, bassist Marcio Mattos and the leader on drums in concert at Cambridge College; Matchless label.

In case anyone has slept on Don Schlitten's Xanadu label, lemme say I've never heard a duff album yet, and that Delo Coker's "California Hard" with Pepper and Frank Butler is terrific, while Wardell Gray's "Live In Hollywood" with Hampton Hawes is stupendous.

Brian Case

STRANGLERS CONTD.

From page 25

never envisaged was stagflation — that is, stagnation whilst at the same time you have inflation."

Burnel is very conscious that The Stranglers, despite their large record sales figures, are essentially an unfashionable band.

"No one's ever wanted to align themselves with us, to openly say they're our mates. Apart from Steel Pulse, that is, who've been really fuckin' great.

"We've helped other bands and they've *shit* on us and said really crazy things about us. Yet in front of us they took our sweets. We help bands, give 'em a bit of money to help 'em go in the studio, yet they'll never acknowledge it and they'll jump on the bandwagon and start calling us sexist.

"Which is so silly, really. Ian Drury can sing about sex'n'drugs'n'rock'n'roll for a whole album and not get put down, and Hugh'll write one song about how one time he slapped a girlfriend and we get all that shit.

"They're all just bigots. People are very insecure.

"I mean, two years ago we used to get other punk bands going, 'The Stranglers even smoke dope'. Yet I've seen loads of punk musicians drinking beer at gigs and then as soon as they get home it's out with the Rizlas. What hypocrisy!"

IN THE dining room of the Gramercy Park Hotel, Hugh Cornwell is sipping on a beer whilst he waits for his food to arrive and mulling over the speed with which The Stranglers appear to be zipping through their rock'n'roll career.

"The lifespan of this group is very limited. It works twice as hard as any other group around. It's bound to burn itself out quickly."

SITTING ON his publicists's floor back in England, Jean Jacques concurs with the guitarist's sentiments.

"Yeah, The Stranglers could split up at any time. It probably won't last all that much longer.

"After all, there's lots of other things I'd like to do. I'd like to go to Japan and study for my black belt.

"I don't really consider myself as a musician as such. It's not work, this, is it? It's just good play.

"I won't exactly be looking out for a gig after The Stranglers."

Dave Greenfield stops to give Icelandic hitchiker a lift.

Pic by PENNIE.

STUDENTS
DON'T END UP LIKE NME EDITORIAL *(Change that to Ad Dept. — Ed)*

See Page 50

For only the second time in nine months, it's...

THE DROWN-YOUR-TROUBLES BAG!

Edited by JULIE BURCHILL and TONY PARSONS

I DON'T agree agree with that chap's letter last week, do you? If you do, well, sod off.
FREND LEE, West Bromwich.

DEAR STEVE Clarke, thank you for the nice, friendly, factual, non-slagging, informative, well written review on Joe Walsh in 19th August *NME*. For a change, I actually *enjoyed* reading my *NME*.
CA-ROLINE, A.KA. BILL SZYMCZYK.
Roll over the old toppo Bernie Leadon and tell Irv Azoff the newso, what? — STOPPED CLOCKE.

AN INTERVIEW with Linton Johnson. Fine. We're all in the same struggle. But why the hell the snide remarks about the Socialist Workers Party being Racists! What are you talking about, Linton?

Who was at Lewisham when the Nazis were smashed? SWP, that's who. What's liberal about fighting the National Front and some of us getting our heads broken for our pains?

Who was marching against racist immigration controls? Who's there at the jail when they try to deport a black brother? SWP, that's who. What's racist about that? Who turned up at Brick Lane week in, week out to drive the Nazis out of the area where they've murdered three men? Yeah, SWP.

We "want to *help* blacks," eh?

Well, we'll tell you something. We're about people standing up for their own right. We're about changing society for yourself. We're about self-activity. We don't want to do things for black people. We want a united struggle of black and white against racism. A socialist struggle. A revolutionary struggle.

So, the Carnival: 80,000 people fighting the Nazis for themselves. So, the comrades who fought at Lewisham and Bradford, Winson Green and Ladywood.

So, our involvement in Rock Against Racism. Not a front but an independent organisation where anyone who loves music and hates racism can get together to burn out the cancer of hating somebody because of the colour of their skin. Let's have unity, Linton. Cut the snide remarks. More unites us than divides us. Fraternally.
BALWINDER SINGH, KIM GORDON (editor, FLAME—black workers paper), ALAN GIBBONS, CHANIE ROSENBERG, SHIRAZ KASSIM, Socialist Workers Party, London, E.2.
Personally, we can't stand you lousy 'left-wing' anti-semites, but just this once you're quite right. Your letter is signed by an Asian, a Black, a WASP, a Jew and an Arab, but which one of you guys is the token homosexual? — TP & JB.

HELLO!

I have enclosed some cash to make you rich and famous! Tell C.S.M. I wanna marry him NOW!!! Oooh, I can't wait!
JACQUI WATTS, Newport.
Take him, he's yours — MRS MURRAY

I HAVE READ C.S.M.'s review of The Rezillos' concert and I must conclude that this man is the ultimate cliche, so much so that I have made him the subject of my latest ditty, entitled:
C.S.M., WHAT DOES IT ALL MEAN?
C.S.M. you are a turd
You're not second-rate, not even third,
Your legs are bandy and your nose is red,
You think punk is ace and you wet the bed.
What are you going to do?
Your repetitiveness makes me want to poo,
Those articles you write are such a bore,
You've said "maaaaaaaan" so much my eyes are sore.
How much more can we take?
C.S.M. is a fake,
He's last year's thing
On a final fling,
Why can't someone put him right
Let's face it he's none too bright,
With his poncy name and charm so slim
Why can't someone kick his nuts in?
So C.S.M. do us a turn,
Go back to school and then you'll learn
That things do change from time to time
And to stop using those cliches is not a crime,
Maaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa
CHRIS J.P., Stafford, Staffs.

STEVE CLARKE, ecstatic after reading a favourable letter about him in the Bag.

I HAVE just seen *The Rocky Horror Show* and guess who was Frank-'n'-Furter . . . Gary Glitter! Gary, you are extremely fat, almost obese, you are probably the worst actor in the world, your voice is utterly wrecked, you can't sing, and you can't dance. What can you do? Rip people off?

I hope when you get back to France with all your money you toss yourself into a heart attack. For Christ's sake don't come back.
PAUL P. NORTH, New Zealand.

P.S. Is it true that "Weight watchers" can help in removing lilly-white, hairy, flabby ripples of putrid flesh?

Wot? Where can I nick one from guv??? — STEVE JONES.

I HAVE BEEN reading *NME* almost regularly for the past six years (your trade disputes always coincide with the release of a Neil Young record. but apart from that) you have been the mag which has chronicled MUSIC of many types in an honest and refreshing way. Just when I had decided not to buy another LP ever, one of your better reviewers would turn me onto something new and worth listening to. IAN McDONALD (where is he?) and NICK KENT were especially good. What I feel they had above most other regular writers was a sense of when there was something at the back of a piece of music other than a large budget. They had an eye for the talented artist who has to communicate on a vast scale to survive at all. I have found my taste in music changing over the years but it has been good as many artists have progressed ahead of me and kept the horizons open. Given great talent, sincerity is to me the second great prerequisite of an artist as distinct from a musician or programmed robot. Groups like DEVO were always around only they were not seen for what they were by their fans. Your mag has produced some great writers and is in the process of producing more — they will leave when they reach a certain state of mind which will not enable them to work with conviction on assigned projects. But that does not invalidate their training ground which gives a means of perception which is always valid i.e. feedback from their readers, which is what makes *NME* so self-critical. I and many others like me, will probably not keep up to date with the many new groups emerging but "OUR" groups and artists had to emerge also and they have grown with us, so the success of the newer groups does not invalidate the work of the BOFs who still write other than in their cheque books. Neil Young, Bowie, Randy Newman, J. J. Cale, Bruce Springsteen, are names of a half decade ago but they will always be relevant to a certain lifestyle which they helped create. If ABBA sell ten times as many records as them, more power to them: they are unrelated concepts as unalike as comparing the sales of antiques with sales of contraceptives. SOMEBODY OUT THERE LIKES YOU, LONG MAY YOU RUN.
PAUL G. EBRILL, Ireland.
P.S. Paragraphs are last year's thing.
I didn't write this — IAN McDONALD.

PLEASE COULD everybody join the "I Hate Clive Lloyd Because He's Big-Headed And Not Because He's Black" club. And also make it clear that we are not racialists just because we hate Viv Richards as well.
AN OBSCURE CRICKET AND ROCKIN' JOHN IDIOT AND THE RIDICULOUS BUNNIES FAN FROM MANCHESTER.
Bastards! Bastards! — THE LIBERAL RACISTS OF THE S.W.P.

I JUST THOUGHT I'd drop you a line to say how much we "dig" the *NME* "man". We are a group of pensioners who meet at the Bingo hall every Thursday night. Old Charlie (he was in the trenches, y'know) always brings along his *NME* and what fun we have "sussing" it out, "man".

Why were Abba in there, "man". Where's the "punk", "baby". Elsie ("mine's a light ale, please") thought Danny Baker's singles review was really "cool". She thinks he's ever so "hip" because he doesn't write properly. That black chappie was really a bit nasty, too, and to think I fought in the war for people like him. Still, like I said to Jack, I said, I never noticed his colour. Honestly, I think black people are very nice.

We were all especially pleased to see a feature on our favourite band the Banshees by that nice young Nicky Kent. I said to Jack he must be an intelligent lad, I said, because he uses such big words. Tommy (ex-pioneer corps, you know) said he'd really like to take Siouxsie to the bingo one day and when he saw the front cover we had to calm him down before he knocked the drinks over. Anyway, I must dash now, I have six bingo cards tonight because the prize is a pair of leather bondage trousers and I might even win the second prize of the Clash LP or even the third prize of *two Clash LP's*.

God bless.
"TONY TURD" (that's not my real name, I'm only messing).

P.S. Why don't you send one of your "cats" down here to review some of our "gigs" "man". We have great "sets" after Bingo by Gerry Hatrick, Albert Titlock and the Six Pensioners whose single "Anarchy In The Post Office (I Want My Pension Now)" is out soon on the Real Stiff records.

I didn't write this! — TONY TYLER, A Hamlet in Little Hampton (or. alternatively, a little Hampton in a Hamlet).

AT A RECENT Black Sabbath concert, two youths were caught climbing through a window in the gent's toilet. The police caught them and made them go back and watch the rest of the gig!
STEPHEN A. PRIEST, East Finchley, London.
This is a funny letter! Ho-ho-ho! Everyone is laughing! Could someone please read it to me? — OZZY.

I HAVE just found out that Blast Furnace (of The Heatwaves) is really CSM. Does this make me unique?

Yours ingratiatingly,
BIANCA JAGGER
No, just slow on the uptake — PETE MANNHEIM.

WHERE'S ROD STEWART, Status Quo, etc now? When it comes to playing a benefit they want naff all to do with it.

If it was a venue in London the bands would be queuing up to play. Of course, it's the Apollo, Glasgow, so they don't give a toss.

Where's Rod Stewart NOW?
RIPPED AND PISSED OFF (JUST ANOTHER SCOT), Ayrshire, Scotland.
Search me — SUSAN GEORGE

OUT HERE in the semi-sticks having a letter printed in the *NME* is very "hot-poop" as they used to say.

Young ladies point in the High Street and young thugs and bully boys suddenly become polite and courteous!

So, *NME*, take Andy Warhol's theory about everybody being famous for fifteen minutes one step further. Print this letter and make me famous (on a local scale) for a week at least.
JOHN, "TWELVE PINTS" RICKETTS, Slough, Berks.
Let's hear it for the little man! — MARGARET THATCHER AND THE BLUE OYSTER CULT.

D.D.DEAR NME T WWWWWW WOWO WOULD JJJ JUST LIKE TO MEN MEN MEN MENTION THAT III III I'VE GOT A ST ST ST STUSTU STU STUFFED ALLIGATOR.
FRUPPY GUPPET, FREELANCE IDIOT, L.T.D., E.Port
Who wants mmm mmm mumumu Muffin? Mmm mmm Muffin The Mule does!!! — TONY AND JULIE, WHO REMEMBER THESE THINGS.

THOUGHT I'D let you know that my Labrador had eight black puppies all over your last week's issue.

NOW I know what it's for.
NICK REECE, Community Clinic, Barmouth.
Ahh, ain't that nice? — ANIMAL-LOVING BAG EDS WITH BESTIALITY TENDENCIES.

PENNY REEL and LIZ of BONEY M (she's the one in the suit) gaze apprehensively at correspondence from SWP HQ.

T-ZERS GROWS A BEER BELLY

Motor NICK GARVEY sinks another one in celebration of his fashion award. Pic by DENIS O'REGAN

AS REPORTED in last week's *T-Zers*, **The Stranglers** did rear their ugly heads in London these past seven days to play the Red Cow (Friday) and the Nashville (Sunday). Appearing under the guise of **The Shakespearoes,** so inundated was the Red Cow with Stranglers fans that it had to close its doors at 7.15. At The Nashville — this time The Stranglers pseudonmying it as **The Old Codgers** *(At last they're coming clean about their ages — Ed.),* **Hugh** & the lads were joined onstage by **Tubes**person **Fee Waybill.** Cylinders of oxygen were administered to the heat-ravaged crowd which, *T-Zers* muses, makes a change from badges and the odd drumstick …

The Tubes themselves will be augmented at this Saturday's Knebworth jamboree by **Todd Rundgren** on guitar. Todd — producer of the next Tubes album — has made the journey special, like. *T-Zers* sincerely hopes he's left his dopey pyramids at home …

Of perhaps more interest is the news that four searchlights loaned to The Tubes by **Brenda's** armed forces won't be appearing at Knebworth. The Tubes had successfully borrowed the lights — as used to seek out **Goering's** Might in the war — when they received instructions that they were to be commandered by the Royal Navy. The Senior Service wanted the lights to help detect Russian trawlers fishing in UK waters around the Isle Of Skye …

World domination by 1984? Informed sources suggest **Devo** already have another two albums in the can and that they're saving "the really weird stuff" for their third, while the public cut their ears on the Boojie Boize milder wares …

After the sensationalist coverage of this year's Notting Hill Festival by certain daily tabloids, the **Metropolitan Police** announced that there were less crimes at carnival than "at normal mass gatherings". So why the front-page scare tactics?…

Following last week's *T-Zer* concerning the frolics of **E. Costello** and entourage in Norway, **Jake Riviera** rang *T-Zers* to say "Be more accurate or outlandish". What, like the way Jake chooses not to use his given name of **Andrew Jakeman,** asks *T-Zers* …

Rock Ravages Reds Sensation. **Roxy Music** hornman **Andy McKay** has been approached by the Chinese Embassy "with a view to arranging cultural exchanges that would entail young English bands doing gigs in Peking". According to their publicist, **Gen X** are top of the list. Suppose the bit about "young English bands" excludes **Ferrari's** recently reformed combo themselves doing gigs in the land of the ping-pong ball …

Was last week's *Thrills* feature on **Bram Tchaikovsky** of **The Motors** — by **Max Bell,** incidentally, although his name dropped off at the printers as we say in the trade — the spur the lad needed to quit? *(Actually, no — R. Ogden)* …

On the shelves of very hip bookshops at 50p a shot — a bootleg very slim volume of **Patti Smith's** *Ho Ho Houdini,* the poetess' tribute to the famed escapologist. Real poetry lovers will be delighted to learn that out now is an anthology of the work of *Private Eye* bard, **E. J. Thribb (17),** entitled (what else?) *So. Farewell Then … and Other Poems by E. J. Thribb (17)* …

Don't expect to see **The Fall** toking with **The Clash.** Seems the Clash City Rockers had invited The Fall to support them at their Roxy gig, which was to have taken place this weekend (for why it was cancelled, see *News Desk).* The Clash withdrew the offer as soon as they knew the Manchester band were headlining their own Marquee show the night before. "What The Clash wanted," claimed a Fall spokesman, "was the reflective glory of being seen to be hip." In other words The Clash wanted to be responsible for The Fall breaking big …

Busted for causing a breach of the peace in Glasgow, **Strangler Jet Black** pompously proclaimed: "When you consider that in 1600 the **Rev. Giodamo Bruno** was imprisoned and finally burnt to death at the stake for the heinous crime of acknowledging the Copernican theory, I guess we must consider a £25 fine for talking is, in 1978, a merciful royal pardon indeed." Or in English: it was a fair cop, guv …

An affiliated matter. After using a four letter word during a soundcheck at the Hamilton Club, Birkenhead, **The C Gas Five** were promptly told that they wouldn't after all be required to play that night. **Frankie Vaughan** is currently resident at the Hamilton Club, so he betta watch his mouth …

In an almost unprecedented outbreak of cultural awareness last Sunday's *Observer Colour Supplement* put Delaware Destroyer **George Thorogood** on their cover …

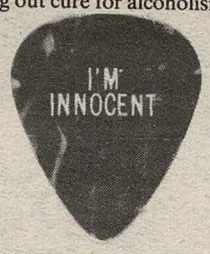
Radio One's ads for this Saturday's *Rock On* announcing: "Plus an interview with **Debbie Harry** and **Blondie's** leader **Chris Stein."** So it's out at last …

Billy Idol the proud recipient of a pair of green lurex sox given him by **Salvador Dali.** *T-Zers* wonders if they're the same garment **Elvis** gave Dali a while back. If so, Billy should make sure he gets his mum to wash them or else he could be in for a case of artist's foot …

Bronze Records want to give away 100 coppies of a live **Suicide** album *(They'll be lucky — Ed.).* Recorded on a cassette player in Germany and France, what the record lacks in fidelity is allegedly made up for in attack. To possess one of these highly collectable artefacts, all you have to do is explain in no more than 25 words the positive benefits of Suicide. The first 100 letters received will cop an album. Write to Suicide Notes, Bronze Records, 100 Chalk Farm Rd, London NW1 8EH …

Guinness dribbler **Rory Gallagher** reunited for the night with his erstwhile colleagues **Gerry McAvoy** and **Wilgar Cambell** at Canning Town's Bridge House last week …

Alice Cooper currently holed away with **Bernie Taupin,** working on his new album "From The Inside", based on his drying out cure for alcoholism …



Keef's plectrum — the real thing.

If **Diane Keaton,** co-star of *Annie Hall,* ever finds time to make an album she'll have no shortage of material. So far **Bob Dylan, Tom Waits** and **Robbie Robertson** have all written songs for her. Diane is currently shooting a new **Woody Allen** comedy …

Is it just coincidence that CBS's giant new $50 million record factory is to be located in Georgia (home of the **Carters**), or was that one of the deals that went down when CBS brass visited the White House?…

The Stones' recently completed 25-date US tour estimated to have grossed $9 million, although no-one concerned will say how much of that the Stones will see. Next Stones album, *T-Zers* understands, is to be called "Certain Girls" — and while we're on it, we thought you might like to know that **Jagger's** bird **Jerry Hall** recently went on a little house-hunting expedition down Malibu-way to find a house suitable for her and Michelin Mouth. Only snag is, she's been told she can't fork out more than £350,000 … More poop on the Stones concerns Jagger's desire to make a rock movie which actually captures the spirit of rock'n'roll. He recently told *NME:* "Well, they (rock movies) are the new big thing and I feel sure that we can make a really great rock'n'roll movie. And by that I don't mean a happy-go-lucky number. There's a whole other untapped approach. There's another side to the predictable concert-on-film, a whole other side to *The Last Waltz* — to *Grease* and *Sgt Pepper.* Trouble is that it costs so much money to make a good rock movie and it's not financially viable to tour a movie with its own four-way sound system. When the tour winds up in LA I'm gonna stay over, because they're really hot for a rock movie and I'm gonna see if we can put something together." *T-Zers* will believe it when it sees it …

Superlative **Springsteen** bootleg going the rounds. Called "Fire On The Finger-tips", its half live and half studio material and features six songs not included on any of **Windscreen's** official recordings. Titles are "Guns Of Kid Cole", "Mama Knows Rithmatic, Knows How To Take A Fall", "Get Your Wheels And Roll", "Kid Called Zero", "Angel From The Inner Lake" and "Heart Of A Ballerina". Oh yeah, and the quality's excellent …

Yet another glimpse into the future — or at any rate, another preview from *The Great Rock'n'Roll Swindle* movie. One scene features **Sting** of **The Police** raping **Paul Cook.** "My heart wasn't in it, "Sting said afterwards …

More rumblings on the Peterborough rock scene *(Gasp! — Ed.).* **The Dole** — whom, you may remember, were momentarily blown off course when one of their members quit on the instructions of his vicar father — have penned a song about *NME's* **Ian Penman** *(Bloody weirdo — Ed.)*…

Tom Waits is writing the text for **Guy** *(Rock Dreams)* **Peelaert's** next book, *Vegas.*

Gary Busey, who played the lead in *The Buddy Holly Story,* has now ianded the lead in **Jerry Weintraub's** movie about **Elvis** . . .

And finally, *T-Zers hopes* **Nick Lowe** and **Wilko Johnson** will behave themselves at Knebworth and resist all temptation to engage in a backstage bundle. Over and out …

*JEAN-JACK, the bloke in the guitar strap who can't make up his mind what sex he is, offers out the entire Nashville audience on Sunday night. **NME's** Paul Du Noyer wasn't allowed in to the hallowed hall — hence no review, man — but TOM SHEEHAN (our man with the odour eaters under his armpits) took the pic and, besides, there's plenty of other STRANGLERS guff elsewhere, woman.*

BETTER BADGES

New Releases	This Last week
20p Action Time Vision, But Is It Normal, Of Course It's Normal, Nine Nine Nine, Enemy Of The State, Animal Liberation, Joy Division, Magazine, Jilted John, The V.I.P.s	1 (4) CLASH POLICE
25p The Pop Group	2 (1) BUZZCOCKS
30p Doll By Doll, So Many Fools (Siouxsie) Here & Now, Forsvinn, Hold KJEFT.	3 (—) SIOUXSIE OVERGROUND
	4 (8) SIOUXSIE SPECIAL
	5 (2) CLASH CITY ROCKERS
	6 (3) 999
	7 (—) SO MANY FOOLS (Siouxsie)
	8 (—) STEEL PULSE
	9 (—) BOOMTOWN RATS
	10 (—) ROCKET TO RUSSIA

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